WORDS
and
WORKS

Autobiography

George Terry Taylor

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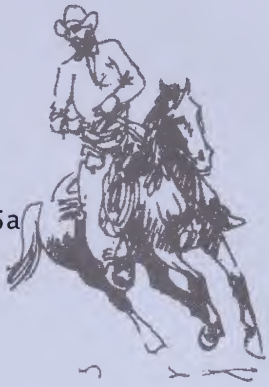

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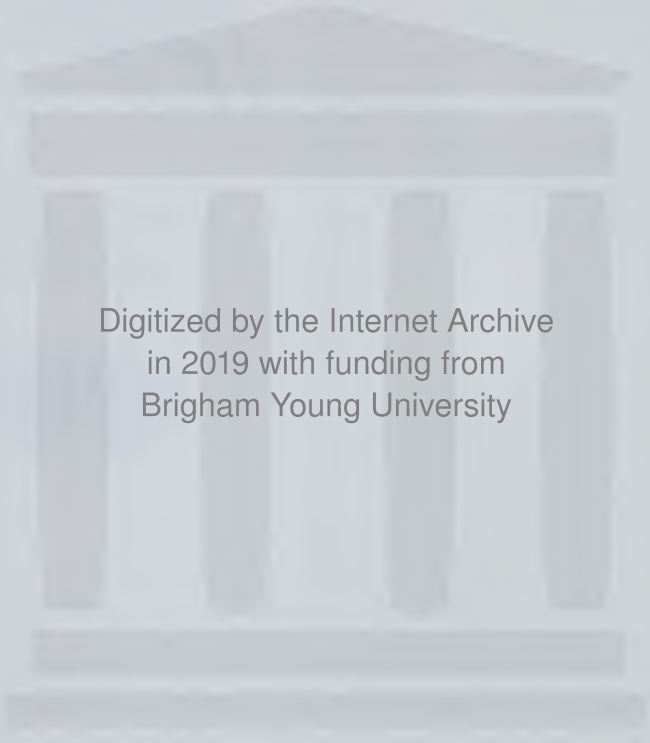
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Words and Works

Autobiography

George Terry Taylor

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter		Page
	Introduction	iii
1	Seeds and Roots	1
2	Dreams and Reveries	49
3	My Home on the Hill	55
4	Our Home in the Canyon	71
5	Reading	85
6	History	93
7	Sports	99
8	Music	113
9	Drama	125
10	Science	139
11	Numbers	149
12	Philosophy	159
13	My British Mission	165
14	Education	217
15	Scouting	245
16	Work	261
17	Sweet Religion	273
18	The Missionary Training Center	287
19	The Priesthood	309
20	Debra Sue Wagstaff	319
21	A Mission to Las Vegas	335
22	Pets	355
23	Hiking	359
24	My Homes	381
25	A Mission to the Philippines MTC	389
26	Holidays and Special Days	439
27	Women in My Life	445
28	My Boys	461
29	Death	475
30	Last Words	487

Introduction

I visualize and review the seasons of my life: springtime, summer, autumn, and winter. I am now approaching winter's moods and moments. My body, my plot of earth, will become cold and fallow. As I look back upon events, I am astounded, if not startled, by the swiftness of the passing years. Where did they all go? Life is so short, especially in retrospect.

This thought, reminds me of undergoing a surgery a few years ago. I thought to myself, "Hmmm... I think that I shall observe and experience the full effect of this medical experience. What will it be like to experience going to sleep under the anesthetic which will put me out my mind! Can I consciously watch what happens to me during this brief moment of pain?"

Well, I started the count-up to 10. "One, Two, Thr....." and I was out cold! Three hours later, I wake up in the recovery room, and ask myself, slapping my face, "WHAT WAS THAT?!" I had missed it all. The time had gone in an instant, and now, becoming groggily awake, I wondered what had really gone on, or gone by? I was definitely changed—whether for the better or worse, I was not quite sure.

Perhaps birth, life, and death are like that. The prophet says, "...the time passed away with us, and also our lives passed away like as it were unto us a dream..." (Jacob 7:26). When I wake up on the other side of "the veil", will I say to myself, "WHAT WAS THAT!" Life went by at "an instant suddenly!" It was over before I really began to realize what it was all about. I hope I can apply these ancient words:

> *"Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you."* (Hosea 10:12)

I begin my personal history with referencing my fore-bearers who planted seeds of faith and devotion in the soil of Utah and in the soil of my own soul!

The seeds of their toil and endurance through times of trial, even great tribulation, have sown in my life, growing roots of faith and trust in the Lord

Jesus Christ. This root-structure, first planted by my ancestors, has engendered what I desire to be a lasting legacy of love and devotion to the restored gospel.

Each of my chapters provides another window to peek into the home of my soul. I hope that I will not be too embarrassed by those who may gawk or guffaw at my silly and ridiculous whims. I am already ashamed of the personal braggadocio and self-aggrandizing of my egocentric words.

What I would want is that each chapter demonstrates the cutting of another facet in the gem of my personal life. I trust that the Stone of Israel will continue to crush, cut, shape and polish the rough-hewn hardness within me. Perhaps someday, I may come forth gleaming with all of my facets smooth and complete. Perhaps, someday, my joy will be full when I rise up from the dust and dirt within me, on that hopeful, joyful resurrection morning!

ONE

Seeds and Roots

Know ye that ye must come to the knowledge of your fathers,
...and believe in Jesus Christ, that he is the Son of God,
...and by the power of the Father he hath risen again,
whereby he hath gained the victory over the grave;
and also in him is the sting of death swallowed up.

Mormon 7:5

I have read some of the history of my ancestors. At times I have been flooded with emotional feelings of love and awe for their lives—their childhood, their romances, families, their dreams and sacrifices, and their intense sufferings.

I cannot write about my own life without referencing and remembering the enormous blessings I have inherited because of them. I briefly survey the lives of the sets my great-grandparents. All of them listened to the message of the restoration of the gospel, were baptized, joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and committed themselves to lives of devotion and fidelity to the Church and to their families. I also briefly reflect on the lives of my grandparents and parents.

Tears of gratitude, of joy and of sorrow, have rolled down my cheeks from time to time as I have read of their lives. I hope in that coming world, to fall down before them with my expressions of thanks. I have feelings of guilt and fear for being unworthy of their examples and for not measuring up to their expectations.

My Great-grand Parents

George Taylor, Sr.[1]

The name of "George" is a family name. It has been handed down in the family for four generations. John Goodall, Registrar in the sub-district of Duddeston and Echelle, in the County of Warwick, England, recorded that a boy by the name of GEORGE was born on March 25, 1838, at Windsor Street in the Parish of Aston, to Thomas Taylor and Ann Taylor, formerly Hill.

I remember my father, Lynn among so many brothers and uncles, saying that when one might get confused with somebody in the family, they would just refer to each other as "George." "George, come here, George, go there! George do this, or George do that!" I am unsure as to where the saying came from, but, "Let George do it!" is a fitting application in our ancestral family.

At the early age of eight, my great-grandpa George went in search for work and when asked what he could do he answered, "I can learn if I may try." His formal education was for only a week. He wanted to work, rather than remain in school. Yet, he had a strong desire for accumulating knowledge. In his first job, as an errand boy, his weekly wage was one shilling, which he gave all to his mother Ann, except for a penny which he saved for himself. With his savings, he bought a dictionary, an arithmetic and a spelling book.

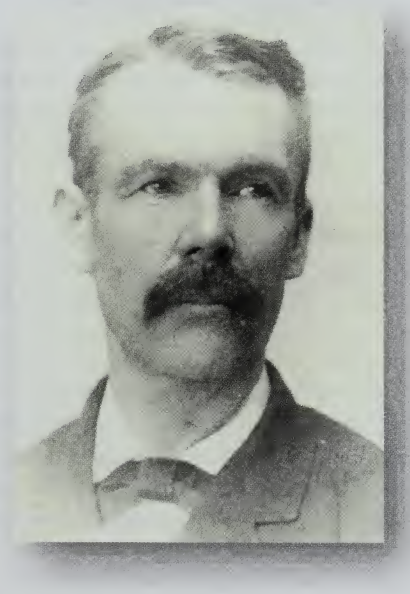
While on his errands, he would see the advertising signs posted on the buildings and would puzzle out the words, thus he taught himself to read. In his spare time, he would learn music and art. Later in his life, by reading magazines, he became a superb photographer, one of the first professionals in Utah, building a relatively successful business.

As a young man, he and some friends became interested in the messages of Elder Joseph Howard and other Utah missionaries for a new church in the area. On March 3, 1855, in the latter part of his 16th year, George was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He and his friends formed an orchestra in the small branch. In the Ashted Branch Choir in Birmingham, England, he met a refined and attractive young woman of the same age, Eliza Nicholls. Both were members of the Church, and at age 19, they were married on July 5, 1857 in the Edgbaston

Parish Church in the County of Warwick, England by I. Spooner, Vicar of the Church of England.

George was ambitious and "high-minded." He married an unselfish and devoted girl who loved him and worked with him. They worked and saved and skimped and struggled for six years until they finally had enough to pay for the ocean voyage and then to somehow make the long arduous journey to Utah. George said often to Eliza, "If only we can get there by the skin of our teeth, I will sure be happy."

And it was literally by the "skin of our teeth." As they passed over London Bridge on their way to the London docks, they had only a tuppence (4 cents) left to make the rest of the way. "What they lacked in cash was made up in courage and determined faith."



George Taylor, Sr.

On June 4, 1863, George, Eliza and their three children, Harriet Clarissa (5) Mary Ann Emma (3) and Parley George, (10 months) left London, England on the sailing vessel, *Amazon* for a 7-week voyage to America. It was on this dock and this ship that Charles Dickens boarded the *Amazon* and made his now famous observation and report of the Mormon passengers, "the Pick and Flower of England." Great-grandfather and Great-grandmother George and Eliza and family being among the passengers.

They arrived at Castle Gardens, New York City in July 1863. Their friend Joseph Harris loaned them money to continue their trek west. It was a rough and perilous trip. They were stuffed in a box car like cattle with straw for their bed at night.

Little Emma, the frailest of the three children died. When the train stopped, the undertaker was waiting and took the body of the little girl. After efforts to find where she was buried, she was never located.

From St. Joseph to Florence, they traveled on the Missouri River by boat. George and little Parley G. became intensely ill. The child died three days out from St. Joseph, was taken off the boat and buried in Florence. Gratefully for Eliza and her faithful prayers, George recovered. The rest of the trek westward, George drove a wagon and yoke of three oxen to help defray the cost of travel. They arrived in Salt Lake City on October 4, 1863.

Leaving mother and daughter in Salt Lake City with friends, George traveled to Provo to establish their home. He did odd jobs, one of which was that of hod carrier for the brick masons working on the Provo Tabernacle.

After a month, he secured a one room log house, with no doors, windows or wood floors. Later he traded a valuable soldier outfit in his possession, including gun and sword, in exchange for a two room, adobe house, earlier used as a sheep pen. It had a dirt roof, dirt floor; the windows had to be covered with a blanket to keep out the storms. The dirt roof had to be continually repaired to stop the leaks. They were now in Provo, Utah, "by the skin of their teeth!"

As approved by Church leaders, on March 5, 1864, George took a second wife, Henrietta Sawyer, a beautiful and good girl of 18, to the Salt Lake Endowment House where she, Eliza, and he were married and sealed together.

In this little two-room adobe home, four more of Eliza's children (George Thomas, William, who died 14 months later, Thomas Nicholls, and Arthur Nicholls) and three of Henrietta's (Joseph, who died two years later, Henrietta, and Mary Ann-"Polly") were born. These two wonderful, choice women shared equally their resources and household responsibilities, endeavoring to live in support, peace and harmony in their home. No doubt there were enormous emotional, financial and spiritual challenges to the young growing family. They became the mothers and grandmothers of future stalwart leaders of the Church and community.

Day-by-day and year by year, George's creative spirit and industrious nature developed economic growth through many and varied enterprises. These are described in greater detail in *George Taylor, Sr. and His Family.*

Through trial and tragedy, the families grew and suffered, prospering at times and enduring many tests of faith.

Throughout his life, George was known and respected as a hard and honest worker, teaching his family principles of exactness and integrity in keeping labor and financial commitments. Two very familiar adages attributed to him were, "His word is as good as his bond," and "An idle mind is the devil's workshop." Some of the family characteristic and dominant traits of his life were thrift and frugality, traits planted in the lives of his posterity.

George became embittered towards local church leaders who could not support his efforts to sustain his depositors and to keep his bank solvent during a financial crises and panic. As an original stockholder and director on the board of the First National Bank of Provo, he said he was "kicked out because I would not consent to unnecessary extravagance in Bank building and other doings".

For these, and perhaps other reasons, he withdrew from church activity and developed ill feelings towards others, even members of his own family. He eventually separated from his wives. He married three other women over time. In his later life, he was aloof from others, angry and despondent with his circumstances. Yet, several of his children and grandchildren saw a vein of goodness and a remnant of kindness within him.

I have anticipation and every expectation that all such discordant feelings and relationships, may be swept away in the due time of the Lord. The Lord's atoning mercy for the repentant spirit, is like the morning sun melting away all darkened feelings, and illuminating with hope and love, life's disappointments and distractions.

I believe after the buffetings (which we may all face in some measure), that Grandpa George will rise up from his soured, discordant and cankered attitudes. Through receiving our "stripes" and further learning obedience, we may shed them like the butterfly sheds the chrysalis.

I believe that in the spirit world and before the resurrection, we can have time and opportunity to reconcile our wrongs and overcome our blunders through obedience to the ordinances. I know that we must pay dearly for our sins if we do not repent—it will not be simply a matter of receiving "a few stripes and at last we shall be saved in the kingdom of God" (2 Nephi 28:8). But, the Lord does not forget His promises and covenants with His children, even when we may forget. There can be a new day of love, forgiveness and hope, to move forward into eternal life, for those who choose to do so.

On the south side of his granite monument in the Provo Cemetery, his inscription reads:

George Taylor, Sr.
March 25, 1838
September 4, 1926
"He earned his rest"

Eliza Nicholls Taylor[2]

My Great-grandmother Eliza's own mother, Harriett Ball, after the death of her first husband John Patterson, married Thomas Ashford Nicholls. Thomas served in the British Army as a gun furniture polisher, moving from one garrison to another. They soon had three children—Mary Ann Emma, Elizabeth, and Frederick. Both Elizabeth and Frederick died before reaching maturity. Never settling long enough to own a home, they were stationed in Dublin, Ireland; Portsmouth, Dover, Chatham, and Birmingham, England.

Eliza Nicholls, the fourth child, was born on April 29, 1838 in Portsmouth, South Hampton, England. Following Eliza's birth, probably in Dover, between 1840 and 1843, Harriett, Eliza's mother, gave birth to daughters Harriett, and Phoebe, and a son, Thomas. Both Phoebe and Thomas died as children.

In 1845, in Chatham, Harriett Ball Nicholls' gave birth to William. Harriett's youngest child, John was born, probably in Birmingham, where he also died as a child.

By the time Eliza was eight years of age, her family had moved back to Birmingham, where her father had been pensioned from Her Majesty's service.

Eliza was a beautiful child. At the age of five or six, she learned the alphabet in school, but it was not until she came to Utah where she leaned to read and write by copying from Church publications.

Eliza's father and mother were strict, religious people, active members of the Church of England. The touching story of Eliza's conversion and commitment to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is told in *George Taylor, Sr. and His Family.*

Wanting to assist with the finances of the family, Eliza went to work in the local button factory during the day and hoped to go to night school to continue her education. By age fifteen, she had been put in full charge of covering buttons with silk, satin, velvet and other cloth fabrics. For this work, she was receiving a grown woman's wages. During this time, her father Thomas died on June 17, 1854. Her mother died just seven months later on February 12, 1855.

Eliza Nicholls

I try to imagine the struggles this young woman endured. Her mother had experienced the loss of five of her children and two husbands. Now Eliza as a teenager along with her older sister Mary Ann Emma, younger sister Harriet Nicholls, and younger surviving brother William Nicholls, were left alone as orphans. She took upon her the responsibility of providing for the remaining family members.

Eliza's acquaintance with her future husband in the Ashted Branch of the Church in Birmingham and their endeavors to travel to Zion in Utah is tragic and inspiring. Almost losing her husband George, and losing two of

their three children, Emma and Parley in the journey. Such a trek must have been daunting and overwhelming to Eliza. It was a prelude to her difficult, poignant future life.

Later, in answer to her fervent prayer, about the principle of polygamy, she had a remarkable spiritual vision and visitation from the Prophet Joseph Smith. In her thankfulness, she prayed, "O Lord! Help me to do unto others as I would be done by." The Lord gave her strength. She made this prayer her life's motto.

As a mother of seven sons, and three daughters, Eliza was revered and honored. She loved and helped "Aunt Mary" raise her noble family as well. During times of great family challenge, her sons stood by her and raised her up, providing security and honor for her. She was made president of the newly formed Taylor Brothers Company, by her sons.

One of Eliza's grand-daughters, Delenna T. Taylor summed up some of her many wonderful qualities:

"Faith in God
Willingness to work
Tolerance and understanding of other people
Cleanliness and order
A sense of humor."

Her fifth son, Arthur Nicholls Taylor, my Grandfather, married Maria Louise Dixon, the only daughter among eight children of Henry Aldous Dixon and Sarah DeGrey Dixon. Eliza became close friends with Sarah and her family. Later in life, the two Grandmothers stayed together in Wildwood, in the grandmother's spare room, in Provo Canyon. They would often sit together in their two wicker rocking chairs, brought in by Arthur, on the porch observing passer-bys, singing and teaching their many grandchildren. It was a most sweet relationship for the Dixon and Taylor families joining together in bonds of love, industry, and charity.

Promises of eternal joy and wealth are given to her in her patriarchal blessing:

"Thou art a blessed woman and all that know thee love thee; the righteous shall always honor thee and thousands of children shall grow up to maturity and remember the council thou hast given them...Thy name shall be recorded as one of the saviours on Mount Zion. Holy men and Prophets shall bless thee."[3]

Henry Aldous Dixon[4]

Among the 1820 settlers of South Africa, were John Henry Dixon of West Ham, London, and Judith Boardman at Newberry, Lancaster, England. Their second child and first son, Henry Aldous Dixon, was born March 14, 1835 at Grahamstown, Cape of Good Hope, South Africa.

Henry's older sister by eight years, Anne Judith Dixon Hartman, was very fond of her younger brother. They were close in their affections throughout their lives, even though separated by large distances and religious differences. Henry also had four half-sisters and one half-brother, all older and matured by the time he reached school age. His mother Judith was the daughter of the Reverend William Boardman, the first Colonial Minister of the Church of England. Henry was reared in a pious and loving household.

"As a young lad, Henry loved nature, spending much of his time on the open veldt watching the trees, admiring the flowers and foliage, and studying the habit of the many and varied birds and animals." From the records, it appears he had a happy family, childhood, and a productive youth.

At age 14, Henry became an excellent penman and worked as a copying clerk and a collector. He was equally proficient in writing with either hand. The only way to tell the difference was the slant of his words. When he tired with one hand, he would switch to the other. He also worked in a retail and wholesale store and for a few years at blacksmithing and wagon-making.

At 15, he volunteered in a British expedition beyond the confines of British territory, under the direction of the Governor of the Cape. The volunteers consisted of 7000 men, a motley group consisting of former English Regulars, volunteer Dutch Boers, friendly Kaffirs, Hottentots, Fingoes, and a rough crowd of mounted sailor lads named as the "awkward squad. "I was subjected to many temptations to drink, swear, etc. In consequence of my aversion to such practices I was at times forced to sleep out of the tent." [5]

With his companions, they helped in capturing 10,000 head of cattle. He saved his share of the prize money which allowed him to defray his expenses in his immigration to England and America.

In later years, he would draw pictures of animals, birds, natives, trees, houses and other things on the nail of his thumb for children all over the neighborhood. He would tell fascinating stories of Africa. Two stories he told his children were about: 1) a boa-constrictor snake who swallowed a goat and then would go into a torpid stupor. 2) The selfish monkey who would put his little fist into a hollowed out squash gourd to retrieve the grain inside and then refuse to release his hold, thus getting caught. My father Lynn also told me this story when I was a small boy.

In 1854, as a young 19-year old, and as "a staunch Episcopalian" Henry received the teachings of the first missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. "I quit going to church and attended regularly the meetings of the Saints. [I] was subject to taunts and jeers of my companions; [I] was called names…I continued in this condition for about two years, assailed by ministers and members of nearly every sect."

His father prohibited him from joining the Church with the threat that he would be cut off without a shilling of inheritance. Respecting his father's wishes, he waited until reaching his majority, the day of his 21st birthday, March 14, 1856.

He was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at Uitenhage.

> *"My father was a stern man, just as most of the patriarchs of that day were. We, my brothers and sisters, and I were bound by his word. My Mother, who interceded when father attempted to inflict punishment, was devoted to her family. There was a bond of love existing, especially between my mother, my older sister, and I, that gave us peace."*

Following Henry's conversion, his father's words to him were, *"This day you have chosen between your family and the filthy Mormon lot. You will leave this house for it is no longer your home."*

His father left the room in a rage, with his mother following, weeping and pleading to Henry's father to not to be so harsh.

It was very difficult to leave his family and the land which he loved. "Yes, the ties were strong, but with the decision my father had rendered, I felt that I could no longer be happy there but had to be severed in my search for something greater and far more enduring."[6]

After earning passage on the sailing vessel, *Unity*, he traveled first to London, and then on to America on the ship *George Washington*, arriving in March 1857. A few months later, he joined Captain Jesse Martin's company, arriving in Salt Lake City, on September 12, 1857. In the company, he saw a pretty little 12-year old girl, Sarah DeGrey from Dudley, England, who would run alongside the wagons. Little did Henry know that she would become his future bride.

> *"I journeyed across the 1500 miles to Salt Lake City by ox wagon, following the path of the exodus of modern Israel escaping from bondage. All along the way were the graves of men, women and children that had died in the great trek for freedom of worship. ...I stopped long enough to assemble...outside of the Valley, that were ready to protect this hard earned liberty, even if it meant death, from the armies of the United States that were on their way to exterminate their faith..."*

Sometime after arriving in Salt Lake City, Henry was called by Brigham Young to return to London to serve a mission and then on again to South Africa. "My mother received me with open arms;" my father was more friendly to me but his friendliness soon faded and he returned to his anger.

Henry had many trials and dangerous life-threatening encounters on his mission. Again, Henry had to leave his loved ones, for the last time. "I took my leave and departed...never to see my family again...I felt that I had done my duty to them so I served my mission honorably and returned home, with the spirit of testimony burning within me."[7]

After several years of faithful missionary service he returned to Zion, married now 20-year old Sarah and then a second wife, Mary Smith, also from England. He served as the Clerk in the Tithing House in SLC. They finally settled in Provo, Utah, finding employment in the Provo Woolen Mills.

Henry served in several responsible positions. In 1871, he moved with his two wives and families From Salt Lake City to Provo to a newly constructed adobe house. On October 9, 1879, in rather poor health at the time, he answered the call to serve another mission to Great Britain, leaving his two wives with five children each. It was a great sacrifice for him and for his family to make. They were left to support each other in his absence.

On the passage on the steamship *Arizona*, they hit an iceberg which left a gaping hole in the ship just above the water edge, shearing both anchors. Four thousand gallons of water poured into the bulkhead. Two or three sailors were buried in the ice in the forecastle.

Henry Aldous Dixon

"I called the boys together during the excitement and prayed the Lord to enable us to avert the calamity that it might be no worse. We exercised our Priesthood, prayed for a calm and we might live, all on board, get to our destination, also the vessel. We went below to our cabins, prayed frequently according to the order of the Priesthood, for a calm sea and no wind, as this is apparently our salvation temporarily. During the night I went on deck and...rebuked the winds and waves. We have

a calm sea. [Our] Prayers [are] answered. ...I promised no lives would be lost or ship either, in the name of the Lord."[8]

No lives were lost. The ship limped into the port of St. Johns, Newfoundland. The passengers transferred to the ship *Nevada,* and Henry went on to fulfill and serve his mission.

The captain and crew members said their survival was nothing short of a miracle. Word of the accident was taken to the owner of the ship. He asked if there were any Mormons aboard. When told there were four, he went back to bed and said he knew the vessel would land safe. "For forty years, they had been carrying Mormons. No ship was lost. It paid them better than insurance."

Henry returned to his home in November 1880, gained employment and began to prosper with his families. When his father died, Henry did receive his full inheritance. A brief summary of his remarkable life—

- He served in the fight against Johnston's Army
- He was appointed as the Bookkeeper in the Provo Woolen Mills
- He was the Utah County Treasurer
- He was the first manager of ZCMI in the Provo store.
- He owned two farms in Provo.
- He served four missions, two to England and one to South Africa.
- He was a missionary and a pioneer to Santa Clara, Utah.
- He was a wonderful husband and father to a large posterity

Brigham Young said of Henry Aldous Dixon,

"Of all the men I know and trust, Henry A. Dixon is the one man I could trust with all my wealth and with all wealth of the land, knowing full well that it would be all accounted for, in detail, when I desired."

Dixon Family Crest

My cousin, Anthony Hansen Taylor, ("Cousin Tony") a fine artist, a great story teller and a wonderful humorist prepared a "Dixon Family Crest" for the amusement of the family.

In the top left hand corner is a lion representing the King of Beasts of South Africa—the birthplace of my Great grandfather Henry Aldous Dixon.

In the top right hand corner is the sailing ship "Unity" in which he sailed to come to America in 1856.

In the bottom left hand corner is the covered wagon and ox my Great grandfather drove across the plains.

In the bottom right hand corner is an elm tree he planted at his home site in Provo which was still standing 100 years later.

In the center of the crest is a distinguished looking gentleman with a full crop of red hair—a Dixon "trademark," as so many of Great-grandfather's posterity inherited this characteristic.

This same gentleman is attired in a suit of long red underwear—the course Woolen Mills factory material worn by the Dixon children and in abundant display all up and down 5th West in Provo on the Dixon drying lines on washday.

Around the edges written in black lettering is the following motto:

"Be Pretty if you are; be witty if you can, but be cheerful if it kills you!"

I have thought often about that motto. I am not one of those people of great wit. It's difficult for me to tell a joke in good humor. I would like to think that I have tried to be cheerful during my life. I have failed many times! The Lord teaches that we should let our light shine before others.[9] I have liked and sometimes applied the following quotation from a wonderful old book, The Secret of Achievement., published in 1898, the same year my father was born:

> *"We can make life largely what we wish, through education and control of the will. The bright, cheerful man makes a cheerful world around him. The melancholy, morose, fretful, disjointed, sarcastic, critical dyspeptic, bilious, gloomy man creates a world around him which is the reflection of his own mood. Some people have the power of making summer wherever they go. They infuse light and joy and happiness and beauty into everybody they meet. If you meet one of them on the street, he will throw a stream of sunlight onto your soul which will light up the whole day. Others carry discord, gloom, and despair everywhere. If they talk with you but a minute, they will manage to cast a dark shadow across the whole day, and send a chill through your body. One has the power of making the best of everything, of not only looking at the bright, but the brightest, side of things. He finds peace and comfort everywhere.* [10]

David O. McKay, who called me to be a missionary to England, said,

> *"There are seeds of happiness planted in every human soul. Our mental attitude and disposition constitute the environment in which these seeds may germinate. There is as much need for sunshine in the heart as for sunshine in the world. Today as perhaps never before, mankind needs encouragement and cheer.*

> *It is a duty to seek and acquire the art of being cheerful. "A cheerful spirit is one of the greatest gifts ever bestowed upon humanity by a kind Creator. It is the sweetest and most fragrant flower of the spirit that constantly sends out its beauty and fragrance and blesses everything within its reach."*[11]

No wonder, they called 5th West in Provo, where the Dixon children all grew up, "Sandy Alley!" Their red hair and red woolen underwear strewn along the clothes lines were indicative of the extensive Dixon family. Their good will and good cheer is the legacy of their great family.

On the other hand, making a show of "positive mental attitude" (PMA) is hardly a good exercise, which I will reflect on later in this book.

On May 4, 1884, at age 49, tragedy struck the Dixon families. Henry Aldous Dixon passed away having been stricken with pneumonia and leaving his two wives and 16 children without their husband and father. Hardly a time for good cheer! Great challenges lay ahead for his family.

Sarah DeGrey Dixon

In the town of Dudley, Worcester, England, a small girl was reared. Sarah DeGrey was born on January 27, 1845, the youngest living child of John and Maria DeGrey. She had four older sisters (Selina, Kezia, Maria and Charlotte) and one brother (Alfred). The family had lost three of her older sisters in death (Sofia, Ann, and Elizabeth). She also lost her younger brother, 1 ½ years old, John Jr. to death.

She, along with her older sisters, played upon the neighboring green rolling hills of England and upon the walls of the nearby Dudley Castle. Her father, a tailor by trade, was always busy endeavoring to make a living for the family. He soon passed away widowing Maria and leaving their surviving children.

Sarah's widowed mother, Maria Brooks raised the remaining daughters in a loving home. Impressed with the message of the gospel, Maria and her five daughters joined the Church. At eight years of age, Sarah, on a moonlit evening, was carried in the arms of John Charles Hall, a missionary, down to a nearby small pond and into the waters of baptism.

The widow Maria and four of her daughters, Kezia, Charlotte, Maria, and Sarah, scraped together what little money they could, and assisted by John Hall (who had married the oldest daughter Selena) paid for passage on the ship, *Well Fleet*, bound from Liverpool for Boston, in June 1856.

After arriving in Boston, as strangers in a new and strange land, among foreign people, without funds, they struggled to adjust and manage their lives. Each girl was placed in a different home. Young Sarah became so homesick for her sisters and mother, that she was put to bed and finally returned to her mother, employed by a Mr. Coburn. Sarah became a companion to the Coburn daughter. The family came to love her so much; they offered to adopt her, give her the finest of clothes and education, and make a fine lady of her.

Maria thanked Mr. Coburn for his generous offer, but explained that they wanted to live together as a family out in Utah in the West. The family lived in Boston for nine months to save enough ($112.00) for their journey west. The Bostonians tried to persuade them not to take such a dangerous trip. There were wild Indians who roamed the plains and Johnston's Army was to be sent to destroy the people in Utah.

Their little company started on their westward journey in April 1857. They joined the main company, under the direction of Captain Jesse Martin, in Florence, Nebraska.

Sarah, a young girl of twelve had a very pleasant nature. There not being much room in the wagons, she along with a young companion would do much of the daily journey by walking.

Running ahead, they would gather flowers and have a good time. Captain Martin, invited them to run alongside his horses, while he searched for a new campground. After arriving, they would pick up "buffalo chips while waiting for the company to arrive. They would sing to him and join in singing the songs of Zion at night around the campfire.

Along the way, there were scary encounters with Indians. They would hear the wailing cries of the wolves and coyotes. They would form their

wagons into the shape of a horseshoe to provide protection against any kind of invaders.

Sarah often told pioneer stories to her children and grand-children and related that she had walked the entire route to Salt Lake. Years later, above her bed, in her special private room, she kept a map of the route, which is now located in the Daughters of the Utah Pioneer Museum in Provo.

Coming down Echo Canyon and seeing the Great Salt Lake Valley, they had quite a different view from what they knew of the green lanes of England. A few years after their arrival, the older sisters married and moved on with their husbands to help colonize Dixie Country. Sarah was alone with her mother in their humble Utah home. They became very close.

As reviewed earlier, Henry Aldous Dixon, a brave young man, had driven a yoke of oxen in the Martin Company and had become acquainted with Sarah's older sisters. Even-though Sarah was much younger, he had kept his eye on her and used to listen to her songs as he sat on the wagon tongue and around the camp fires. After returning from his five-year mission to South Africa, he made frequent visits to the DeGrey home. Sarah, a young lady now of twenty, attracted his attention. His courtship ripened into great love. They were married on January 21, 1865.

Can you imagine this little woman, Sarah DeGrey Dixon, under 5', along with Mary Smith, Henry's second wife, raising this large family. It is difficult for me to capture the spirit of the spectacular life of this good woman: the trial of raising eight sons and one daughter; losing sons and her own loving husband, relatively early in life; supporting and loving, Mary Ann Smith Dixon, Henry's second wife, their four sons and three daughters, all of this, in their small Provo homes.

Her granddaughter, Rhea Dixon Reeve referred to the statement that "into each life some rain must fall," but cloudbursts came into Grandma's unselfish way of life.

> *"Grandma Dixon had little to say, but she was a 'doer', and what she did was practical, helpful and without remuneration...Frills, silks and satins were not a part of Grandma's wardrobe. She wore plain, practical, dark*

clothing that wouldn't show soil and would wear well. 'Durable' was an important word to Grandma. Her character proved to be 'durable', too. I can think of her hands wrinkled and rough from years of dedicated service to family, neighbors and friends. Work was her goal. She had learned the satisfaction of work well done as a child."[12]

Sarah loved to do temple work. She would travel to her step-daughter Sarah McConachie's home in Salt Lake City, sometimes for ten days at a time. Nearly every day, she would spend the full day in the temple. "She was never quite through." "She was a most spiritual person. She communicated and kept in tune with her Heavenly Father. She was a faithful servant and attending Church was the highlight of her week."

Sarah DeGrey

Some of the sayings which neighbors remember from her were, "Comb that child's hair; she looks like a broom in a fit," or, "that girl can throw more out the back door with a spoon than her husband can bring in the front door with a scoop shovel," or, "waste not, want not!"

"Early every morning you could see her going up or down Fifth West to some home of her family to give of her unselfish devotion wherever she thought she could do the most good."[13]

Her inspired patriarchal blessing is laden with eternal seeds of family life:

"Thou art a great mother in Israel. Thy soul is honest and thy love of children boundless. Thou wilt have power to train them in the ways of the Lord. They will cling unto thee and

never forsake thee. Thy feet are established in the path which leads to thy glory and thou shalt not fall under trial, but be like the great oak to resist the storms. Thy humility is recorded by the angels, for pride hath not lifted thee up. Highly favored art thou of the Lord, like Elizabeth and Mary of old. Great shall be thy blessings and thou shalt be lifted up above many. The Lord loveth thee for thy righteousness. He will make thee great and thy royal generations shall never cease out of the earth, nor thy name be taken from the book of life. Prudence and wisdom will abide in thee as a fountain, and thou shalt direct thy steps aright, and be strong in the Lord. Israel [be] upon thee [with all] the blessings of inheritance with thy husband and with thy generations forever. The words of thy lips shall comfort the sorrowful and bind thy children unto the Lord. Intelligence shall beam from thy eyes as the light of precious gems before a flame. Thy throne is prepared before the foundations of the earth; thou shalt stand with the great mothers, and overcome by faith. Thy food and raiment shall not fail, but thou shalt be a queen forever."[14]

I never knew my Great Grandma Dixon. I wish I had asked my father Lynn Dixon Taylor about her, He was reared by her briefly during his father and mother's absence doing missionary service in England. Yet, I love her and honor her life.

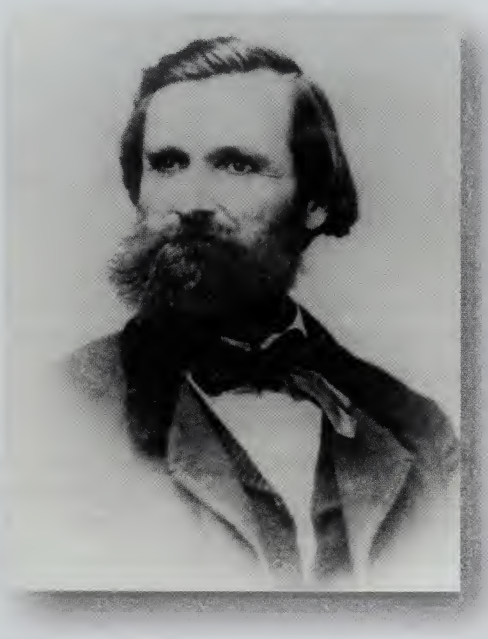
Benjamin Franklin Johnson

My great-grandfather, Benjamin Franklin Johnson, has written his own personal history, *My Life's Review*, which is an historical treasure of the Church.[15] The posterity of his father and mother, Ezekiel Johnson and Julia Hills Johnson, probably constitute the largest number of descendants of any family in the Church. His life's story comprises the very beginnings of the Church, from Palmyra, to Kirtland, to Missouri, to Nauvoo and on to the settlement of the West, including Utah, Arizona, and his missions to the Sandwich Islands (Hawaii) and Mexico. It is a history, well worth reading and re-reading.

Benjamin was born in the town of Pomfret, New York on July 28, 1818. To his parents were born sixteen children, Benjamin being the tenth

child, and fifth son. He suffered ill health much of his life and professed his nearness to death on several occasions. Yet, he outlived all of his brothers and sisters.

His mother taught him early in life, faith in God and the necessity of prayer. He had a close association with the Prophet Joseph Smith and was blessed by him and was promised that a guardian angel would guide and protect him throughout his life. Benjamin often testified of the reality of this promise, having been blessed and protected on numerous occasions, by an angel presence near to him.



Benjamin Franklin Johnson

As a young missionary, Benjamin was imbued with the spirit of the Lord. He spoke with confidence and eloquence. However, on one occasion, feeling somewhat self-confident, he attempted to speak without relying on the support of the spirit, and all became darkness to him.[16] After this experience, he never forgot the need to rely upon the Lord and to acknowledge his dependence.

Upon reading this experience as a youth, I tried to always remember this lesson. Throughout my life, I have prayed and acknowledged my need for obtaining the Holy Ghost before attempting to speak. The Lord has abundantly blessed me on many happy speaking and teaching assignments.

Benjamin was one who witnessed and testified of the transfiguration of Brigham Young, appearing and speaking as the Prophet Joseph, during the time of transition after the death of the Prophet.[17]

Benjamin was also given a promise regarding the principle and practice of plural marriage. During his life, he took seven women to be his wives and he enjoyed a large posterity. He fathered forty-five children, and had more than 370 grandchildren. His sixth wife, Susan Adelaide Holman, my great-grand-mother, bore him eight children, five daughters and three sons, the last son being Justus Wanderus Johnson, my grandfather.

Benjamin suffered enormous trials throughout his life. At times, he was full of energy and industry. At other times, he suffered with great health problems. He and his families prospered occasionally, and then repeatedly became impoverished. He was exhilarated by pioneering opportunities then suffered crushing set-backs. These set-backs he accepted as the will of the Lord, with humility. He believed that such calamities were for his repentance, and lessons for his life's experience. He was anxious to be in good favor with the leading Brethren of the Church and was willing to do as he was bidden.

From reading his history, I sense he had frictions in his families, among his wives and children. He expected obedience and submission to his patriarchal leadership. I also sense that he suffered from feelings of despondency and depression. He said in reminiscence,

> *"In looking back over my childhood it almost seems that I was born to be a child of sorrow, for such was my love for both of my parents that because of the troubles and unhappiness my heart at times would seem almost to burst with sorrow and grief, and a feeling always seemed with me to wish that I had died at my birth, or that I never had been born."*[18]

In a personal letter sent to my Grandfather, Jesse W. Johnson, shortly before his death Benjamin wrote:

Benjamin Franklin Johnson

"I am alone and feel lone and desolate and those that do love me are mostly over the Divide. [Over in Utah]. This life has seemingly but little love or true appreciation of each other. But, did we know who we are and our relationship and love for each other in previous existence, Oh! How changed we would be in love of each, and in gratitude to God and each other for privileges now being trampled under foot. To bring to some sorrow and disappointment in the Great Future."[19]

Also, in his later life, he expressed,

"Pray to God just as you would talk to me, and He will hear and answer you," "...teach [your children] to love the gospel above all else in life and they will remain true to its principles."[20]

The following was recorded upon the death of "Uncle Benji, as he was affectionately called:

"For years He has been a Patriarch in the Church, and has converted many people to his faith. He was fond of telling stories of early Church history, and of the Prophet with whom he was so intimately acquainted. He was a man much loved by both the old and young people in his neighborhood, and his memory will long be held in loving esteem by those who knew him."[21]

Susan Adeline (Adelaide) Holman Johnson[22]

Susan Adeline (Adelaide) Holman was the fifth child of James Sawyer Holman and Naomi Roxania LeBaron, born on October 7, 1841 in Nauvoo, Illinois. "Her parents were early day members of the Church. The

Holman family suffered persecution, mob violence, and hardship." They were living in Nauvoo when Joseph Smith was slain.

Susan Adeline Holman

Trying to avoid further persecution, the family moved to Mt. Pisgah, Iowa. In 1847, James left his family in Iowa to drive the first herd of sheep across the desert, walking the entire distance with a young boy alongside on horseback.

In 1848, Naomi, with son James Alonzo, thirteen years old, who drove three yoke of cattle, to begin the journey west. Susan was seven years old. Their father met them along the trail on the plains. They arrived in Salt Lake in October, "...safe and well despite the many hardships and constant threat of Indian attacks."

Susan and her young brother herded their father's sheep over the hills in their bare feet, "glad to have a bucket of segoes for their supper when they got home." Susan remembered seeing her father go off to work all day long with only a cup of milk for food until he returned at night. She remembered seeing her mother treading up and down on her spinning wheel all day long and into the night, with tears streaming down her face.

In 1850, James built a house upon a lot owned by Benjamin Franklin Johnson. The two men joined their interests and labor together. "This was the beginning of a close association of the Holman and Johnson families." Three of the Holman daughters, including Susan, being the last, became plural wives of Benjamin Johnson.

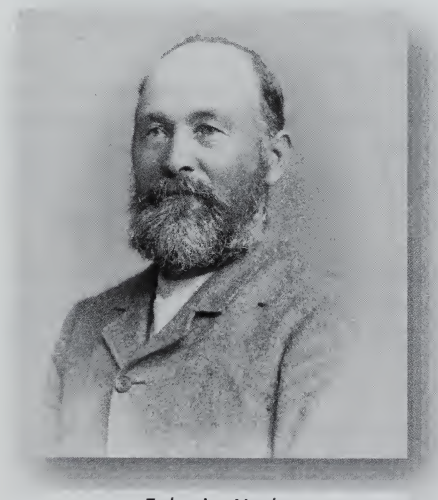
My mother, Celestia recalls the "sweetness, the gentleness, the warmth of my Grandma Johnson." She was an avid genealogist; much of her time in Utah was spent doing work in the Salt Lake Temple.

"I remember her insatiable curiosity about life and her zest for life. I remember her sense of humor which made every association with her a time of fun. I remember going to Saltair ...and riding on the 'roller coaster' both of us squealing at the top of our lungs and me losing my best hat right at the very top. ...She loved the movies and took turns taking us grandchildren... A feeling of warmth and tenderness wells up within me whenever I think of dear, sweet Grandma Johnson."

Ephraim Nash

Ephraim's mother, Catherine Kemp Nash (or Naish) joined the Church at age 32, in Wiltshire, England. Of her husband or marriage, nothing is known. She sailed on the "Jersey" from Liverpool, England in 1853 to America with her three sons, Worthy, age 17; Ephraim, 15; Isaac, 10; and Albert Marsh, a nephew and orphan whose mother, Mary Ann Marsh, Catherine's sister, died soon after his birth.[23] An important life-sketch of pioneer Ephraim Nash is found in the Biographical Record of the State of Utah, compiled in 1902.[24]

After their arrival, they settled in Mountainville, today known as Alpine. As early pioneers in a rugged mountain environment, they struggled for their livelihood. They knew well hunger and privation. Prosperity did not come without great effort. The boys grew to manhood. A great sorrow came to Catherine and the family when Isaac, age eighteen, fell off a load of wood when coming down the canyon. Worthy, inclined to business, developed several business enterprises. Never marrying, he cared for his mother until her death sometime in the 1880's.



Ephraim Nash

Ephraim also engaged in business ventures including farming, mining, and livestock holdings. He prospered and according to his eldest daughter, Rhoda Celestia, he was very generous to others.[25] He was mayor of Alpine, a member of the city council, and promoted local education.

Located in the Moyle Museum in Alpine are two excellent daguerreotypes, handsome photographs of Ephraim and Rhoda Young McNichols Nash, donated by my brother John Arthur Taylor. Hanging on a wall in my home is a restored painting of the famous Alpine Nash home. The home no longer exists. My Nash family ancestors are buried in the old cemetery on the hill overlooking the original town of Alpine.

Rhoda Young McNichol Nash

Rhoda Young McNichol was born October 23, 1842 in Nashville, Tennessee, the youngest of four daughters of Alexander Barton McNichol and Mary Ann Vance.

Alexander was born in 1811. He married Mary Ann about 1835, and four little girls were born to them, Rhoda Young McNichol, the youngest, born October 23, 1842. Chancery Court documents suggest that Alexander was an abusive husband and father, and Mary Ann obtained a divorce. At some point she returned to her father's home (Lewis Reno Vance), who had the means and resources to care for Mary Ann and her four children: Ann (4 ½), Seddy (3 ½), Margaret (22 months), and Rhoda, a baby in arms.

When Rhoda was about two years of age, Alexander was incarcerated in the Tennessee State Penitentiary on September 3, 1844 convicted of "Mare Stealing." He died, a prisoner, August 14, 1846, of "chronic diarrhea." Thus Rhoda would not have had any memory of, or association with her father.

Lewis, Rhoda's grandfather, had lost his wife, Elizabeth Raulston and a son, James, in 1840, two years before Rhoda's birth. Thus Lewis had four remaining children: Mary Ann (Rhoda's mother), James, Margaret, John Wesley, and Nancy Ann.

Lewis was now left widowed with three children at home: Margaret (age 16), John Wesley (10), and Nancy Ann (6). Thus Mary Ann, at age 26, was to help support her father Lewis and her siblings along with her own

children: Ann (4 ½), Seddy (3 ½), Margaret (22 months), and Rhoda, just a baby.

At about nine years of age, Rhoda, her mother Mary Ann and her sisters, Ann, Seddy, and Margaret joined the Church on June 21, 1851. Rhoda's mother, Mary Ann Vance McNicol died shortly after, on October 20, 1851. Lewis sold his properties and according to family stories, converted the money into 20 dollar gold pieces which he packed into a trunk.

He and his remaining extended family joined Captain John Tidwell's Company, preparing to leave Council Bluff's on March 16, 1852. Lewis was baptized and confirmed by Captain Tidwell on June 21, 1852. Lewis died seven days later, just as they were leaving camp after a week of sickness. He was buried on the side of the road. Now Rhoda, her sisters, and supported by other members of the enlarged family, managed their trek west. Any money they may have had had been expended or depleted in preparation for the journey west.

During the long trek of a thousand miles, Rhoda took turns riding on the back of the family cow tied to their wagon. The company arrived in Salt Lake on September 15, 1852. The family settled in Mountainville (Alpine).

The girls made their livelihood at an early age, putting out to work. They suffered privations of hunger and the struggles of early pioneers. Rhoda clung to her girlhood longer than her sisters, marrying a young man in her local community, Ephraim Nash on December 27, 1863 and sealed together in the Endowment House by Daniel H. Wells, February 11, 1865. These two were brought together, one from England, and one from the southern states to create a Latter-day Saint family.

Ephraim and Rhoda were both musically inclined. Rhoda had a melodious voice and refining music was always in their home. My mother, Celestia who had a special relationship with her grandmother wrote the following:

> *"Her voice had a low, vibrant quality that permeated my whole being whenever we heard her sing. Always when I hear or think of the words of King Lear in Shakespeare's great tragedy, 'Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low; an excellent thing in*

woman,' I am reminded of my Grandmother Nash. She knew from memory and dearly loved all the favorite and familiar LDS hymns and it was from hearing her sing that I learned most of them myself. To the end of her life she continued to sing her old ballads and folk songs of the South and her beloved hymns."[26]

She became expert in carding, spinning, dying yarns and weaving various kinds of cloths. Later, she spent much time in embroidering, knitting and crocheting laces. She took great pride in cultivating beautiful flowers and their home's landscaping. "Her heart was full of song as she plied the shuttle back and forth, and the old hymn tunes fell from her lips in clear, true tones. She always made the song part of the work at hand."[27]

Their family of seven children was struck by tragedy in 1877. Diphtheria took three beautiful girls in death. Five months later, two more children were taken, a boy and a girl. Returning home from the funeral of the first child, only to see the second child die. Yet, ten days later, a third child passed away, leaving only one daughter, Rhoda Celestia. Having lost five children within four months was a devastation from which the family never fully recovered.

Although two more children were born, the oldest being my grandmother, Violet Deseret, the remaining family would never be the same. There was some tension and rivalry between the older sister Rhoda Celestia and the much younger sister Violet Deseret. In their later years they achieved a more balanced relationship.

The harrowing stress in the family, resulting from their losses and relationships, exacerbated by the alcoholism of the youngest brilliant, talented son, Clarence Vance, called "Uncle Clair," was overwhelming particularly to Rhoda.

Oh, the sadness, the tragedy, the trials and turmoil which engulfed Rhoda at times. Yet, Rhoda's faith in the gospel was resilient. She continued her service and activity in the Church for the rest of her life, dying at age 88 on December 4, 1930.

Rhoda Young McNichol

My respect and admiration for these, my Great-grandparents, these noble men and women floods me with poignant feelings. I would raise my voice with energy; I want to cry out to my children with acclamation; I want to sing the "song of redeeming love," because of the greatness of my ancestors. Truly, Elijah revealed that the hearts of the children would turn to their fathers and the hearts of the fathers turn to their children. My heart has been turned! My emotions run deeply for Eliza for Sarah, for Susan and for Rhoda, and for their superlative lives. I am grateful for the integrity and industry of George, Henry, Benjamin and Ephraim.

The picture of the old Alpine home features the Nash Family.

Rhoda Young McNichol Nash, Violet Deseret Nash Johnson, Violet Afton Johnson, Celestia Marguerita Johnson, Rhoda Johnson, Rhoda Celestia Nash Rolands and Weymeth Rolands.

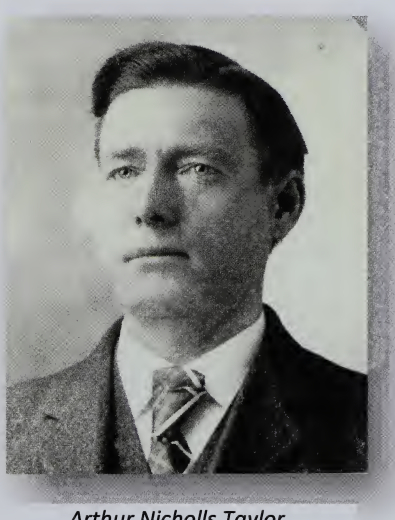
My Grandparents

Like my great-grandparents, I never knew personally any of my grandparents, except for my Grandmother, Deseret Johnson. Yet, in reading of their lives, I have felt the powers of their personal influence in my life.

Arthur Nicholls Taylor

Much has been written about my Grandfather Arthur and Grandmother Maria (Aunt Rye).[28] Their splendid lives have been recorded by two of their sons and my uncles, Clarence Dixon Taylor and Henry Dixon Taylor.[29]

Arthur was born November 2, 1870. My own youngest son, George Terry Taylor II in a little talk about my grandfather in Primary on Pioneer Day, 1994 said the following:



Arthur Nicholls Taylor

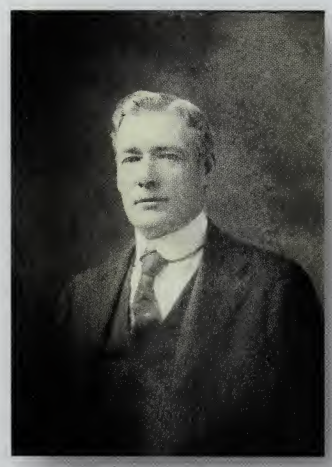
"Today is Pioneer Day. I want to tell you about one of the Provo pioneers, my great-grandfather. Arthur N. Taylor. He was born in 1870 about one mile east of the old home—an adobe house which was once a sheep pen of the early settlers. When it rained the roof would leak, and he would have to sleep under the bed to keep dry. When the weather was good, he and his brothers could look through the holes in the roof and see the stars in the sky."

Arthur learned early in life to work. As a young lad, following the old English custom, he turned over his weekly wages to his mother. In spite of the family's poverty and trials, he recalled his childhood days as the happiest days of his life.

In 1889 he was overcome with a severe illness which lingered with him throughout the summer and winter. In the spring of 1890, not having fully recovered, he went on a trip with his mother Eliza to large cities in the eastern United States and then on to England and Paris, France. They spent a delightful four months and returned home in the best of health.

In the winter of 1891 he entered Brigham Young Academy and graduated from the Commercial School in 1893. He was the only member of his father's family to graduate from college.

"He was of a very quiet and retiring nature and was never one to show off in front of a crowd, but always assumed more than his share of responsibility and completed the task he started."[30] "One of his guiding philosophies…which exalted him in the eyes of his associates and friends: 'I would rather suffer a wrong than do a wrong.'"[31]



Arthur Nichols Taylor - Mature Years

His industrious spirit initiated and promoted numerous business enterprises throughout his life. He believed that a little profit was better than none at all. He was very methodical. His often repeated motto was "Plan Your Work, Then Work Your Plan!" He was quiet, dignified and perhaps austere or distant from others, a true English nature. He did not display or express his emotions. His British nature appeared through his collection of fine leather-bound books and English linens. He expected that fine linen napkins would be used as he came home for his lunch.

Following the birth of his third son, Elton, he desired to serve a mission. With a bit of financial assistance from Jesse Knight, he was called to serve in the British Mission in October 1900. He was appointed President of the Birmingham Conference, the city

where his own mother Eliza and father George had accepted the gospel. It was necessary that Maria and their three sons rent their newly enlarged home and move in with Arthur's mother Sarah Dixon, who lived next door in the twin home.

Sister and Elder Maria and Arthur Taylor

Both Eliza, his mother and Sarah, his mother-in-law, asked for the privilege of supporting Arthur and family during his mission. Toward the end of his mission, Maria came to England to serve with him for seven months, both returning home in 1903. Thus, for a period, my father Lynn was raised by his Grandma Sarah Dixon. Maria thoroughly enjoyed her mission experience and seeing the sights of their English origins.

Twin Dixon Taylor Homes

In addition to his many business ventures, he owned a small farm on the Grandview bench, which they referred to as the "Hillcrest Farm," overlooking the Utah Lake, a location just one-half mile from my current Grandview

home in Provo. He and Maria had six sons and two daughters, all of whom led productive active industrious lives.

The history suggests that they spent quite a lot of money trying to keep the farm going. Maria said, "Why don't we try to save the money; we're just wasting it by paying expenses on the farm." He replied, "Which would you rather have: hard work to keep your boys from roaming the streets and save them or just have money in the bank?"

For his eight children, he never intended to leave them a fortune of wealth, but intended to leave them a respected name, an exemplary life, and a philosophy which was the underlying power in his life's work:

1. To teach and direct his children how to work.
2. To send and support the boys in the mission field.
3. To provide them with a good education.[32]

> *"As his health began to fail, one of his greatest sources of satisfaction was to sit or lie on a cot on the south and west side of [*my father and mother Lynn and Celestia's 'home on the hill'*] and look down and admire the beauty and growth and activity of Utah Valley where he had spent his entire life, fortune, and effort in making a beauty spot for his posterity and fellowmen to live, to work, and to enjoy. His philosophy of life,* ***'The making of two blades of grass grow where only one grew before,'*** *is reflected in his life's work and accomplishments."*[33]

Maria Louise Dixon Taylor

Maria was born January 5, 1872 in Provo. She was the fourth child and only girl in a family of nine children. When eight years of age, her father Henry Aldous Dixon was called on another mission, this time to Great Britain. Aunt Mary, her father's plural wife with her children moved into their home. At one time there were eight children down with measles. Through the faith of their mothers, they were restored to health. She recorded, "People at that time seemed to exercise more faith in a Higher Power for healing than the skill of the doctor."

From her personal history, she recorded:

"Our home was one of the best in religious environment. Father and Mother both were very religious, and their greatest desire was to see their children keep the commandments of God. ...Rigid economy had to be practiced in the home to make ends meet. We had good wholesome food, which gave us good strong bodies."

Young Maria Dixon Taylor

"My greatest ambition was to marry a clean, honest, Latter-day Saint man and have a fine, happy family. I am happy to say that ambition has been realized just as I wished it to be."[34]

Maria's father died when she was twelve years of age, leaving two wives and thirteen children. She, like all the family, worked to sustain each other. Her remarkable patriarchal blessing is full of honor, light and glory.

"Because thou art merciful the Lord will have mercy upon thee, and thou shalt never fall, for thou art one of the elect--a great mother in Israel confiding in the heart, and angels love thee, they speak of thy name in praise.

"God will bind thy children towards thee as the ivy entwines the oak...God will make covenants with thy heirs forever, for thy generations will never perish, nor the birthright ever depart from thy house nor thy children forsake thee."

"Thy name shall be written with [the] elect... [The Lord] will exalt thy generations, and leave thy name on earth. Thine inheritance will be sealed in earth and in heaven." [35]

Many remembrances and tributes have been written about my Grandmother. In a letter sealed up to be opened after her passing, she wrote to her children and grandchildren, a portion of which follows:

Beloved "Aunt Rye" My Grandmother Taylor

"And now my children and grandchildren, keep the commandments of God and you will be blessed and prosper. Read the Book of Mormon and remember how the people at that time were blessed beyond measure but as soon as they became indifferent, they forgot God and fell into destruction and decay. I bear my testimony to every one of you, that this gospel is true and has brought more joy into my life than anything. ...I want every one of you to remain true to the end, so that when your earthly mission is completed, we may all meet and associate together as a happy and united family, having love in our hearts for Heavenly Father and each other. ...Look to Him for aid at all times and He will answer your prayers in faith, as He has answered mine. And now my dear children I seal this up with my blessings upon you all.

Your loving Mother and Grandmother,
Maria Dixon Taylor [36]

Justus Wanderus Johnson

Justus (Jesse) Wanderus Johnson was born January 6, 1873 in a place known as *Chicken Creek,* near Levan, in Juab County. His mother Susan had been visiting her mother in Mesa, Arizona and on the return trip to Spring Lake, had to leave the train and was taken in by a kind woman at Chicken

Creek who assisted in the birth of a child. When they returned to Spring Lake, his father Benjamin named him "Wanderus" because his mother had been "wandering in the wilderness when he was born."

In early youth, he was sent by Church leaders to serve as missionary among native American Indians.

Jesse graduated from Mesa High School, attended Brigham Young Academy, and was appointed principle of the Alpine School. He met beautiful dark-eyed Violet Deseret Nash (Dessie). They were married October 1898 in the Salt Lake Temple. After seven years, Jesse was appointed principal of the Santaquin Schools. He also attended briefly the University of Utah and Brigham Young Academy to qualify for a diploma in secondary education.

Justus Wanderus Johnson

He left education to pursue ventures in various business enterprises and government employment. His eldest daughter said, "He was like a 'rocket' in his periods of success, and suffered disappointment when reverses occurred and he was unable to fulfill the goals he set for himself."[37] He was adored by his five daughters and son.

Violet Deseret Nash

Violet Deseret Nash Johnson was born April 30, 1979 in the Alpine three-story brick home in Alpine, Utah. Her birth followed after the deaths of four older children from diphtheria. "The feeling of sadness and tragedy often prevailed in the home so Deseret was forced to shift for herself."[38]

She grew up in an environment of music and the arts. At age twelve, she was chorister and organist in the Primary Association of the Alpine Ward, and at fourteen served as second counselor in the Primary. She organized and presented musical programs, concerts and festivals in the Church and

community. "She was a beautiful child and developed into a most attractive young lady. An extremely popular 'belle of the town;' she had many 'suitors' and several … were determined to marry her."[39]

Dessie and Jesse

Through her life, she was actively engaged in church, music, civic, community, and political activities. All of her daughters had beautiful voices. Violet, Celestia, and Rhoda formed a trio, the Johnson Sisters, and performed in many places throughout Utah.

I remember her china cabinet full of crystal and glass menageries, some of which were of beauty and a few of value. She was a supremely good cook. I remember her delicious home-made fruit pies, sprinkled with sugar on top and with delicious crusts. She loved her flower garden and spent much time nurturing the beauty of her flowers.

Jesse and Dessie owned a large home on the corner of Fifth East and Second North in Provo, just one block from the BYU Lower Campus. During the great depression she took in "boarders," and her meals were excellent. They had to give this home up, and a smaller home was purchased a few blocks South on Second East.

During these years of job scarcity, Jesse had to take jobs far away from his home. Near the end of his life he was employed at the Japanese Internment Camp located at Topaz, near Delta. Deseret continued to take in Boarders, and her children and their spouses provided some financial support so she could maintain her home. This family support was spearheaded by our father and mother, Lynn and Celestia. A beautiful BYU Student was one of

her boarders for a short time, who later was the movie star known as Rhonda Fleming.

Both Jesse and Dessie had strong personalities. Justus was adventurous and idealistic. Deseret was practical and determined. While they loved each other and their children, they had some difficulty in agreeing upon basic directions in their lives. The conflict in their home created tension and some uncertainty in their family. An underlying strain of alcoholism asserted its ugly venom in some of their children. Again, the covenants and merciful promises of the Lord will be fully manifested in the future life of atonement and reconciliation.

Here are the beautiful, assuring and written words of my grandmother, Violet Deseret Nash Johnson:[40]

Violet Deseret Nash Johnson

There's a land beyond the shadows;
We shall meet our loved ones there,
And with songs of joy and gladness,
For there'll be no sorrow there.

There the sun is ever shining,
And the birds sing happy airs.
We shall meet our loved ones smiling
For there'll be no more tears there.

There will come a glorious morning
Filled with radiance most divine,
Where the righteous will assemble,
And we'll know our loved ones there.

Blessed Savior, wilt Thou meet us
When we reach that shining shore,
And when dawn has chased the shadows
Let there be no weeping there.

I am grateful for the lives and examples of all of my fore-bearers. I am thankful to those who have recorded the principles and events of their lives.

I am appreciative to the Lord for His mercy and grace to our extended eternal family. I look forward to that great morning of the First Resurrection, the resurrection of the Just.

My Parents

Lynn Dixon Taylor

I have lived a life filled with happiness. I was raised by superb parents who created through their innovation and industry an ideal home—a home filled with music, art, literature and poetry—a home filled with the pioneer heritage of humble royal ancestors—a home filled with goodness and graciousness—a home filled with sociality and spirituality.

Comparatively we were not wealthy, yet my frugal father and mother taught me how to save, expend and invest in beauty, things of both transitory and lasting value. Our "Home on the Hill" and our "Cabin by the Creek" were places of heaven on earth.[i] My sister Kathryn Dee Taylor believed that our family and personal memories and relationships come from heaven:

> *"There are moments in life that seem too exquisite! To reach back and briefly touch the memories of former times, places, and people, and to recollect their value and meaning in life can bring a painful ache to the heart.*
>
> *And yet not to think of them is to deny one's self a finite and delicate sense of joy and reality which comes not often; but when it touches the soul, makes one sense—perhaps only briefly—the immense and overwhelming value of life and its wonderful possibilities for the future."*[ii]

My father, Lynn Dixon Taylor was born on a spring day, May 6, 1898. His parents, Arthur and Maria had recently moved into a new home, twin to Maria's mother Sarah's home on Fifth West Street, and where many of his Dixon relatives lived. Arthur and Maria had little money and built two new rooms, then added other rooms as they could pay for them.[iii]

[i] *From Earth to Heaven: Goals for Eternal Life*, George Terry Taylor, 2009.
[ii] *Letter to Celestia J. Taylor*, Kathryn Dee Taylor Brockbank, February 16, 1967. Quoted in *Lynn Dixon Taylor,*
[iii] *Lynn Dixon Taylor*, *And He Encompassed All*, Janice Taylor DeGraw. 5.

Army Private Lynn Dixon Taylor

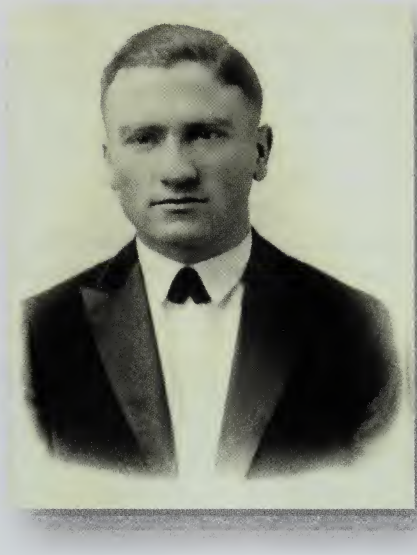
Elder Lynn Taylor

Dad, was the first child to be born into the new home. His older brother, Arthur Dixon was born October 4, 1895. His younger brothers and sisters followed: Elton LeRoy, Henry Dixon, Alice Louise, Clarence Dixon, Orson Kenneth, and Ruth Elaine.

He attended the Timpanogos Grammar School, graduated from B.Y. High School in 1917 and received his Bachelor of Arts degree in June 1923. At B.Y. Academy, for one year, he was the manager of all minor sports and was a member of the tennis team. He loved wrestling and throughout his life was an avid follower of the sports programs.

Dad spent a few years as a draftsman and designer in Joseph Nelson's architectural office. Some of the buildings on Provo's Center Street were designed by him. He attended the school of Interior Decoration at New York University. He worked for Barker Brothers furniture store in Los Angeles, then returned to Provo to set up the drapery and upholstery departments of his family's Dixon Taylor Russell Company. He later became the advertising manager. He joined the faculty of Brigham Young University as a special instructor of Interior Decoration and taught part-time for 31 years.

I remember Dad, particularly because of his pioneering spirit in moving to and raising our family on "our home on the hill." He and his brother Uncle Henry, battled the challenges of winter and summer far from "civilization in the city." I suppose some folks thought he and mother were crazy! Also, my father's enterprising, and adventuresome spirit in building our "Brickerhaven" home by the gorgeous open meadow and creek, (or "crick" as I always called it), behind the east side of Mount Timpanogos. I will refer to these heavenly places further in this history.



BYU Student Lynn Taylor

Dad was a member of the ROTC at B.Y. Academy and served in the United States Army briefly during the end of WWI. He was a member of the Provo Advertising Club, the first president of the Brickerhaven Corporation, and an organizer of the Bonneville Development Company.

My father filled a mission to the Northwestern States Mission. He later served as the Sunday School Superintendent, Ward Clerk, member of the Stake Sunday School Board, and Bishop of the Pleasant View Ward. He served quietly and without any inclination to put himself forward in any way. I was told that, upon being called as bishop, he came home with an ashen face and said to Mother, something like, "The most awful thing has happened…"

A history of Dad and his goodly life and his family was compiled by my Sister Janice Taylor DeGraw: *Lynn Dixon Taylor: "And He Encompassed All."*

Lynn Dixon Taylor

I measured him with my eye
And found him less than tall
I measured him with my heart
And he encompassed all.

Celestia Johnson Taylor

My own and each of his children wrote their remembrances and tributes to him.[44]

Celestia Johnson Taylor

Young Celestia

My mother, Celestia Johnson was born April 8, 1903 in Alpine, Utah. Her sisters and brother were Violet Afton, Susan Rhoda, Wanderus Kent, Wyla Jesselyn, and Zula May.

Mother began her education in kindergarten at the B.Y. Training school soon after the family moved from Alpine to Provo. She graduated from B.Y. High School and received her Bachelor of Arts from B.Y. Academy in 1925. She accepted a teaching position for two years at Grantsville High School teaching music, dramatic arts and physical education. During the

intervening summer, she studied at Columbia Teacher's College in New York City.

Returning to Provo, she married Dad setting up their home and living for five years before they moved to their foothills "home on the hill" pioneering what was later known as "Taylor Hill" and "Oak Hills."

My father and mother were married August 17, 1927 in the Salt Lake Temple.

They are the parents of five children: John Arthur, Janice, Lynn Anne, Kathryn Dee, and myself—George Terry.

Celestia Johnson Taylor

Mother determined to go back to school, taking classes in English literature and art. She pursued her master's degree in English in 1953. In August, she was invited to teach a full load of Freshman English. She continued as an Instructor for eighteen years, until retiring and receiving the honor of "Professor Emeritus," in 1971.

She had always served in positions in the Church as called upon. She was active in all of the auxiliaries serving as ward chorister, Sunday School Chorister, Stake MIA Chorister, Ward Relief Society President, Ward MIA President and

Stake Cultural Arts Refinement Leader. She was called to serve on the Church's new special Teacher Development Program, along with some high-ranking leading educators in the Church.

From 1962 to 1974, she served as a member of the General Board of the Relief Society, and wrote continuous articles on homemaking for the RS magazine. I know, because I typed and edited all of them for her prior to submission. She was amazed because they were accepted so readily by the leaders and without alteration.

Here are a few of my recollections and reflections of my mother:

- Mother had a solid strong testimony of the Church and of the gospel and bore her firm fervent testimony often.
- I still remember her rich mellow contralto singing voice, singing in the choir toward the end of her life.
- Her dramatic and moving voice was intriguing to others. When she spoke, people listened! She was very entertaining in her speaking style, holding audiences for long periods.
- She had a deep sustaining faith. She often said, "Well, I do what I have to do," She believed that she could accomplish anything required of her with the help of the Lord.
- Mother had an ability to create poems, readings, skits and extemporaneous speaking.
- She had a humility to take whatever might come into her life. She said, "No matter what may come to me in life in the future, I feel I must take it because of the innumerable blessings and joys the Lord has given me in my past life."
- I can never recall her being moody. She always tried to remain calm in difficulty and was always cheerful.
- I observed that mother would arrive early in the morning for her teaching at BYU and was usually the last to leave. She always worked very hard.

My brother John asked her a question which she had never considered: "Mother, tell me your secret. How can you get so much done?" After a pause of reflection, she answered, "I work very fast!"

She was fearless and industrious, pulling weeds, cleaning dirty shelves up the canyon in early Spring, even throwing Gopher snakes out of our basement!

In summary, my mother was a gracious host, entertainer, musician, gifted writer, public speaker, church worker, teacher and educator, artist, homemaker, wife and mother—she has excelled in them all, and she will always be called blessed by her children.

Celestia has written her history, *"Through A Lifetime."* I will refer to incidents and experiences with my father and mother throughout this personal history.

I am very proud of my father and his quiet example of righteousness, and my mother's strong testimony of the gospel and her many achievements. The photographs and written and printed documents comprising their lives now reside in *Special Collections* of the Brigham Young University Harold B. Lee Library.

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[1] *George Taylor, Sr. and His Family: Photographer-Merchant-Banker*; Clarence Dixon Taylor, Compiler, 1983. 7- 7-19.
[2] Ibid. 49-56.
[3] *My Dixon Taylor Pedigree*, Compiled by Clarence D. Taylor, 100.
[4] *My Folks the Dixons*, Volume I., 1969, Clarence Dixon Taylor, Compiler, 113-136.
[5] My Folks the Dixons, 69.
[6] Ibid., 64.
[7] Ibid., 76-78.
[8] Ibid., 81-82.
[9] "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven." Matthew 5:16 "A merry heart doeth good like medicine." Proverbs 17:22
I wrote the following lines regarding our Savior's shining life of good cheer: In all of history, there is no person, no spirit who has matched the radiance and gladness, of the Lord. In the most terrible of trials, he was

humbly victorious over all that men and circumstance could do to Him. Surely no one has faced so many adversities and disappointments. His loneliness, the hostility of His own people, the slowness of His followers to understand, the shadow of the cross that grew darker each day—yet a radiant cheer and confidence that rose above all His troubles. In the upper chamber facing a terrible tomorrow, the Lord said to his disciples, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." He said, "My joy I give unto you, that your joy no man taketh from you." On one occasion of persecution, he told them they should "rejoice and be exceedingly glad." He taught, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven." Matthew 5:16

[10] The Secret of Achievement, Orison S. Marden, New York, Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., 1898. 16.

[11] Gospel Ideals, David O. McKay, 1953. 492-493.

[12] *My Folks the Dixons,* 132-133.

[13] Ibid., 135.

[14] Ibid., 136.

[15] "*My Life's Review* is the product of Benjamin F. Johnson's untiring commitment, often under difficult conditions. To chronicle his own life's history. Eloquent and reflective, it is a singular piece of work, perhaps the most literate autobiography of any nineteenth century Mormon. Joseph Fielding Smith said that this record "Is the greatest treasure house of early church historical information ever left by a single man." *My Life's Review*, Grandin Book Company, Provo, Utah. 1997. Back Cover description. .

[16] *My Life's Review*, Benjamin F. Johnson, Zion's Printing and Publishing Company, Independence, Missouri, 1947., 73-74.

[17] Ibid., 104.

[18] Ibid., 8.

[19] *Personal Letter to Justus Wanderous Johnson*, June 8, 1905. In possession of John Arthur Taylor, great-grandson, and my brother.

[20] Ibid., 386.

[21] Ibid., 388.

[22] *Through A Lifetime*, Celestia Johnson Taylor, 1978.

[23] Report for Nash Family Reunion, August 7, 1993, Merma G. Carlisle, Dorothy G. Wright: "My record showed that instead of immigrating on January 19, 1854 they left England on the ship Marshfield on 8 April 1854. This makes the baptisms of Albert Marsh and Isaac acceptable

because they didn't leave until April of 1854 instead of the 19 Jan 1854 as anticipated.."

[24] Ibid., 3-5.

[25] *Ephraim & Rhoda Young McNicol NASH, Pioneer Settlers of Alpine, Utah.* The Extended Nash Family Story as Related by their Children, Grandchildren & Others. Compiled by Merma Grant Carlisle. Formatted by John Arthur Taylor, April 2011. 21.

[26] *Through a Lifetime*, 8.

[27] Ibid., 30.

[28] *My Dixon Taylor Pedigree*,

[29] *Arthur Nicholls Taylor and Maria Louise Dixon Taylor*, Compiled by Henry D. Taylor.

[30] Ibid., 5.

[31] Ibid., 124.

[32] My Dixon Taylor Pedigree, 22-23

[33] *Clarence Dixon Taylor – His Life and Works*, Clarence Dixon Taylor Trust, 2009, 92.

[34] Ibid., 21.

[35] Ibid., 22-23.

[36] Ibid., 54.

[37] *Through a Lifetime*, 12-13.

[38] *Ephraim & Rhoda Young McNicol NASH, Pioneer Settlers of Alpine, Utah.* 121.

[39] Ibid., 121.

[40] Ibid., 122-123.

[41] *From Earth to Heaven: Goals for Eternal Life*, George Terry Taylor, 2009.

[42] *Letter to Celestia J. Taylor*, Kathryn Dee Taylor Brockbank, February 16, 1967. Quoted in *Lynn Dixon Taylor,*

[43] *Lynn Dixon Taylor*, *And He Encompassed All*, Janice Taylor DeGraw. 5.

[44] Ibid., 103-144.

TWO

Dreams and Reveries

"[My] *Birth is but a sleep and a forgetting...*"
William Wordsworth
Ode to Intimations on Immortality

As the humorist said, "I was born at a very early age!" In the early morning hour of 1:46 a.m. our family doctor, Dr. Don C. Merrill brought me into the world. Shortly thereafter, there was considerable confusion about my origins. According to the family folklore springing up about my birth, I wrote the following brief autobiography for my high school English class when I was about 17 years old:

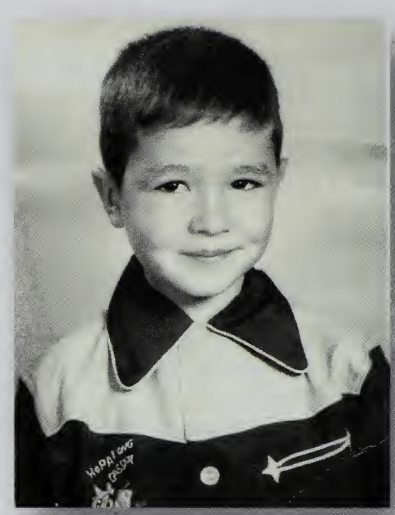
"'Good morning, Mrs. Taylor. Here is your baby.'
'Oh, that's not my baby.'
'Why, of course he is.'
'No, no! My baby has much thicker longer black hair than that baby.'
'Hmmm. Perhaps I am mistaken. Let me check.' .....
'My Goodness, you are right, Mrs. Taylor. I brought you a Japanese child. I got your baby and another mixed up!'"

This was my questionable beginning. I can't recall for sure whether I was to be an Indian baby or Japanese. Ever since that day, I have had a tendency to be confused and disillusioned about who I really am. I observed, as did others, the black hair on my arms. I found that my fingers and arms were double jointed, so I figured I was to become a "double-minded man who would be unstable in all his ways! (James 1)

I was told that when I was born, they had a hard time finding my dark eyes through all the thick hair covering my forehead.

People find it very strange when I declare that I have some recollection of my being born. It is more of a feeling than of a memory. However, I have a distinct experience embedded somewhere down deep inside of me regarding an ordeal, a dark agonizing passage, lingering somewhere in my early childhood. The feelings of strange darkness, loneliness, and a tiny narrow passageways were magnified during times of great sickness in my childhood. During childhood illness, I would rock back and forth in my bed, sucking my right index finger! I have often sensed that there was something happening or someplace before the time of my arrival on the earth.

I have mentioned the family name of "George." I guess my parents decided that there needed to be a "legitimate" 'George' in the family. I know that originally my parents thought to give me the name of Kenneth, my father's younger brother who had passed away, but his widow, Aunt Ethelyn suggested otherwise. That name was reserved for my good cousin Ken Kartchner, which I think fits much better.



Cowboy Terry

I believe that my brother and sisters may have suggested names for me, mostly from the "funny papers," like "Terry and the Pirates," and perhaps others, but, probably not "Buck Rogers," "Flash Gordon," or "L'll Abner!" I believe it was a surprise to the family including my mother when my Dad gave me the name of George "Terry" Taylor. But this is a name that I have come to love and be proud of. Terry is the name that my parents and my wife have always used in addressing me.

As I grew up, I would sit literally for hours on the couch in our living room, rocking back and forth, banging my head against the couch and singing or repeating to myself some mindless phrase, afraid of being left alone and waiting for my parents to return.

My brother John tells me that he vividly remembers an incident where my father asked me to take a message or deliver an errand up to the Liethy farmhouse high up on hill above, about a half mile away. Apparently, it was scary to me and I didn't want to go. Dad was adamant and insisted in no uncertain terms, that I must go on the errand. I dreaded going up there I think because the cows and animals scared me and it was unfamiliar territory. It may have added to my phobias about venturing into the unknown.

From my earliest childhood, I have loved to sleep, perhaps trying to escape all my life's problems! Napping in the afternoon, I would crawl under the dining room table or some bed in the house, taking Rusty, our cocker spaniel dog, and my increasingly threadbare Indian blanket, curl my finger through my dog's hair or through my blanket, suck my index finger and go to sleep! More than once,

Terry and Rusty

my mother would be anxious about my whereabouts, not knowing whether I was out roaming the hills or lost down at my Cousin Stephen Taylor's house. It is amazing to me and to Steve how our mothers allowed us to take off and be away all day long without any accountabilities.

The familiar sound of my Mother's beautiful singing voice would resound and echo throughout the hills, "Terrrrry…..!" The hills were alive with the sound of my name!

When I was really young, my sister Lynn Anne or was it Kathryn forced me to go see a movie with her and one of her boy-friends—the *War of the Worlds*, by H. G. Wells. It absolutely scared the day-lights out of me. I never got over it—it was so frightening! I had nightmares for years afterwards. It must have warped my personality. My brother John induced me to listen to a radio show of *The First Men on the Moon*, again by Wells.

Yet in my teenage years I read each of the H. G. Well's science fiction books, and those of Jules Verne also. Much later in life, I saw the original movie again and chuckled all the way through wondering why the impact on my youthful mind.

During the latter 50's, my Dad bought our first television set. In those days, everything was black and white and we had a great 14" screen —it was so exciting to have a TV, a modern miracle right in our own home for the first time. During my junior high or high school years, I became engaged in watching old scary "B" science fiction and horror movies like *Frankenstein* on "Nightmare Theater." The show, began every Friday night, about 11:00 p.m. and was hosted by Jack Whitaker, a brother to Wetzel O. Whitaker. Wetzel had worked for Walt Disney, and had produced all of the early LDS Church films. One of those films featured me as a young ruffian boy who had long hair and who threw eggs at Joseph Smith's grandfather, Asael Smith. It was the only time I ever grew out my hair really long.

Anyway, Jack Whitaker, a local TV personality, played this crazy mad scientist who was the host of the show; he dressed up in this costume garb as Egor or some other deranged creature. I found great delight in the occult and warped science B-movies. I still have a small collection, like the *Creature from the Black Lagoon*, or *It Came from Outer Space!* His macabre humor entertained me. During my high school years, I became engaged and entranced with the old horror movies like *The Mummy, The Invisible Man*, and others with Lon Chaney Jr. I eagerly awaited each week to watch "Science Fiction Theater." Even now, my wife accuses me of becoming fixated through the TV screen, perhaps habituated by my early experiences. I still love old movies of all genres.

When I was about 11 or 12 years of age, something strange (other than puberty) happened to me. I was riding around and 'round in circles on my bicycle down at Knudsen's house when something in my brain snapped! All of a sudden, I was in a daze, a dream, a feeling of immense abstraction. Everything around me seemed unreal or surreal. It was sort of like the feeling teenagers like to get by going to a dance with strobe lights flickering in and out. Maybe I had a stroke or something. It was weird, eerie and scary to me. It took me a few years to get used to the feeling. Yet, it has never left me; somehow I compensated for my weirdness. Even now, as a septuagenarian, when I think about it, I feel like I am in some kind of hallucinatory dream or trance.

Ocean Reveries

I said earlier that I had a joyful happy childhood and so it was. Let not the reader think that I had been warped, abused, neglected or mistreated in any way during my childhood and adolescent years. I could not have had a more wonderful upbringing. But, I realize that through my years, I liked to be alone. And it seems that it is in my nature to seek my silent solace through slumber and sleep. I often repeat my maxim to folks: "A day without a nap is a day wasted!" Sleeping has been my healer and respite throughout my life, although I must admit, "I have sure wasted a lot of days."

In my teen and college years, I would again sit alone on the couch in the dark, looking over the majestic view of the city from our living room, high up on Oak Hills. There in my thoughtful and fearful retreats, I watched the continual alternating flashing yellow and green lights down at the Provo Airport near Utah Lake. There in my meditations and reveries, and rocking gently, I listened to the beautiful classical music on vinyl records which my father loved, and thinking about my origin and destiny!

My Window to the World

Even today, I feel a little detached, estranged, alienated in this strange new world around me. It is always changing and causing me to feel alone and sometimes helpless. Where is all this life leading? What am I doing here? I sometimes feel bewildered like I am in a "dark and dreary" wilderness. But there are flashes of light and enlightenment along my pathway. And I have come to know that I am not alone in my ruminations!

THREE

My Home on the Hill

A complete story of my father Lynn Dixon Taylor and our family settling on the Oak Hills of Provo is contained in his history, "Our Home on the Hill." By the time I was born, the family consisted of Dad and Mom, John and Janice, Lynn Anne and Kathryn. We were all ensconced in our house. Uncle Henry D. Taylor and his family followed, building their home on the northwest corner of the hill, overlooking where the Provo Temple is now located. Our two families grew up together. Henry's family consisted of himself, Aunt Alta Hansen, Henry D. Jr., Anthony H. (Tony), Stephen K. and David A., my cousins.

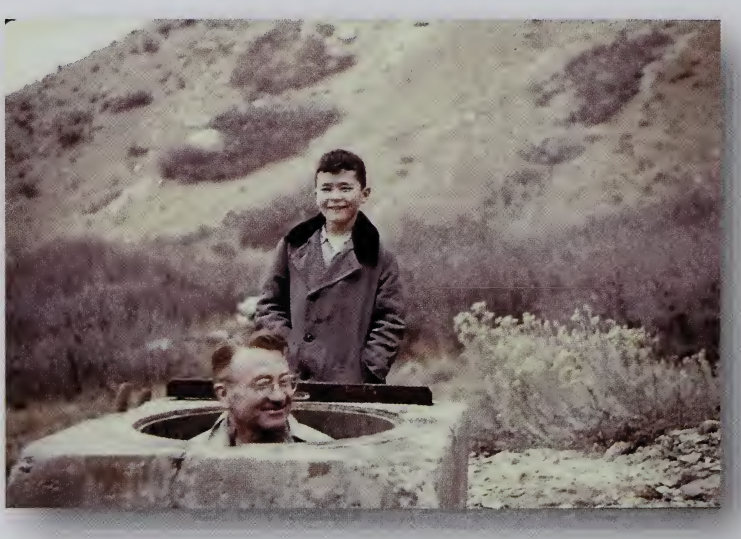
My first real memory is looking up at the ceiling in our living room, screaming my head off while someone, I assume my mother, was changing my diapers.

There was a rocky dirt road coming up the dug way to our home located on what we called "Pussy Willow" Bend. From there the lane extended north to Uncle Henry's house on the brow of the hill.

As a child, I traversed that lane between our homes scores of times. All through my life, as I look down at the earth, the impacted dirt and rocks under my feet, I have a nostalgia flood over me and fill my mind, not with actual memories, but with a feeling from infancy or long-time past. When I get to the other side of the veil, I am anxious to find out where that lingering feeling from the rocky roads comes from.

Our home was a small white frame home, built during the Depression and formed from wooden stock and materials from the old Provo Dance Hall and

bath place at the Utah Lake, built by my grandfather Arthur N. Taylor. Town folks thought Lynn and Henry were crazy or eccentric to move so far out of town. It was unusual for them to move so far from town, without municipal water and power and other provided utilities. But the view of the valley was magnificent! When Dad asked farmer Liethy if we could buy a couple of lots on the west bench, the farmer said, "Why would you want to buy a lot over there? That's just a rock pile where I dump my rocks." Dad replied, "But the view of the valley is so wonderful!" The farmer looked for a second and then said something like, "Well, yes, it is quite nice. I haven't noticed it much before!"



Father Lynn and Terry at the Rock Canyon Cistern

Dad and Uncle Henry purchased some Rock Canyon Water shares. They arranged for the water to come down from the Canyon via a ditch. They frequently had to clear out blockages in the stream. The water was collected in a large cistern under Uncle Henry's house. Eventually they built a concrete collection box near the mouth of Rock Canyon for collecting the water.

Access from the lane to the house consisted of a concrete sidewalk running east to west with a formal entry into the living room on the west side of the house overlooking the valley. But this entry was rarely used. Everyone came into the home coming up two or three steps into the kitchen area on the east side. Initially, there was a car port or garage dugout under the east side of the house.

Our Home on the Hill - 2150 Oak Lane "Pussy Willow Bend"

Young John and "Gypsy"

By the time I remember, this area was filled in with a basement room with large windows and a fireplace. Outside of these basement windows was an ill-kept lawn filled with mostly ivy, on a north stone wall and with descending or ascending cement steps up to the ground level. Above this area was a sleeping porch providing two sleeping rooms without glass windows or heating, separated by a small closet.

I remember that Lynn Anne and I slept in one of the sleeping porch rooms, probably Janice earlier slept there as well. The northern room was occupied by John. I thought it was a really neat room, because he had it wired up so that when you turned the light on, the

radio would also come on. I considered John an electronic genius. After a few years, Uncle Henry built a new beautiful rambler home down the lane south of "Pussy Willow Bend." Dad, having drafting and architectural training, designed his own dream home and intended to follow Uncle Henry's move. I remember seeing his drawings and plans. But instead, Dad and Mom decided to conserve their resources a bit and remodel their old house.

So Dad filled in the sleeping porch area with a larger master bedroom with accompanying bathroom. He also constructed another bedroom and garage on the north part of the house. In the garage, there were the supporting beams which held up the roof. Between the rafters, Dad put a lot of wooden planks, beams and 2x4's. It was a good place to form a hut or clubhouse!

He also added an entry way on the south of the house, remodeled the kitchen, put in large windows with glass sliding doors on the living room overlooking the valley. He designed and constructed, adjacent to the living room, a built-in bookshelf/entertainment area also serving as a dining room. This new room was expanded because it subsumed a very small bedroom near where the sleeping porch was located, which I had used. Beautiful walnut paneling with two large bookcases was installed on each side of the fireplace. A luxurious off-white carpet was laid in the living room and the adjacent dining room. Art work was hung throughout with ceramics and china on the shelves.

Sister Lynn Anne in Front of the Breezeway

As a child, I remember running around and around the house in a clockwise direction, going through the kitchen, into the living room, through the dining room, down the short hallway and again into the kitchen. In that hallway was a large walk-in closet where mother kept all of her clothing and shoes. I always thought that there could be a secret panel into some passageway into another unknown realm of the house. I wanted to make a secret hut or special room where I could hide. Also in that hallway were some drawers with cabinets above. The lowest drawer was filled with toys and other paraphernalia which I was always free to peruse and delve into.

There were many times when I would take a small rubber ball and bounce it off a protruding wall in the living room, playing and practicing my basketball moves. I know that it drove my mother almost crazy.

There were stairs leading down from the kitchen into the furnace room, the fruit room, another small bedroom, or storage room (used to store all of my Brother John's stuff when he went on his mission) and a coal room filled with black coal. John had to remove the clinkers from the furnace and dispose of them. As a child, the basement scared me. At first, it seemed dark, dingy and dirty. I had nightmares sometimes.

There was also a large excavated area used for storage of old or unused things. I remember when somebody laid a brick floor over the dirt in this

basement area. Now that I look back, I think I missed some real opportunities to do more things and build more huts in this potential area of the house.

As a young boy, I took over the fruit room by making it into a scientific laboratory (see chapter on Science) and did glass blowing and all of my early experiments. Dad made a nice little bedroom with walls painted white with curtains and like a ship captain's cabin with a seaside motif. But, the room was never used much. It had a couple of small dirty windows high above. It had a large table and two sections of Dad's barrister bookcase. When in college, I made a study room out of it and typed all of my papers on a used IBM electric typewriter I bought from the BYU bookstore.

The downstairs bedroom with the big windows had an outside door into the basement patio with the concrete stairs leading up to the front yard on the east. While John was a university student and I was a small boy, we shared the room, but after he left home, it was all mine! I loved that room! It was cool, quiet and pleasant to me, a retreat from everything and everybody. It had two single beds. I loved the little light above the bed which I would turn on in the early morning to wake up. The south wall had a fireplace, which I used occasionally, and the wall had built-in book cases. I brightened up the room by painting the wall behind and between the shelves of the book cases with a pleasant beige color. As I acquired my books, I placed them proudly and neatly on the shelves. There was an antique spinning wheel by the fireplace that Dad had used for displays at DTR's.

My Basement Sanctum

At nights in the summer, I would leave the outside door from the sunken garden of the bedroom open to get the cooler breeze and the feeling of sleeping out. In high school one night, my pal, Francis Rogers and his henchmen crept down the outside steps and exploded some firecrackers into my room. Maybe it was a cherry bomb or a silver salute. He tells me the story and laughs and laughs. I don't even remember the incident. I probably slept through the affair!

Years later, after growing up somewhat, I learned we had an attic over the house with no access. It was so empty and clean but it had never been filled in, finished or used. I wish that I could have created more huts!

Lilacs in the Spring

On the south side of the lawn, Dad had planted several lilac bushes. Occasionally they were trimmed back. I remember, as a little boy, climbing into the middle of one of them. With the branches pruned back there were left long stumps. I imagined they were levers and hand controls for a big steam shovel. I would practice pulling and pushing on the levers to maneuver my big steam shovel.

The sidewalk leading to the entrance to the house was about 50 feet long. There was a time when I got some roller skates and I skated up and down, up and down for hours. We also would draw a hopscotch pattern on the cement and I'd play over and over, practicing my jumps. I got a baseball with my Nokia mitt and I would throw the ball way up into the air and catch it. I spent a lot of time throwing and catching. I got a couple of hunting knives which I would practice throwing and throwing into the grass and sometimes into a tree. I became pretty good at knife throwing. I also got the water hose and would throw up water into the air and watch it come down in silver balls.

There was a concrete retaining wall along the south side of the house between the sidewalk and the large south lawn. I would put the small red empty BB containers along the top of the wall. Then I would stand on top of the entry porch with my Red Rider BB gun and shoot them off the ledge. Wow! Did I become a good shot! I could shoot them holding my gun at the hip in rapid fire. I would shoot for hours practicing my expert marksmanship. One day, I was down

The Weeping Willow Tree

near Cousin Steve's house and saw a big bird up in the tree across from the house. I took a brief aim and bang! Down fell the bird, dead, shot right through the breast. Oh, I felt stung. I didn't want to kill it. It surprised me that I was such a dead shot and did harm. I never shot another bird and did not want to destroy life with my gun ever again.

On the east side of the house near the driveway and adjacent to the sidewalk, there was a large weeping willow tree. I never liked the tree. Next to that coming west along the sidewalk was a very fruitful apricot tree. My brother John planted a small apricot pit. It grew into a tree that was never been grafted. John nurtured and guarded the tree as it was growing. The apricots were large, I've never seen bigger. The apricot tree down in the patio area outside my bedroom was laden with many small apricots. It bore hundreds and hundreds of apricots every year. They should have been winnowed out some. I didn't like apricots very much in those days.

Next to the apricot tree was a very large Poplar tree. My dad and my brother John dug up that little tree somewhere north of Provo and it grew into a mighty tree! It went up and up into the sky, in my mind like the bean stock, in "Jack and the Beanstalk." I looked up into its lofty branches imagining what it would be like to climb up there, higher and higher. But I never did. Seeing the sunlight filter through the leaves and branches was a beautiful image and fantasy

to me. The brittle and soft twigs which would break off were strewn about. As I would break one of the twigs, you could see a little 5-star design in the center of the twig. I didn't think I could climb up in such a tree. As I look back, I wish I had climbed up that tree into the upper branches. That tree was one of the icons of my early growing up on the hill.

Another large elm tree on the north of the lot was "branchy" and "leafy" and full of too much wood shoots. It would have been a really great tree to build a tree house in, but I never developed the gumption to do it.

The hill was a lonely place sometimes because there were not a lot of friends around. The Calder's moved onto the hill and also the Richard Gunn Family. Jimmy Calder was just a little older than me. Ricky Gunn, a little younger.

Most of the time, about every day, I would go down to play with Cousin Stephen. Uncle Henry would always greet me with a bright and kind "Hello George!" I would always use the word, "Howdy!" He soon would call me, "Howdy." He was always so cheerful and kind to me. I couldn't understand how Aunt Alta would have candy dishes in her home filled with candy, but it was seldom eaten. That sweet stuff wouldn't have lasted three minutes if it were featured in our house!

Below is a picture of Cousin Stephen Taylor. We often got into little troubles, especially with Aunt Alta. One day, Stephen got my new electric train transformer and hooked it up with some pokey wires and then stuck big grass hoppers on the wires and electrocuted them to death— ZZZZZst! We found a nest of Magpie baby birds and we took them home thinking that we could slit their tongues and teach them how to talk, like parrots. However, they all died. It was important that we could "shinny" up all of the oak trees and find nests. I became a very good "shinnier!"

In addition to the grasshoppers, we had mounds of fire ants, tarantula spiders, big blow or gopher snakes, and an occasional scorpion. I found a scorpion and put him in a small bottle of formaldehyde for my laboratory. I kept the bottle for several years to show and scare the neighbor kids. A famous family experience occurred when mother was informed that we had two big snakes in our basement. She reached down, grabbed them by the tails and flung them out in to the field east of our house!

In the summers, I would sleep outside, sometimes down at Stephen's house. He was my great hero! He taught me many things. If I had not had his association, I would have not had such a rich, fun and interesting youth.

Cousin Stephen and Me Contemplating Our Next Mischief

We built lots of forts, dugouts, wooden barricades, and huts in trees over the hillsides. We would play "army." It was right after WWII and during the Korean War. We built one dugout somewhere over where my Cousin Ken Kartchner's parents built their house. We would shoot at an unseen enemy, and throw lots of hand grenades (dirt clods). The neatest thing I could think of was to go down to Bob's Army and Navy Store and get a supply of warfare and army clothes, but I didn't have much money or transportation. My mother bought me a pair of combat boots a couple of times, which I really liked. My brother John, who was in the army sent me a magazine of hooked together machine gun shells (fired of course). There was a heavy old army coat in our family, which was too big for me at first but when I got older in junior high school, I wore it every day to school.

We built another dugout just north of our property overlooking the road coming up. We dug a deep foxhole and then put boards, dirt and brush over the

top so it was real secret and nobody could see it, although we could watch out the front for approaching cars. The hole was there for several years.

Just north of that in the oak trees along the road, we built a secret hut. Above that on the brow of the hill near where Ray Beckham built a home, was a big tree overlooking the road. We found short wooden boards and hammered them horizontally into the tree forming ladder steps going up. We built a platform for a tree house high above, but we never filled it in with walls or a roof. The main thing I remember about that, was the afternoon a car was coming up the road and we threw dirt clods down at the car. The driver screeched to a stop and got out and yelled at us. We "high-tailed" it out of there! I thought for sure he was going to call the police and I would be arrested! I was mortified with fear. I ran home and hid under the bed. I never threw dirt clods again!

We had a spectacular view of the mountains to the east. On one hazy but beautiful day, I wondered and worried about all of the pollution clouding up the air. It was the summer haze, and Geneva was pumping out pollutants. I often looked up at Y Mountain and Squaw Peak, examining carefully all of the crags, ridges, and colors. I could see places where they had had old mine shafts. I wondered if I would ever be able to climb to the tops of the mountains.

One time, I was sleeping outside down at Stephen's house. I had agreed to wake up early in the morning and go with Cousin Tony, Steve's older brother, who would take me up to the top of Squaw Peak. So early in the morning, he awakened me for the hike. I was sleepy and wanted to sleep. And, I think that I

was afraid to make the trek. So I declined and went back to a shamed sleep. I always regretted my early decision to shrink back from a hiking opportunity, especially with Tony.

I have to write something about Cousin Tony. I had a mean streak in me and I wasn't very nice to somebody when I was down at the swings at the Calder's. He said something about always being kind to others. I never forgot his example of goodness. He was a man without guile; a most unusual spirit. He is another one of those "celestial" people one meets sometimes. Much later, it was a great honor for me to speak at his funeral.

We had two army air mattresses, and an old army sleeping bag. I would blow one of the mattresses up every night and sleep out under the trees or on the little patio between the house and the garage. I always thought I should be an outdoors person and should "rough it" whenever possible. My great problem was that I inherited my Dad's hay fever. Oh, how I suffered with itchy, red, swollen eyes and nose, in June and July. Ragweed and wild rye caused me much suffering in my young life. It was everywhere on the hill.

I remember taking a few hikes with our dog Rusty, up near the farm and walking through the desert flowers and weeds along the hillside. It was beautiful to me. I was both fearful and hopeful of sometime exploring the cavern or mineshaft located along the eastern hillside. One day, I thought Rusty was lost. I panicked! I called and called for her, but couldn't see her anywhere. Finally, she came running up and I had a great relief sweep over me. Oh, how I loved that golden little dog!

Cousin David Taylor and Me at the Water Tank

Another time, we were walking up where the old chicken coop was located near Uncle Henry's house. I heard Rusty barking and barking. I followed her into the oak brush on the north side of the hill and she had an encounter with a porcupine. Her nose was full of quills! I finally extricated her from the premise and told the porcupine to "get lost!" I took Rusty

home and mother helped extract some of the quills. I can't remember if we took Rusty to the vet.

Uncle Bud moved his small white frame home to the east of us. One by one, there were new homes built along the brow of the hill overlooking the Wasatch Fault, separating us from the Liechty farm, on the upper east plateau just under the rising mountains. Our view was pretty well ruined when Ladell and Mary Petersen built just to the east of us. It was quite an adjustment for mother, but the Petersen's' were wonderful neighbors and friends. Ladell spoke at Dad's funeral.

Living Room

Dining Room

While the house was a wooden frame home, drafty and creaky. Yet with Dad's professional expertise and interior design skill and with Mother's creative artistic abilities, they made a beautiful and comfortable home filled with art, literature, furniture and music which we loved as a family and so did the many friends and guests who visited.

I never tired of the magnificent view of the valley to the west. I would sit in the dark at night, listening to music looking at the small but growing city of Provo and Springville to the southwest. We loved our home on the hill. When the new Taylor Terrace condominiums were built east of the new Provo Temple, Mother was the first to design and build a new home. Uncle Bud had forged ahead with the new development despite some opposition in the Provo City Council meeting to have the units built. Fred Markham, a local architect, along with the input of my sister Kathryn, designed the new single unit for Celestia. Ladell, our neighbor, built all of the new homes. Mother put our "Home on the Hill" up for sale and Craig Ord purchased the 40+ year-old house for around $40 thousand.

I had thought that I would want to buy it, but my new wife, Debra said "No!" She believed that it was not good to be in the ward in which I was raised. I would always be known as "little Terry" and the son of Lynn and Celestia.

Besides, it was way too expensive for us. Instead, we went clear across the valley to Grandview. I know Debra was right in her decision, because of the extraordinary friends and experiences we had in our married life on the Grand View hill.

Yet, it was so nostalgic for me to visit the places of my childhood and youth. When the house was to be torn down with a new beautiful mansion put in its place, I couldn't bear to go see the old house again. Reality never matches up to memory! But my childhood and my life lives forever in the corners and crevices of my mind. Someday, in the new world, all of the familiar scenes and experiences will be vividly brought back again. Nothing is lost in the omnipresence of eternal life!

FOUR

Our Home in the Canyon

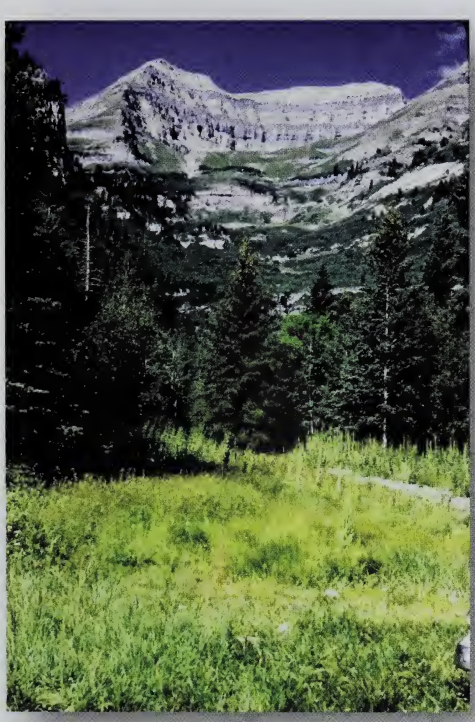
My Grandfather, Arthur Nicholls Taylor created a mountain home for his wife and family on the left-hand north fork of the Provo Canyon. A history of this enterprise is recorded in the history of my father's younger brother, Uncle "Bud," Clarence Dixon Taylor.[1] The family's small rustic frame cabin, with pine log initials "ANT" was on the front gable and lintel over the entrance. The home was near the Provo River where my Dad and his brothers, under the watchful eye of my Grandmother, Maria Dixon Taylor, would swim and dive in the summertime in the Provo River. Grandma did not know how to swim, but everyone had complete confidence in her and knew that she would take care of any problems.

As a youth, Dad hiked up to the summit of Mount Timpanogos. Somewhere, somebody told me or gave me the idea that he swam across the frigid Emerald Lake, underneath the Summit. He mentioned once, that he had hiked

Lynn and Celestia In Provo Canyon

from the summit all the way down the ridge to Wildwood. An occasional excursion he and others made was to the falls which were later named Stewart's Cascades. These were named after the Stewart family who owned much of the property behind Timpanogos to run their sheep herds. My Dad loved the mountains and its beauty.

On the way up to the Stewart's Cascade, there was a beautiful meadow area. Dad loved to bring his friends and their girls for picnics and relaxation. A strong flowing creek ran from the falls down the Canyon, eventually emptying into the Provo River adjacent to Wildwood. One day, while near the meadow area, as a young BYU college student, Dad met Ray Stewart and asked him if he would sell a portion of property. Dad gathered some of his college chums to see if they would contribute and invest in the venture. They purchased a large tract of land comprising some twenty-five beautiful acres of mountain property. They formed a non-profit corporation and followed the Wildwood pattern of dividing the property into lots, each lot representing one share of stock in the corporation, soon to be called the Brickerhaven Country Club. Each of the young members paid $25.00 per month for the property and to be a member of the organization.



Mountain and Meadow

DTR Co. acquired a stockpile of cut lumber beams, including some large 12" x 12"'s from Price, Utah. In about 1939, Dad, who had limited income but plenty of desire and ambition arranged for the heavy pine beams to be trucked up to the location. While Dad was serving as the bishop, a man named Angus Wall and his family moved into the ward. They were from Colonia Dublán, a Mormon colony, located in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico. They were seeking work. Dad hired Angus and his sons Roy, Frank, LaMar and John to construct the sturdy frame cabin. Its foundation was formed on wooden beams over the dirt area. They created a little camp with a tent in the meadow while constructing our mountain home.

Dad also engaged Mr. Gibson, an excellent stone mason who built the outside rock chimney and the inside fireplace, formed with orange sandstone slabs. In later years, Dad hired Mr. Gibson to build the two massive stone pillars at the entrance gate of Brickerhaven. My brother John was pulled out of work at DTR's to assist in the construction.

Our Cabin by the Creek

There was no electricity. Dad and Mom used kerosene lanterns. An outhouse was placed on the hill above our cabin. The Cabin had a small bedroom on the northeast corner, and a bedroom up the stairs in a loft-type arrangement. The kitchen was divided off the main living area by an island counter top with cabinet space beneath for dishes, plates, glasses and cooking pans and pots. My sister Janice made a wonderful review of our family's life in the Canyon.[2]

The living area was surrounded by paned windows looking out over the creek to the south and the meadow. The eastern end of the living area had a curtain which could be pulled to create another sleeping area, part of which I occupied as a child.

George and John at the Woodpile

Lunch in Uncle Bud's WWII Jeep

There was a single bridge over the creek leading to the kitchen door, the outside fire place and chimney, and the front door to the kitchen. In early days, the meadow was surrounded by aspen trees with a few young pine trees. Some of these young pines surrounded the cabin. Today these enormous pine trees loom over the cabin foreboding impending destruction, should they topple. The aspens are nearly all gone from the meadow's edges. There was also a doorway on the south side of the home near the creek, but it was never used.

We enjoyed a fire inside in the fireplace in the evenings. Dad cut and split the logs for frequent toasty fires warming the entire cabin. For several years, this was the only source for heating. A few years later, Dad installed an oil heater. A woodstove was used in the kitchen for cooking, the stovepipe chimney ascending up through the roof. I remember Mother preparing and feeding the fire for cooking. Years later, I and my two oldest, but young boys, tore out the chimney, discarding it, and patching the roof.

Dad and Mother decorated the cabin with western style décor including Indian blanket wall hangings. Furniture was acquired here and there. Special rocks and gnarled wood made interesting decorations. Large and small colorful hanging gourds and Mexican designs were used in the cabin. A large brass gong was hung on the wall, which as kids, we loved to bang and bang hoping we could make a neat sound, but the sound was a "clunk." Dad had Rulon Boyson from the Store to construct a unique pine table with folding leaves on the ends and a bench underneath. He built a creative shelf above the table using ropes for anchoring. Many of Mother's clay pots, thrown while studying art sculpture at BYU were placed on the shelf.

Breakfast on the Bridge

Fond memories of "breakfast on the Bridge." Mother would fix pancakes, eggs, bacon, fruit and juices and wonderful breakfast delicacies, arranged beautifully on the table set out on the bridge over the creek, the same bridge I fell backward on my chair into the river and had to be retrieved from the water. I was just a child, but the tradition of these delicious breakfasts endured for years as we grew up.

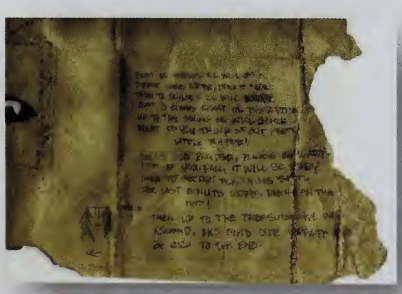
Celestia with George Terry on the Patio

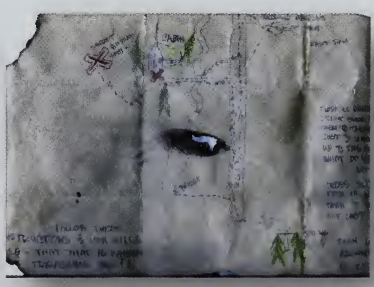
When we were alone in the Canyon, Mother would sit on the patio in a lounge chair, sometimes for hours reading and reading.

As a small boy, I remember sitting on the wooden saw-horse where Dad would cut and scalp pine planks for paneling for the inside walls using a unique herringbone pattern. This paneling was a remarkable feat for which many guests marveled. It created a special warm mountain home feeling.

As a child, I had my fears. One night, I was screaming, throwing a tantrum. I don't remember why I was so mad but I was crying and whining and yelling, expecting my parents to take care of my rebellions. I think this happened more than one night. But one time, I imagined that there was a great big red-brown beetle with pinchers in my bed. I started hollering and yelling, telling Mother that there was a beetle in my bed. She tried to sooth and assure me that there was no such thing—it was only in my imagination. But I kept up with my screaming even though I had not seen or felt anything. Finally out of desperation, Mother pulled down the blankets and sheets to show me there was nothing to be afraid of. And guess what? There was a huge crawling red-brown beetle with pinchers right there in my bed. It surprised me as much as it did Mother!

Just down road, there was a small island in the middle of the stream. At about age ten or eleven I had seen the Walt Disney movie about *Treasure Island.* I crossed over the creek to explore the tiny island and consider burying a treasure. I was excited to become a pirate and dig up my secret treasures. I had examined the treasure map in Robert Louis Stevenson's book. I made a treasure map and hid it behind a chink in the wood paneling of the cabin walls. So with some of my cousins who were visiting, we buried my small wooden box with jewels and coins. Years later, I found the map and was amazed by its detail. I think I dug up the treasure years earlier. The treasure wasn't much but I sure enjoyed planning and making the map, browning the edges with a small flame.





Secret Treasure Map

Years later as an adult, having many employment parties with MTC training coordinators, family groups and other guests, I held treasure hunts, dividing the guests into teams for competition. Each clue was written in a secret code which had to be deciphered and solved. I had prepared twenty different codes and everyone had a lot of fun cracking the codes and running to find the next clue.

The plagues would strike in the Canyon! Most years came the flies, persistent and irritating. In the early days when there were sheep and livestock roaming through the area, there were large horse flies and deer flies flying, lighting and stinging! We were all amazed that the flies didn't seem to bother Mother very much. She would sit outside reading her book with flies flying all around. Another affliction was the year of the moth—abundant moths everywhere inside and out. Another year it was the carpenter ants creating sawdust in piles in our wooden home. We arranged for Buffo's pest control for fumigation.

One year, the squirrels invaded the house creating a huge nest in a closed in space above the bathroom and kitchen. In the winter, they gnawed away the leather straps on our dining chairs. In the spring, John and I spent much time and effort cleaning out their winter's nest.

One year, we had a family of skunks find a home underneath the cabin. We had Verl Allman help us place a cardboard box trap which was successful and we transported them out to their demise.

Janice, Monte with Dirk & Michele DeGraw; Uncle Harold, George Terry & Skunk.

I was staying with Mother one night in the summer when we heard rustling and rummaging in the kitchen. We didn't know what it was for sure, suspecting a big mouse. Hearing the noise, I crept quietly into the kitchen, suddenly turning on the light. There defiantly staring at me was enormous rat, underneath the water heater. I quietly obtained my .22 caliber rifle, given to me, when a boy, as a gift from John. The huge rat continued

blaring at me daring me to confront him. There he stood underneath the water heater. I aimed my gun and bang! I hit him right between the eyes! There was a squeal and then silence. I looked everywhere for the rat but could not find him until the next spring when we moved the oven out to clean the floor underneath. There was the dead rat!

One spring, staying with Mother, I heard little squeaks and chirps so I investigated finding a little family of mice in one of the linen drawers. I removed them! Later, after Mother's passing, in the summers, John as our steward and leader of our "Cabin-by-the-Creek," led an annual crusade to exterminate or at least control the mouse invasions. In later years, each family using the cabin had to be on pursuit with the "mouse patrol," making regular reports of how many were trapped during the family's weekly tenure.

In childhood, Kathryn and I spent our summers in the Canyon. The rule formed by my grandmother Taylor in Wildwood was that you weren't supposed to get up early—before the sun was up in the sky! After Dad had left for work, we would jump into Mother's bed and she would sing her songs to us. "Up in the Morning," "Old Dan Tucker," "Reuben Glue," "Old Ginny Banjo," and many others. After breakfast, there were hours of boredom and languishing with nobody to play with. Dad would drive down to work at DTR's early every morning and then drive back up to us in our cozy little cabin at night. I would often go out with my stick and wait for him.

Terry waiting for Lynn his Dad

I would hit the black "toe" flowers with my stick practicing batting and flinging them off at a high rate of speed. I also attacked the stinging nettle. I would throw rocks into the creek, it seemed for hours, using my throwing and pitching arm aiming at a certain target in the stream.

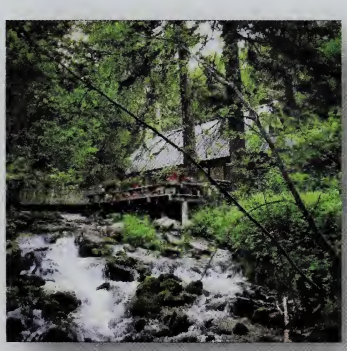
As I look back, it impresses me greatly that while Dad and Mom spent as much time as they could in the Canyon, they always came down to our Provo home on Sundays and prepared for Church. We always went to all of our church meetings—in those days, we went in the morning and then again in the afternoon and evening—a full day of meetings.

Mother and Dad were socially active and had many friends. They invited guests up to the Canyon to spend a night or two visiting over the warm fireplace. I was placed upstairs to go to bed because I was so bored with all of the parties and conversation. I found out that there was a little space between two brace frames between the upstairs floor and the main floor. I was able to place a little mirror just right to form a periscope so that I could spy on everything that was going on downstairs. I was really proud of my ingenious spying methods.

Mother's sister and brother-in-law, Violet and Harold Brown built their majestic summer "palace" across the meadow. Uncle Harold started the construction digging away part of the hillside. I remember watching him digging and digging.

Harold and Violet Brown Home

After their home was constructed, they would daily walk in the morning, over the meadow to our cabin, spending an hour or two. Then, in the late afternoon, they would come again to enjoy Mother's cooking and evening family meal. Uncle Harold constantly told many jokes and stories. He would stand in front of the fireplace on the hearth, warming his backside, rocking gently back and forth on his feet telling his stories. He was a great character. He would terrify my sister Kathryn, by chasing her around the cabin saying he was going to use her for his pillow. He was a world famous eye surgeon and sometimes he would show us how he could "peel his eye like an onion," by flipping his eyelids up over themselves. One day, I was crawling around on the braided rag carpet and got a grain of sand or dirt in my eye. It was excruciating. I couldn't get it out and I was crying out with pain and agony. Uncle Harold took me aside and gently rotated and manipulated my eye. The grain was immediately dismissed and I felt instant relief. I was ever grateful for his help in this incident.



"Cabin By the Creek"

After Dad's passing, Mother remodeled our family cabin. She added her bedroom on the east; opened up the cabin with large windows with a sliding door on the south opening to the deck; built the large deck and the additional footbridge and landscaped entrance the entrance with large rocks. She had a larger fence built around the lawn or garden area on the west, hiding the former firewood and coal area. As an afterthought, she had constructed a tool and equipment shed. Inside, the cabin she placed a beautiful gold shag carpet over the wood flooring, and added attractive blue-green curtains to the windows. One day back in the 60's a visitor asked Mother, "Would you sell this beautiful place for a million dollars?" She answered, "What would I do with a million dollars? I would just want to find and buy a place like this!" As a single college student, the changes were magical and I was thrilled with the results and very proud to bring my friends to the cabin.

After her passing, my brother John arranged for the upkeep and maintenance of the "Cabin by the Creek." He established two funds from Mother's estate, one the "Capital" Account and the other, the "Operating Account." He arranged with Stan Barlow, a builder and construction worker to completely excavate the east side of the cabin which was against the hillside to

seal up the wall so that moisture coming through from the hillside would be minimized. He put in new carpet and kitchen flooring, new blinds, new fence, new roof, new lighting, several new and refurbished furniture items, and many other improvements. He placed three enlarged framed photographs of Dad, Mother, and the Cabin in winter in the kitchen. He divided up the summer time in the Canyon into weeks assigned to each of my siblings and their families. At the end of each week, each family would complete a printed check-list to clean and prepare the cabin for the next week and the next family. This has worked very well under John's direction and management. Our family owes a great deal of thanks, to John Arthur. We have all had so many continuing happy times and memories, in our "Cabin by the Creek!"

"Our Mountain Home So Dear"

As a widow, Mother had many guests and friends visit. She had her friend, Anna B. Hart spend a few evenings together. She had socials with her University and Church colleagues including several general authorities, and members of the General Board of the Relief Society. Over the next few years, I had my MBA friends and colleagues, my BYU Ward friends, and members of the BYU Administrative Council, including the BYU Executive Vice President. Over several years, I had many groups of MTC leaders and staff come to our cabin for socials and training functions. Members of the Twelve, the Seventy and many other prominent persons have been to our humble mountain home over the years. It has been a place of beauty and rest for many persons of both high and low positions. All have been welcome and been equal in their friendship.

Our Taylor Family Reunion

My Father Lynn Dixon Taylor

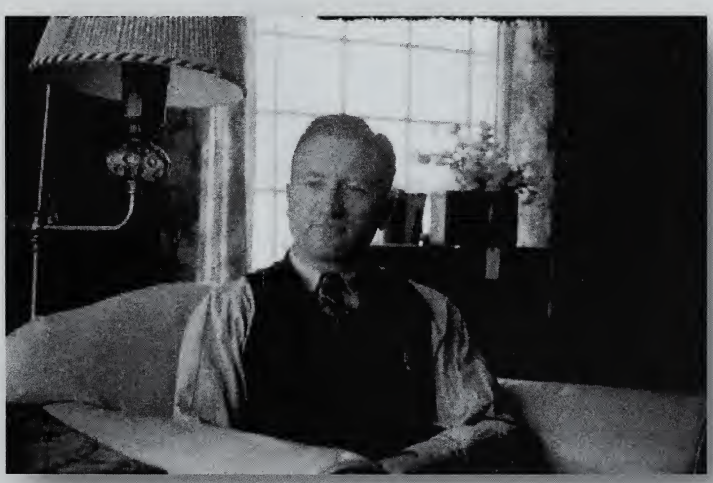
[1] *Clarence Dixon Taylor, His Life and Works*, 2009, Page 127; 315-325.
[2] "My Life in Provo Canyon," *Lynn Dixon Taylor*, Page 51-54.

FIVE

Reading

Just to think that so much knowledge may be conveyed by the creative, intelligent application and arrangement of 26 small symbols. By understanding the meaning of 26 little signs, one may explore the wonders of the world, the nature of humankind and the mysteries of eternity.

There have been many who have influenced my love of books and reading.



My Father Lynn Reading in His Chair

My father would come home every day at lunchtime from work, fix a bowl of soup and a tuna sandwich and read some Perry Mason or other mystery novel and then he would have a good nap, before returning to work. He was a member of the Detective Book Club. He had a large collection of these novels lining our shelves down in my bedroom in the basement. Reading was part of our family activity, although I never read a single one of those detective stories.

I was greatly blessed to have a mother who read to me. We all remember her annual recitations of *A Christmas Carol*, by Charles Dickens. Great literature

and art were a part of our home. Bookshelves full of books were in every room. Mother of course, became a teacher of English and literature at BYU. Her master's thesis was on the family life of Jane Austin. Her favorite poet was Robert Browning, whose line, "Through a Lifetime" became the theme of her own life's history. Often, before bed, Mom would read to me a chapter or two of *Huckleberry Finn* or some others which I can't recall. She read some of the stories from the *Jungle Book* by Rudyard Kipling and *Grimm's Fairy Tales*.

As a child, I was thrilled to receive as a gift from my parents, a membership in the Junior Delux Classic Editions, collecting 44 different books, which I have to this day. I never asked for this gift—it just came.[1] The books were bound in bright colors of linen cloth and I was proud of them sitting neatly on my bedroom shelf. In fact, in Junior High School, I built a small frame pine bookcase, just fitted to fill a gap in my bedroom nook down in the basement. I received a new book about every other month or so.

I also received for a time, a beautifully illustrated periodic pamphlet from the National Audubon Society's Nature Program,[2] with colored photographic stamps which I was to glue in special locations in the booklet. While I didn't really read much of these, it was very special to me to receive these gifts in the mail.

In early Elementary School, with effort and coaching, I learned to read. I was enthused in trying to read books. These included *Dick and Jane* and others. While I learned, I was not greatly proficient. One day, the principal, Ross Denham called me into his office and asked me to read to him. I never figured out why. I remember reading *Where Is Cubby Bear?* This is a book I somehow acquired from the school, a book which became part of my little library and much later, a book I read to my children, which they liked! Since then, I don't know where it went. I think one of my kids has it hidden away.

In 3rd Grade, my teacher, Mrs. Rowan read *My Father's Dragon* and subsequent sequels. I was really intrigued and was fascinated by the illustrations. I read the book to my son Allen, as a little boy, and to my grandson Tommy who also really liked the stories.

George Terry a New Reader

In 4th Grade, my wonderful teacher, Lincoln Card, began reading to us the Laura Ingalls Wilder's *Little House* stories. We were spellbound as he read to us *Little House in the Big Woods* and *Little House on the Prairie.* He was again my teacher in 6th Grade and read to us an inspirational story, *Call It Courage*, a

short book I later read twice! In the Wasatch Elementary School library, we had regular reading time. The only book I can recall but with which I was fascinated was, *Five Boys in a Cave*. As a 70 year old man, I reread and enjoyed it again. I have never like spelunking. Maybe the book scared me.

Well, I never became a very fast reader, but I did like to read. As a youth, I was especially interested in reading various biographies written for youthful readers, books like *Thomas Alva Edison*, *Davy Crocket*, *Daniel Boone*, *Geronomo*, *Kit Carson*, and many others. I read *Pinoccio* and *The Wizard of Oz*. As mentioned earlier, In high school, I got into reading classic science fiction stories by Jules Verne and H.G. Wells, all of which I read in unabridged versions. I became engulfed in reading *Dracula* by Bram Stoker and intrigued by reading *Frankenstein*, by Mary Shelley.

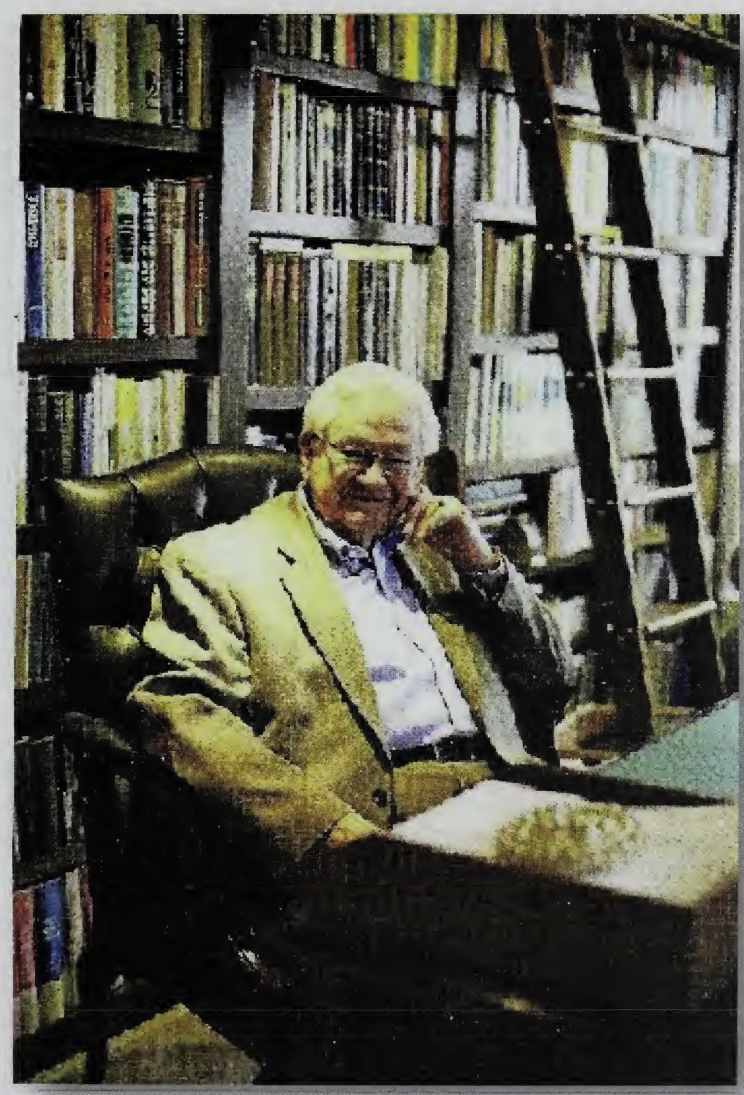
My sister Kathryn read the Book of Mormon from cover to cover. When I was 14 or 15, I decided I needed also to read it through. On a scouting trip to Nellis Air Force Base, while the other guys went on a night out to one of the shows, I stayed in the barracks and read all day and night, vowing that I would finish. Sure enough, I finished the book. My main goal was to say to myself that I had read it all. I'm not sure how much I really got out of it, but I think that what I put into it was important. Years later, I told a couple of my sons, that if they would read The Book of Mormon from cover to cover, I would pay them $100.00 (what a bribe!). I think it was one of the best investments I ever made!

John Home from the Army

A great influence on my interest in books came from my brother John, a true bibliophile! I remember him reading, reading, reading! In his early life, he subscribed to *Popular Science* magazine. Early on, he voraciously read science fiction. During his young life he had some trouble with his eyesight. Yet, beside his early weakness, he compensated becoming a voracious reader of a wide variety of genres. Newspapers, magazines, books of all kinds were his continual and avid interest! He had a substantial

library of over 5000 books, half of which he has given to the BYU and UVU.

In his young life, he was in the army stationed in Paris, France, as a



My Brother John Arthur Taylor, the Reader

cryptographer. He always kept a little book in his back pocket—always to read,

read, read, never wasting a moment. Throughout life he regularly read a few chapters from the scriptures before going to bed.

During periods of his life, he turned to reading 19th Century English novels, authors like Dickens, but particularly the Victorian novelists Anthony Trollope. H. Rider Haggard, and statesman Benjamin Disraeli. He contributed a major and substantial collection of Anthony Trollope and his family's prodigious number of books to the BYU Library Special Collections. He left other valuable collections to the Utah Valley University. At his invitation, I thoroughly enjoyed reading several of Trollope novels and other English authors. His study and family rooms were lined with beautiful and interesting books.

John loved old classic movies. I also am a devotee of these, but I have heard him say, "Well, I wanted to watch it, but I had a chance to read instead!"

John read up to 100 books or more in a year. He was recognized by the Provo Library as the Library Patron of the Year. He was on the board of the BYU Library. He made a careful notation of his reading impressions for each book read in a little bibliographic journal he kept behind his desk on his bookshelf, quietly and carefully listing the enormous number of books he read and reread. His example of reading habits was an inspiration to me.

During my life, I read several books from Charles Dickens including a lengthy biography. I read other Victorian novels, including several from Anthony Trollope again from the invitations of my brother. I read all of the main novels of Jane Austin. I read *Jane Eyre,* by Emily Bronte at least twice.

My mission in England must have had quite an influence over me. I must confess, that on my mission, I read, *The Hobbit*! I tried to visit J.R.R. Tolkein, but he didn't receive visitors. I did visit Robyn Jacques, living in London, a very famous and successful illustrator of children's books, and who had corresponded with my brother John. He was very gracious to me and my companion.

In college, I enrolled in an Evelyn Wood speed reading course, paid for by my mother. I practiced trying to learn to read faster. Like a lot of things, I worked at it half-heartedly and often fell back to old routines. It did help me in graduate school when I needed to plow through a whole lot of reading material rather quickly.

From the beginning, I began collecting books. I love books—to look at them, to smell them, to hold them. It is probably all "vanity and vexation of spirit!"[3] After my mission I joined the Book of the Month Club and acquired several sets, mostly historical works. Over the years, I gained many collections.

After my marriage, I ordered the beautiful leather-bound *100 Greatest Books Ever Written*, and *Books that Changed the World*. They sit beautifully on my shelves, mostly unread, but they look nice!

I collected two complete sets of *The Great Books of the Western World*, but gave one set to a friend at the MTC who lost his little son in death. He was always grateful for my gift. I collected a complete set of the *Harvard Classics*, and a full set of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, very nice looking but pretty much obsolete now with all knowledge available at one's fingertips on the internet. They say that hard-copy, printed books will soon become obsolete, because of the rapidly increasing technologies!

I am still happy with my collection of the complete volumes of the *History of the World*, a gift given to me, after I had swiped it, from my mother, all bound in red which also looks old and nice on my shelves. A Christmas gift from mother was my vintage set of the *Journal of Discourses*, and many other religious volumes. All of these wonderful books sit there on my shelves staring down at me wondering when anybody will ever read anything in them.

But I have read many other books, each of which has enriched my mind, my heart, my life. I now have so many books, I don't know what to do with them all. They have become more of a burden than a benefit. When guests in our home ask me about my collections, I reply, "Yes they are nice, I even read one or two of them!"

While I was in the Philippines, I received a special envelope, postmarked at Salt Lake City, requiring 3 first class stamps, addressed in my brother John's distinctive chirographic handwriting in blue ink. A rubber stamp mark on the back of the envelope seemed to be a facsimile of John, carrying an enormous load of books out of a huge library bin, stating, "So many books; so little time." The handwritten salutation and message inside read,

> *"Here is a little bookmark to start off your new year. Learn some new words, or refresh your memory about words you haven't used lately! Words interpret the past, support the present, open windows on the future." With Love and Best Wishes, John."*[4]

The bookmark contained a list of some interesting special words not frequently used. Reading? Ah, that is the benefit; reading from the best books! And the best books are the Holy Scriptures, the words of God! I have loved them; the precious words revealed from heaven. They have guided, inspired and comforted me over many years.

The Lord said about acquiring knowledge,

> *"And truth is knowledge of things as they are, and as they were, and as they are to come...And verily I say unto you, that it is my will that you should...obtain a knowledge of history, and of countries and of kingdoms, of laws of God and man, and all this for the salvation of Zion. Amen."* (D&C 93:24, 53).

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[1] Junior Delux Editions, Nelson Doubleday & Company, Garden City, New York.

[2] Nature Program, National Audubon Society, Nelson Doubleday, Inc.

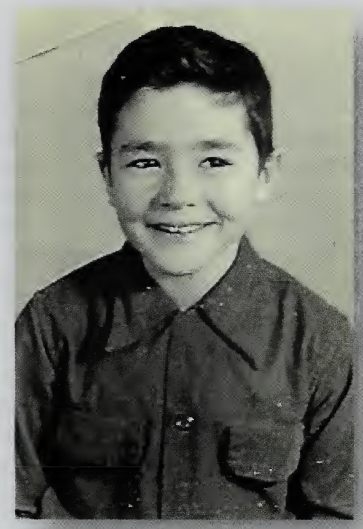
[3] *Ecclesiastes 1:14; 2:11, 17, 26; 6:9.*

[4] *George and Debra Taylor's Messages from Manila*, "John Taylor--The Reader," January 29, 2012.

SIX

History

In Elementary School, I learned about "Honest Abe" Lincoln who wielded an axe and came from a humble home. I liked the story. In first, second, and third grades, the teachers took us down to the dark crowded basement at Wasatch Elementary School and we watched *Movie Tone* clips of world scenes. I liked watching movies and brief reviews of world and national events.



George Terry, A Young Historian

In 7th Grade, I took my first history class—Utah History. I learned about Brigham Young and the Mormons coming to Utah. My teacher was Mrs. Faye Buttle. I liked it and I liked her. In Junior high school, I also took some kind of American history. I can't remember the class or who the teacher was. All I remember was about the early world history explorers—Columbus, Ponce De Leon, Vasco da Gama, Cortez, Coronado, Desoto, Magellan, Drake and others. I was amazed to find out that my Dad, knew all about these explorers and some of the dates. I was impressed that my father had an interest in history. His knowledge and interest affected my young mind.

Through high school, I really liked reading biographies of important people. As a freshman at BYU, I was required to take an American Heritage class. Karl Snow was one of my teachers. I liked the class. I have the books still. I also took a world history class from Lanier Britsch which I also enjoyed.

As a small boy, I remember watching on my grandma Johnson's black and white TV the coronation of young Queen Elizabeth. On my mission to England in July 1964, I watched the funeral ceremony of Sir Winston Churchill in St. Paul's Cathedral. I stood twenty feet away from the Queen Mother, at a ceremony at the Royal College of Economics, on Exhibition Road, located across

the street from the British Mission home and office. She was a radiant lady with a sweet smile and a cheerful countenance! I also stood ten feet from Queen Elizabeth at a ceremony at the Royal Albert Hall just up the street from the mission home. I enjoyed visiting Westminster Abbey where all the "great" people are buried. I saw the Coronation Chair and Stone. I visited many other famous English places. I became interested in the English culture and the people's worship of things of the past. I learned that great historical victories are the true religion of England. My first companion, Elder Roy Lee Richardson gave me a copy of a little paperback, *A History of London Life.*

After my mission, Mom and Dad and Uncle Harold and Aunt Violet came to pick me up and go on a two month tour of England, Scotland and Europe. In England we visited all of the famous tourist places in London, Windsor, Canterbury, Dover and Stratford-on-Avon. In Scotland, we visited Edinburgh, Arthur's Seat, Lock Ness (I looked for but didn't see the monster) and Glasgow. In Europe, we visited Norway, Denmark, Holland, Austria, Germany, Switzerland, France, and Italy. A complete review of this wonderful trip is included in my mother's history.[1] I am grateful to my parents for making this experience possible. It was an incredible cultural adventure; it had a profound effect on my mind and increased my interest in the things of the past.

Well, I got back home and enrolled at the BYU, having completed my freshman year before my mission. It was time that I picked a major field of study. I thought about it; I prayed about it. I was impressed with a former BYU student, Paul Gilbert who was two years older than me. He was BY High School student president, a member of my Oak Hills First Ward, and now elected as the BYU student body president. He was planning to go into law school but had majored in, guess what? History! I thought that a good liberal arts background might be a good launching pad for my future, whatever it was to be.

Having a mother and a father who were teachers, I thought that I might become a teacher. History was broad and deep covering all of the subjects of humanity—art, music, literature, architecture, politics, government, military, etc. I thought about the Lord's saying,

> *And I give unto you a commandment that you shall teach one another the doctrine of the kingdom.*
>
> *Teach ye diligently and my grace shall attend you, that you may be instructed more perfectly in theory, in principle, in doctrine, in the law of the gospel, in all things that pertain unto the kingdom of God, that are expedient for you to understand;*
>
> *Of things both in heaven and in the earth, and under the earth; things which have been, things which are, things which must shortly*

come to pass; things which are at home, things which are abroad; the wars and the perplexities of the nations, and the judgments which are on the land; and a knowledge also of countries and of kingdoms—

That ye may be prepared in all things when I shall send you again to magnify the calling whereunto I have called you, and the mission with which I have commissioned you

(Doctrine & Covenants 88:76-80).

So it was time for me to choose. I didn't get any bells, whistles, visitations or "burning" inside. I just thought, "Okay. It seems good, it sounds good. I'll just choose to do it! That approach seems to have suited me though my life in my important decisions—marriage, jobs, careers, priesthood decisions and blessings, etc. Just make a decision. If it seems Ok, just do it! My study of history has given me much satisfaction and personal development over the years, although I never was the greatest student.

So I began my historical journey. I took classes in Roman History from Russell Swenson, a long-time BYU faculty member who was getting up in years. His lectures were incomprehensible. He mumbled, he muffled, he rambled! And I just loved it! I took down a multitude of notes in my meticulous handwriting. I loved using a fountain pen with blue, black, or sepia toned ink and found satisfaction in transcribing what I could from his meandering lectures. Obviously, he was brilliant. Other students seemed bored and complained about his lecture presentations, but I decided that I had the ability to find satisfaction and learning from any teacher. No teacher was going to deter me from learning what I could! I really enjoyed the class! (And still have the notes).

I took American History classes from James Allen, Ted Warner (my nephew Thomas Taylor's father-in-law), and others. I took my historiography class from George Addy. It was my senior year, and I was trying to improve my grade in order to get into graduate school. I went in and asked if he could help me by nudging me up just a bit. He smiled. When I got my final grade, I had been boosted up!

I took two European History classes from DeLamar Jensen, a well-recognized historian on the period of the Reformation. He was polished and erudite. Again I took meticulous notes all of which I still have in my files. I remembered him on a research tour coming into the British Mission Home, in London, England, when I was serving in the mission office. I helped him make several local telephone calls. He didn't remember me later when I sat in his classes. While serving in leadership in the BYU Blue Key honor society, (which organization selected the annual BYU Outstanding Professor), I recommended his name for the honor of Outstanding Teacher of the Year. He received it!

I focused my history studies a bit in Medieval History and literature. I wanted to learn more about the Great Apostasy and the period of the dark ages. Maybe such study could bring some light to me? I took two classes from Professor Richard Schmutz, who was also a building contractor by profession. After years of construction work, he went back to school to gain his PhD in History. His classes were demanding and scholarly. I worked hard to survive, but found mental enlargement. I discovered that I could discipline my mind to organize material, see relationships and outlines and recall patterns. It was a great intellectual growth period. Most of the exams in these upper-division classes were essay tests, so I learned how to organize and communicate my thinking in writing. I valued Dr. Schmutz' scholarly knowledge and his character. Years later, while serving in the Philippines I met his son, Evan, a wonderful mission president of the Philippines Cebu Mission. He was a successful lawyer and partner of a law firm in the Provo Utah area. This firm had done some legal work for the Brickerhaven Corporation, while I was serving on the BH Board. I expressed to him my esteem for his father and he was very pleased. We became good friends on our Philippine missions together. Later he served as a General Authority Seventy.

While studying Medieval History, I also took classes in English Literature covering the same period. One of my professors required us to memorize scores of lines of Elizabethan poetry (I can't recall how many). I spent several hours pacing up and down the stairwell of the BYU Library trying to memorize Shakespeare and several other medieval poets. It was a great mental exercise: Here are a few of the lines from the poet, Sir Edward Dyer, (1550?-1607). I memorized the full and entire poem and included it in my book, *From Earth to Heaven: Goals for Eternal Life*.

***My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is*[2]**

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such present joys therein I find
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind.
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.
But all the pleasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
My conscience clear my chief defense;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offense,
Thus do I live; thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

As an upper division student, I joined the Book of the Month Club and acquired several historical volumes. To join, I was given the deal of receiving Will and Ariel Durant's 11-volume survey, *The Story of Civilization*. I am still plowing through having only completed the first detailed 1000+ page volume, *Our Oriental Heritage*. I am currently reading in the second volume, also a huge tome!

I am particularly interested in biographies of great folks. I really enjoyed reading about *The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt* and a biography of his wife Edith. I read a couple of biographies of Winston Churchill. I collected and read James Thomas Flexner's four volume history of George Washington. I read Carl Sandberg's six volume history of Abraham Lincoln and Dumas Malone's detailed six volume history of Thomas Jefferson. I have read a few books on Joseph Smith and the Church's history. On my mission I loved reading Joseph Fielding Smith's *Essentials in Church History*. I have read the biographies of Joseph Smith and other prophets. These among many other historical works I have collected and enjoyed reading over the years.

Is the past, prologue? What can I learn from the lives of those who have gone on before? What is the nature, the proclivity, the tendencies, in the people in the past that can teach me wisdom in the governance of my own life? It seems as far as people are concerned, there is nothing new under the sun! I am grateful for my scant and surface view of history and what it has taught me.

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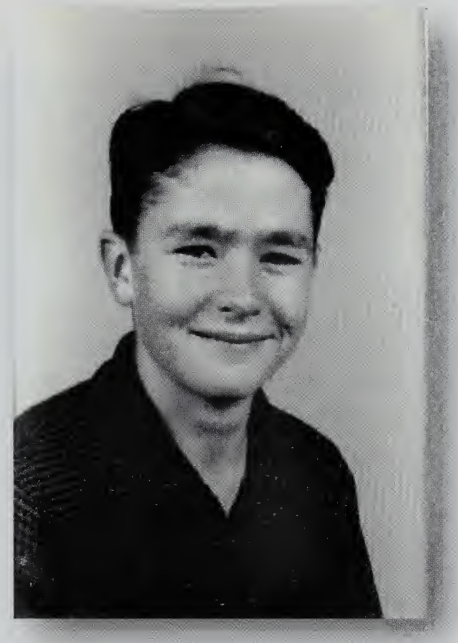
[1] *Through a Lifetime, Travels*, Celestia Johnson Taylor, i-149.
[2] *The Literature of England,* An Anthology and a History, Volume One, Fifth Edition, Scott, Foresman and Company, 1966. 652-653.

SEVEN

Sports



"Terry the Terrible Termite"

Throughout my elementary school years, I played sports on the blacktops and fields, before school, during morning and afternoon recess and lunch time. We played baseball, basketball and kickball. I didn't play very much baseball. I was scared of the ball and fearful that I would not catch it when it came in the air or on the ground at me. I was proud of my new leather Nokia mitt which my parents gave to me at Christmas. I pounded my fist in it over and over to get it formed just right. But, I never joined Little League and other baseball teams.

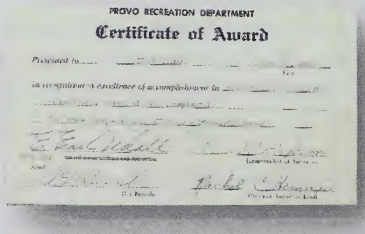
I sure enjoyed kickball and especially basketball. My BB pals were Francis Rogers, Dick Thomas, Kent Petersen, Bruce Coles and many others I can't remember. I became a pretty good and intense player. During this time, the jump shot was developed replacing the set shot. I would shoot using both hands instead of how they shoot today. A lot of my baskets were bank shots. Nobody was allowed to dribble between their legs as that was considered just showing off. Oh, how much fun I had playing every day outside at the school on the blacktop.

I found an old basketball hoop left over from where somebody had built an old basketball bank-board further up on the hill to the east of us put up by my brother John. I put it in our garage perpendicular on a rafter instead of horizontal. I would shoot for hours throwing the ball through the ring, counting my scores.

A little later, I would go up to Ricky Gunn's house. They had a backboard and hoop. I would play for hours by myself, shooting and dribbling.

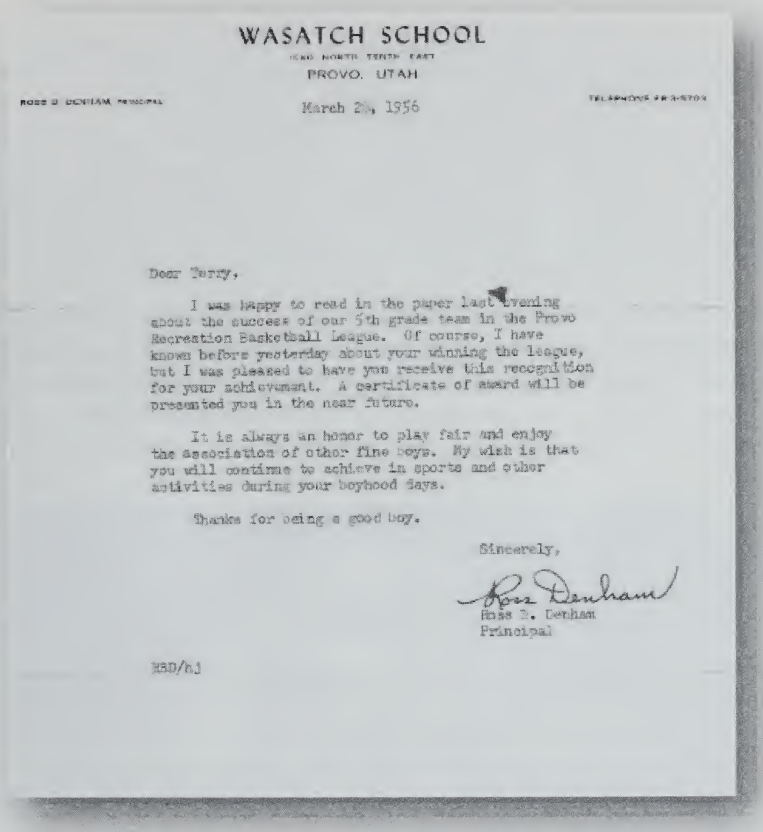
In Fifth Grade, I reached the zenith of my glory as a young basketball star. Our 5th Grade school team, "Wasatch Wildcats" played in the Provo City School Tournament. Our biggest rival was the Grandview Elementary School. We won each of our games and finally won the city championship. It was the proudest moment of my early athletic career.

The Wasatch Wildcats



PROVO RECREATION DEPARTMENT

Certificate of Award



WASATCH SCHOOL
1040 NORTH TENTH EAST
PROVO, UTAH

ROSS D. DENHAM, PRINCIPAL

March 2[illegible], 1956

TELEPHONE PR 3-[illegible]

Dear Terry,

I was happy to read in the paper last evening about the success of our 5th grade team in the Provo Recreation Basketball League. Of course, I have known before yesterday about your winning the league, but I was pleased to have you receive this recognition for your achievement. A certificate of award will be presented you in the near future.

It is always an honor to play fair and enjoy the association of other fine boys. My wish is that you will continue to achieve in sports and other activities during your boyhood days.

Thanks for being a good boy.

Sincerely,

Ross D. Denham
Ross D. Denham
Principal

RSD/hj

My Dad loved basketball also. He took me to several Harlem Globe-Trotter exhibition games. He and I both loved watching "Goose Tatem" with his long arms and amazing and humorous antics with a basketball. I also enjoyed seeing and laughing at Meadowlark Lemon, a real clown on the basketball floor. After one of the games, walking out, I walked along side one of the players. I looked at the size of the shoes of the players and I couldn't believe that anyone had such big feet.

Dad had season tickets every year to the BYU basketball games with two excellent seats in the Fieldhouse, on about row 8 or 10. He would go early to the games, buy a hamburger for me and him and watch the Freshman Team play before the Varsity Game. Mother would come after the first game and join him

in watching the second. I can't recall how I got into the games—they must have had a special rate for young boys but I remember attending nearly all of the games and sometimes sitting with my arms on the actual playing floor along the side with the cheerleaders, when they would let me. Sometimes, I would stand behind the wire-mesh on the north basket. It was there as a young boy, watching Bob Skousen break the all-time BYU scoring record, I believe 38 points. Much later, Mother gave to Debra and me, a wedding gift of donor seats on the 6th row for the new BYU Athletic Center. We have carried on the tradition of Dad and Mother's basketball spectator participation. They also attended all of the football games, having purchased donor seats on the 50-yard line in the Cougar Stadium.

After Ray Beckham built his home to the north of us, he put a real basketball hoop with net, backboard and stand on the new paved area adjacent to his house. Again, I would practice by myself for hours. Pretty soon, many of the neighborhood kids would come to play. By this time, most of them were younger than me so I had a real advantage, but wow! Did I ever dribble, shoot and score! I had so much fun every week playing and playing. I felt that in spite of my diminutive size, I became quite a great star! Nobody could beat me in a game and I was always the highest scorer. And I would skillfully feed the ball to other players with superb expertise!

In Junior High School, I continued my basketball, playing for our ward team and junior high teams. We played against Farrer and Central Junior High school teams. My Dad even came to see one or two of the games and I made some great bank-board jump shots. There was one game where I scored 16 points—boy was I proud—my all-time high score in one of the games. Another game, I made the winning basket. One kid from Central was the best shooter I had ever seen. He couldn't miss and we got roundly beat!

For gym, my teacher was Karl Snow's older brother, Don Snow, the high school football coach. My next gym teacher was Grant Bushman, then Frank Arnold, who went on to become the head basketball coach at BYU. We met in the old Men's Gym on the top floor of the elementary school building. It was the first time we were required to shower at school. We had gang showers. It was the first time, I learned about and was required to use an athletic supporter. Blossoming manhood was all new to me.

We learned and practiced basketball, soccer, bowling, tumbling, track and field, wrestling, boxing, and tennis. For our class, we often had to walk up to the old football stadium field and dressing room and then walk back, about 1/3 of a mile. I was really good at tumbling, and Coach Arnold used me as his example of showing "how to do it!" I became pretty good on the trampoline and he had

me perform in a school gymnastics exhibition in the Women's Gym across the street.

In 9th Grade, we had a national presidential athletics fitness test. We were to run 600 yards among other contests. All of the boys started off and off I went. I ran and outran everybody and won the entire race. I thought, "Wow! I'm a good and fast runner!" I joined the track team and competed in the 100 and 220 yard dashes and a 440 relay team. I also participated in the broad jump (now called the long jump). We had a school-wide triathlon contest and I got 3rd place. I thought I was a pretty good trackster and would be a good sprinter. But when I got into the real competition with the other schools, I found that I was mediocre compared to others and I wasn't willing to pay the price for excellence. It scared me to be in real races and face really good athletes. I skipped daily practices by going to work down at DTR most afternoons. I just never dedicated myself to fierce and serious competition.

BY Junior High Gym Class

For my 9th grade year of high school, I played on the junior varsity football team as a halfback. I was a pretty fast runner. We got football gear and

equipment and I suited up for my first game. The play was called for me to run around the line, and run out for the long pass. I ran as fast as I could and the ball sailed over my head and then, Bam! I got hit by a defender and I went down with the wind knocked out of me. I managed to get up and hobble off the field, wondering what had happened.

In the next game, the play was called for me to again run out for the long pass and I ran out as fast as I could and the ball sailed over me, and Bam! The Defender hit me! I got the wind knocked out of me again. I got up and wobbled off the field. I didn't like this! I must have quit because I never played high school football again.

But I did play much touch "two-hands below" or flag football with all the neighborhood kids at Uncle Bud's Park. Wow! It was fun and I was a champion quarterback, throwing many touchdown passes. One of my best plays was to fade right, ready to run fast for the goal, but then just before crossing the scrimmage line, I would throw long to the left for another touchdown!. I sure had fun and a lot of good exercise.

Throughout elementary school, I was a scrapper, getting into several schoolboy fights. For a small boy, I was pretty tough; I was told by others later, that they were afraid of me. I got into one fight in junior high school with a boy from my ward, David Payne. He was one class ahead of me. I don't remember what the altercation was about, but I thought I could take care of him! To my amazement, he took me down and pinned me on the hard concrete and I could have no power over him. I got really frustrated and angry because he "beat me to a pulp!" I was exasperated and humiliated. It was soon evident to me that he was way beyond my power and skills, becoming a high school state champion wrestler. Later, he became my second missionary companion in the British Mission, an outstanding missionary and dear friend during our missions together. He was also a great scholar becoming a noted university sociology professor.

In 9th Grade, I joined the wrestling team. I was pretty strong and knew that I could be a good wrestler. After all, my Dad was a wrestler for the BYU and loved wrestling. One day, in his 50's or early 60's, he took me down and wrestled with me. I was amazed that at his age, he flattened me within a few seconds. So I was selected for a certain light-weight category on the wrestling team. I went into my first match with the usual dread and fear of competition. I started the ritual and took down my opponent. Then, wham! He grabbed and pinned me within a matter of seconds. I couldn't believe it!

So in the next match, I mustered up my courage and determination, in spite of my dread and confidently went into the ring and began the fight. And then, wham! I was on the matt with my back getting pinned again. I pushed with all my might on my left leg to reverse my position, and then it happened! Something snapped or slid or popped! My patella (knee cap) dislocated and went to the other side of my leg. I felt excruciating pain. They hauled me off and took me to the Payson Hospital. I had to wait a long time and was ready to black out. Never had I experienced such pain and agony. Finally a doctor came and popped it back into its place on the front of my knee. How grateful I was that I had a cast or bandage on my knee and wouldn't have to wrestle anymore!

In my gym class, we were learning about boxing. I was matched up with my friend, debate partner and student body president, Francis. We learned to use our left hands to jab and our right hand to punch. We began sparring and then thrusting our jabs. I got right into it and began my violent series of fist-cuffs. I hit him here, I hit him there! He never knew what hit him! I had him dazed and fazed before the fight was finished. I felt bad I beat him up so badly. He never forgot it and years later, he reminded me several times of the merciless beating he took from me. But we're still friends, thanks to his forgiving spirit.

"To my good friend George,

Thanks for the use of your "mint condition" year book. This page looked a little lonely so I'm taking the liberty of filling it up with some very important information. George and I spent the best of times and the worst of times going to school together. We started at Wasatch Elem. Where we would sometimes get in fights with each other (much to the entertainment of the lookers). From there things improved when George

started inviting me up to his house on the hill for overnight sleep overs. We would stay up late and watch horror movies. When George wasn't in school you could usually find him at Dixon Taylor Russell furniture store making blinds, which meant he usually had more money than the rest of us. One of the highlights of our younger years when George talked me in to going on a scout trip down the Colorado River (the part that now lies under Lake Powell). After about 45 years I'm just now beginning to look back on the experience as enjoyable. George and I were debate partners where he was continually reminding me that we shouldn't make up quotes and references during competition. Later we both served on the student council together. George was the best vice president BY High has ever had. I must say that out of all the friends I have associated with throughout my life, George has been the best influence on me. What a guy! P.S. George and I were paired in a boxing fight in high school and he almost knocked me Out. I still remember seeing stars. Your Fan, Francis Rogers.

They had try-outs for the basketball team. Coach Arnold had left and gone on to further education and then would go on to UCLA's NCAA's winning teams. He became the chief recruiter for UCLA during those winning years with Coach Wooden, before coming to BYU as the Head Coach. His replacement at the High School was Courtney Leishman. He was told by Coach Arnold, that the team would never amount to much—they just didn't have the skill and talent. I tried out for the team and made it! There were some good players, but I was fast and a good shooter, although I was erratic at times. I believe that I was as good a guard, although small, as they had on the team. We began daily practices and team work-outs. After a few days, my fears swelled up in me again. I was afraid that because I had had Rheumatic fever, and a heart murmur, that I wouldn't be able to keep up the hard physical pace. I used the excuse that I had to work (DTR), after school. So I quit the team before really getting started. Perhaps, as I look back, my decision was one of the great mistakes of my life. Our team won the State Championship that year and our school was filled with glory! I saw my basketball pals filled with success and honor. I wondered how it would have been if I had stayed on that great team. But, I made my decision and perhaps it was for the best. I learned to work at the DTR Shop and gained other experiences. C'est la-vie!

I didn't really get to know Coach Leishman; he intimidated me. Maybe that's part of why I quit. Years later, he and his wife came through the MTC and we really hit it off. We reminisced about all of BYH years, about his grand coaching experience and success as the BYU Women's BB Head Coach. We

talked about that high school team and the players. He had moved into our Grandview South Stake. I invited him to our 45th and 50th year BY High Class Reunions. His wife passed away and I visited him several times forming a sweet bond of friendship, in our aged years.

My first PE class at BYU was Handball, from Pete Whitbeck who had been the BYU Freshman basketball coach and Assistant BYU Head Coach. I really enjoyed the class and learned the thrills of handball, which after the class, I never played again. My next PE class was a physical fitness class providing an array of sports. We played soccer, flag football, tennis, basketball—I can't remember all of the sports, but it was fun and health-building.

In the British Mission, I was appointed for a time as the Mission Secretary. We got the mission home/office staff together to play basketball in the Hyde Park Chapel. We set up a little tournament to play missionaries from other zones in the Mission. We had a few games which I can't remember well, but I remember one game where I scored between 20 and 30 points. I was unstoppable—in the zone (and against the zone)! Again, a great thrill to play and score in my love for basketball.

During all of my college, I participated in sports from time to time. After graduate school and being employed by the University, I played racquetball almost daily for a time with my boss, Wayne Hansen and other colleagues and associates. I thought I had become pretty good at racquetball, but found out that there were a lot of men, even older men, who were a lot better than I was. I played one day with my cousin, Ken Kartchner, who whipped me, stripped me, sliced me and diced me! Wow! He could sure play the game! He was also a superb tennis player. And I learned that his brothers Richard and David were equally good, even better. David was a racquetball champion! After moving my work to the MTC, racquetball playing dwindled and died. While working at BYU, I occasionally went down to the Richards Building at lunch time and played basketball with other faculty and staff.

At the MTC, as directors, assistants and managers, we would meet at lunchtime to perform the missionary *Timed X* physical fitness training program for 15 minutes. *Timed X* was agonizing. After, we would play basketball. It was a very satisfying activity and break for all of us.

Over the years, I played a little ball with my sons. I signed up and watched Douglas play on a Youth Basketball Association team (YBA) in elementary school. My heart ached for him because he was not played much in the games and I felt he was neglected. He was not athletically inclined towards

sports as I had been. He was comparatively small and not robust in athletic ability. He suffered much with exercise induced asthma. I always had feelings of sadness and a deep anguish for my oldest son's challenges. David also played YBA and was a solid player but didn't show great interest in the game and also did not like to compete in athletic contests. He had other fierce interests. He built a huge skateboard half-pipe in our back yard which became the envy of all of the neighborhood kids in the ward. Both Douglas and David loved to ski and became excellent skiers, a sport in which I rarely engaged.

While we lived in Las Vegas, we enjoyed watching Anna (when she would allow us to attend) play aggressively on the Chaperal High School soccer team.

While in Las Vegas, I took Allen to the Church gym and played and practiced with him a few times. He was very troubled at the time and refused to play on the ward's basketball team even though he was a very good player. I pleaded with him, but he would or could not participate.

After returning to Provo, I organized and set up a Junior Jazz team with Allen and his friends. I became the coach. I wasn't much of a coach. All I would do was say to the boys, "Okay, you go in; you come out." The team had some good players, including two of the Ware boys, Allen's friends, Jonathan and David. Well, it was surprising for me to see the team win the Provo City Championship for their grade. Allen was a good player, but he lacked some confidence in his athletic ability.

A little later, we organized a similar Junior Jazz Team for George Terry ("T"). But this time, we lost every single game! I didn't like coaching very much and we had some rancor and temper tantrums on the team. I loved playing ball with T. He was smaller than me, but he was now faster, quicker, better. He beat me! I couldn't believe it! I didn't like it! We didn't play much after that.

I also set up a basketball team of Amy's friends. Amy and her good friend Denise Ware were two of the guards. We practiced and drilled and became pretty good, winning and losing our share of games. The biggest thrill was when we beat the front-running team. The next time we played them, we got scalped. But it was fun and I was glad that we had a team and played although I didn't like coaching much. Competition was not something I cared for.

In July 2005, my son David and my daughter Amy signed up to run in the 4th of July Freedom Run. They got me to sign up for the 5K race. So I got my number and my shirt and off I went. I was over 60 years old and guess what? I

won first place in my age group! I surprised myself. I got a nice big medal. Then in July 2015, Daughters Amy, Anna and Son T signed me up again for the Freedom Run, 5K race. I got my number, my running chip and my shirt and off I went again. I was over 70 years old and guess what? I won first place again in my age group. This time I got a nice glass/plastic transparent engraved paper weight. It was really fun to run with Anna, Amy and T. They also ran very well.

One of the greatest athletic thrills of my life came when we were called to preside over the Philippines MTC. My predecessor had arranged for gym to be held in the early mornings in the LDS Philippines Area parking lot adjacent to the MTC, before the employees arrived to park their cars. We would have the missionaries arise each morning, dress and be ready for gym at 6:15. We had roll call. I demanded that missionaries had to be in attendance unless they were excused by the MTC Nurse. "No one can be late!" I said, and I meant it. It was expected that all missionaries would be up, be on time, and be ready for gym, without excuse. Roll call was done by districts and the district leaders who had any member of his district absent or tardy would receive a blistering "blessing" from the President.

So with all missionaries present and lined up uniformly in districts, we had our Missionary Exercise Program calisthenics—stretches, crunches, rubber-band muscle flexes, etc. We would also have some goofy scout-type songs and fun exercises, like "Zombies," or "Teensy Weensy Spider." Sister Taylor would have the missionaries do special sit-ups and to their astonishment, they couldn't do as many as she. It was remarkable to see that so many of the missionaries were in such poor physical condition, either so thin that they were malnourished (mostly Filipinos) or overweight in some cases. But, what fun we all had together. After these preliminaries. We would have the missionaries break up into their sports activity of choice. We had basketball, volleyball, badminton, four-square, aerobics, bicycling, etc. Sister Taylor would practice badminton trying to keep the shuttle-cock in the air indefinitely.

But the best of all was when we had the missionaries' line up, count off by two's, forming 2 teams. Then we would have them play kick-ball in the parking lot. It was hilarious watching the missionaries from all over Asia try this new sport. The loved it and I loved watching them! I was the referee and would loudly and enthusiastically yell out, "You are Out!" Then Sister Taylor would disagree with the call and we would have a lively and heated disputation on the spot much to the delight and humor of the missionaries. It reminded me of those few times in grade school, when we played kickball in the asphalted playground

area of the school. Perhaps that activity was the greatest thing we ever contributed to the Philippines MTC.

Sometimes, we would jog around the parking lot or MTC complex. I usually ran a mile or two before gym and then a mile or two after gym, stopping to do a series of 20 push-ups. One day, I got up to doing 300 push-ups, 20 at a time. Usually I did 100-200. Here I am at age 67 probably in the best shape of my life. I could outrun or outlast any missionary and proved it several times.

> *I liked to watch the missionaries play their hearts out on the basketball court. The young Pilipino missionaries love to play. Many are fans of the NBA teams and keep track of the games and the players. Here were a few things I observed about their basketball skills: "They love to dribble, drive and dodge—through their legs, around their legs, over the top and down under; they wheel, they spin, they fake, they feign, they step, reverse, jump and pump. They go left, they go right, they go over. Wow—do they have the moves—lively, agile, athletic, fancy, fantastic—just incredible! They practice all of the smooth moves endlessly and all of them do it showing their amazing young prowess to each other and to everyone else who watches. I'm sure that Jimmer [Fredette] could learn some new tricks! There are just two things at which they don't do well: 1) They don't know how to pass to somebody else and, 2) They rarely make a basket! An amazing display! I love it and I love them!"*[1]

Sometimes, I would help the sister missionaries form teams and play. They didn't know the rules of the game, they ran with the ball, they double-dribbled all over the place. They were like screaming cats, scratching, clawing, and digging, but Wow! Did they have fun! But after a time, they had expended all of their energy and could play no more. I would then have them line up and practice passing routines or warm-up lay-ups. And, then we lined up behind the foul-line and play "Speed," a really fun fast game where you shoot at the foul line and if you miss, you have to make a lay-up before the next girl can make a basket. If she makes it before you do, you're out!

One morning, I invited a few of the sisters to line up and practice their free-throw shooting. After a short time, they tired and phased out. But one sister, Sister Jane Regodos who stood about 5' 1"tall, lined up and hit 20 free-throws in a row—never missing. I invited her to do it again, and yes!—20 in a row without missing, from the actual free-throw line. She became a favorite of mine. She was a full-fledged Filipina Nurse, cute as a button. Her writing was like her size—diminutive—tiny little perfectly formed letters filling the entire page of her weekly letters. Wow! What a lady!

But my favorite game, which I would play with the missionaries when I could was "21." Three players would compete against each other. There were no out-of bounds. The player with the ball would do whatever was necessary to make a basket. After doing so, he would shoot foul shots until he missed and the rebounder would do the same. I prided myself on beating the missionaries many times, because I could shoot the foul shots usually better than they. The first one to reach 21 was the winner. But you had to hit exactly 21, or you would go back to 11.

I became friends with Elder Tyler Haws, the great BYU champion guard, who was serving as the Assistant to the Philippines Manila Mission President. He would come into the MTC every few weeks to pick up the new crop of missionaries. We had some nice visits and a photograph. He towered above me but was so friendly and kind. After our return, he came to our ward for our missionary report in sacrament meeting and spent two hours in our home visiting. He became the all-time BYU leader.

The PMTC missionaries were allowed to play only half-court. I was playing a game one day, showing off. I went to retrieve a loose ball and I remember with slow-motion vision, running, and having my 68 year old legs buckling under, falling forward and landing hard on my left shoulder on the cement. Bang! My shoulder separated and I hit my head. I was a goner, I thought. Sure enough! I had done my shoulder some serious damage. I went to the hospital, had some X-rays, and was given a sling to wear for the next three weeks. Only surgery could fully repair the damage. I had a bone now poking up—protruding on my shoulder. Doctor Jackson told me to just let it go and live with it for the rest of my life! After returning home to Provo, the doctor said I could have it surgically repaired and take about a year to heal. Or, I could just live with it. So here I am with a great new shoulder separation. Fortunately, I still have most of my mobility. But live with a shoulder ache which has mostly subsided. But, my basketball days are now pretty much ended.

What a glorious, active physical life I have enjoyed. I am grateful for my body and the joy it has given me throughout life. As mentioned in my patriarchal blessing, my earthly body would give me joy and happiness, in this life and the world to come.

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[1] *George & Debra Taylor's Missionary Missives & Messages from Manila*, Compiled by Amy McCall, December 13, 2011.

EIGHT

Music

One day when I was very young, I looked way up on the shelf of a closet near the sleeping porch of our home on the hill. I discovered an old violin. I was perplexed. I wondered about it. I learned that my father, when very young played the violin. Of course, I never heard him play; he never played nor picked it up. I think my sister, Kathryn took a few violin lessons and used it. Her practice renditions were screetchy, scratchy, dissonant and disruptive. With great encouragement, she soon quit. She, along with my Sister Janice played the piano, an upright spinet in our home. I was too young to hear or remember Janice playing. But, I remember Kathryn playing *Clair de Lune*; she became quite proficient as she did in about everything she put her hand to (except violin).

One time, at the insistence of Betty Ashworth, our ward choir director, Dad briefly sang in the choir, as a tenor. No one could say "no" to Betty—she was not to be denied! Normally, my father did not sing, at least publicly. Yet, my home was filled with beautiful music. Dad had purchased a Zenith radio/record console in a large vanilla-colored cabinet for Christmas, a great surprise. This, in its time was a very fine piece of technical equipment. It had an advanced cobra-like arm and needle to play the vinyl records. It was equipped to receive FM radio. But, there were no FM radio stations available at that time. This was a great disappointment to my older brother John who was a devotee of all things radio! Dad also purchased and collected beautiful classical music which he loved playing. I remember hearing the music of Peter Tchaikovsky, Edward Grieg and works of the other masters.

Celestia, my mother, had a great influence for music in my life. Mother was blessed with a gifted voice, both for drama and for song. She had been trained and influenced by the great Florence Jesperson Madsen, her music teacher. Mother sang throughout college and beyond. She could play the piano, but only rudimentarily. She and her sisters, Violet and Rhoda, had formed the Johnson Sisters' trio. They were prominent songsters and in demand in the local community, and in fact all over Utah County. The gift of music had been evident in the strains of Grandpa Jesse Johnson and certainly from Grandma Rhoda Nash. Grandpa's children were gifted. Mother, her sisters, and her brother Kent were talented musical vocalists. Uncle Kent's daughters, my cousins, Joneen, Judy, and Wendy were also very gifted musically and performed together.

Mother performed in many plays and operettas over the years. I remember her playing the part of Aunt Eller in *Oklahoma* performed by the Utah

Valley Opera Association. She led the choir in the Pleasant View Ward, and always sang in the Oak Hills Ward Choir throughout her life. In later years, her deep rich contralto voice, added strength and a mellow musical tone to the choir.

At about age 12-14, I also was strung up into the ward choir by Betty. She made you feel like you were indispensable and had the most talent of anyone in the ward. She made it clear that the choir and the whole ward just could not benefit without your participation. She built a large and successful choir. She taught us to breathe deeply and to use our diaphragms to support our sound. She selected wonderful musical pieces especially at Christmas time. Our Christmas program was spectacular. She selected individual members to perform solos. This gave people recognition and growth. She gave them self-esteem and confidence in their abilities. Before each performance, she spoke enthusiastically about the importance of our singing "by the spirit." The spiritual impact of our singing was what was critical! I've not forgotten the relevancy of the spirit in the music to be performed. She bore an energetic and powerful testimony of the gospel to me through the amplification of her musical calling.

The Oak Hills 4th Ward Choir

Betty passed away at an untimely age, leaving her young family and husband. We missed her. But she was soon replaced by an equally devoted and talented leader, Lelah Matheson. For years, Lelah led the Oak Hills Ward Choir to heights to which no ward choir in the Church ever ascended. Her reputation reverberated throughout Utah Valley. I was privileged to sing in the choir, with

my mother, growing up through my teen-age years. I gained and strengthened my testimony through the sacred music of the gospel.

In junior high school, I really liked seeing two BY High school student assemblies. One in which the high school band played; they featured each of the separate musical instruments. It was meaningful for me to see the differences in each of the instruments. In the other, the high school chorus performed. I liked listening to the singing of the older students. I liked hearing the older boys sing

BY High School Chorus

bass. Later as the high school vice president, I arranged for several assemblies featuring the band, choruses, and other assorted talent of individual students and groups.

So I enrolled in the junior high and high school chorus classes led by Fred Webb. He was very strict and demanding, but I could tell that he loved the students and loved music. We had to memorize all of the music we performed.

We practiced stanzas over and over again until it was perfect. Most of the music we practiced and performed was sacred music. We performed "Sanctus," and "The Lord's Prayer," and many others. Some were serious and some humorous. We sang old-time spirituals, like "Rock-a-My Soul in the Bosom of Abraham." Of course, I sang bass but unfortunately, I lacked a good deep bass voice. But I couldn't sing tenor very well either—my range was somewhere in between—baritone, maybe.

I sang in a quartet and we won an award. I served as the president of the chorus my last year. I am grateful for the wonderful spiritual and edifying music we sang day after day and year by year. I am grateful to Fred Webb for his devotion and commitment to his profession. He worked at the school and the job for many years until it closed in the late 1960's.

BY High Quartet: Ted Lee, Les Brown, LeeWren Walker, George Taylor

I heard my friend Francis Rogers play a trumpet solo playing *Autumn Leaves* at a meeting one time. I really enjoyed it; it impressed me. My pals David Payne, David Clark and David Beck were also band players.

Somewhere in about 8th or 9th Grade, I suggested to mother, that I learn to play a musical instrument. I had never been interested, to my later regret, in learning to play the piano. So I signed up for band. Under the encouragement of James Mason, the band teacher, mom helped me rent a new clarinet; I proceeded to learn the scales, clefts, and signatures. I practiced beginning musical exercises on the clarinet. I performed in the band for a couple of years playing this instrument. In the autumn, early in the morning, we practiced marching band on the parking lot west of where the Lavell Edwards Stadium is located. I played

clarinet in the marching band for a year or two and also in the Pep band at the football and basketball games. The last year or two, I banged away on a tenor drum in the marching band. I liked hitting the drum! Perhaps it was my real talent!

I noticed that the oboist, Kay Reimchisel in the high school was graduating soon. Maybe I could learn to play that. Its sound intrigued me. Either I or Mr. Mason suggested that I switch and begin practicing the oboe. He provided to me a school oboe. With Brother Mason's encouragement and Mom's support, I signed up for music lessons from Jacob Bos, an eccentric but gifted professor of music at the BYU. He was a bassoon player from somewhere in Scandinavia. He had a strong accent and fairly long white hair, and thick glasses; he looked the part of a distinguished long-hair classical musician.

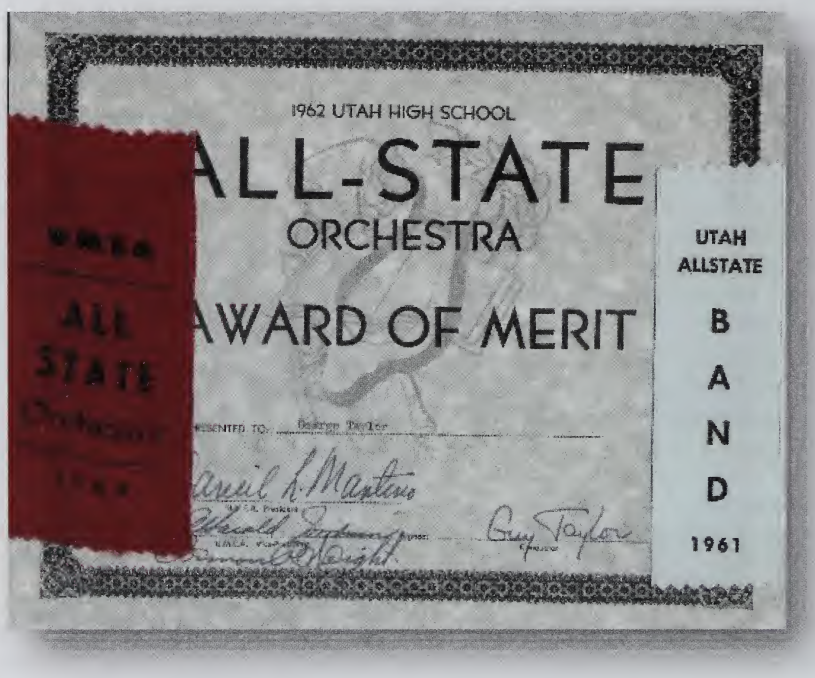
Each week, I would go to his office and perform my practices for him. He would demonstrate the measures on his bassoon for me and then I would try to duplicate them on my oboe. I would practice during the week rather superficially. I progressed and developed my skills, but I never became masterful. I always felt unsure and unprepared to perform in front of him. My response to most great and gifted men was one of reticence and inhibition. So I took my lessons for a fairly long period, but eventually quit them, not stretching towards perfection.

I performed an oboe solo, *Chant Sans Paroles*, by Peter Tschaikovsky a few times. I never felt very confident in performing. I played in the concert band for 3 years. Every day, we warmed and tuned up by playing, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," by Martin Luther. We had regular concerts in the spring and at Christmas time. We competed with the bands from other schools in our region (American Fork, Pleasant Grove, Lehi, Springville, Spanish Fork, Tintic). We always did well in these competitions.

In one concert, we played Aaron Copeland's "Appalachian Spring" and I had a cadenza solo. I could never get the timing down and I flubbed it in every practice, in every rehearsal and in the performance. I was embarrassed but I could never get it right. Brother Mason was always patient and kind with me. We played "Fanfare to the Common Man." I liked watching and listening to John Paxman on the timpani drums. I became the 1st oboe in the band and Joe Clark, was the 2nd oboist. My friends David Clark and Bruce Cameron were the best clarinetists. Francis Rogers and David Payne were the first two trumpeters. Paul Van Wagenen was the bassoonist. Ralph "Chip" Woodward and David Beck were the two French horns. Helen Gardner was the flutist.

I, David Clark and a few others were selected to attend the annual All-state Band and the All-state Orchestra during my junior and senior years. These events were held in Salt Lake City during the Utah Education Association (UEA) long weekend. We had a fun time seeing other musicians and performing with them.

I was pretty intimidated by the conductor who was demanding of our best efforts. We were not allowed to yawn or sigh or show any sign of rudeness or boredom. I was scared that he would yell at me for something that I was not doing right.



Brother Mason formed a woodwind quintet with myself (oboe), Helen (flute), Paul (bassoon), David Clark (clarinet) and 'Chip' Woodward (French horn). We performed a few times. Brother Mason was proud of our little group.

BY High Woodwind Quintet: Helen Gardner, George Taylor, Paul Van Wagenen, Ralph Woodward, David Clark

In my senior year, I received the John Phillips Sousa Band Award. I wasn't sure what it was for specifically, but I was glad to receive it. I still have the paper weight in my closet drawer.

I knew that it was important for me to leave home for a few months for my personal growth and experience. After my junior and senior high school years, I went to work at Bryce Canyon and Grand Canyon Lodges, respectively. In my loneliness and homesickness, I found great comfort in singing the hymns. At Grand Canyon, as a night porter, I was alone all night, cleaning. While doing my menial labors, I would sing the sacred hymns to myself, rather loudly. I know that my testimony of the Lord and of His gospel was greatly strengthened during these late evening and early morning hours of silent, sometimes serene solemnity.

I entered BYU and enrolled in the BYU Concert Band. We practiced for an hour 4 or 5 days a week for a small amount of credit in the old Knight Mangum Hall building then mostly occupied by the Language Training Mission (LTM). The conductor and concert master, was the famous Ralph Laycock, BYU music man extraordinaire. Again, he intimidated me and all of the other student-performers. He would be outspoken and frank in correcting the musicians. I played second oboe, next to Martha Sargeant, whose father Merle had worked at DTR. She was a better oboist than I was. I liked the way Ralph wielded the baton. He never singled me out; was always kind. I can't recall anything about the concerts we performed in my freshman year at BYU.

Just earlier, Dad had purchased and installed a built-in stereo system into the two book cases in our living room. He also joined two music record clubs and periodically received classical music albums. He gained quite a collection of vinyl stereo records, of which my daughter Anna has to this day. Before and after his death, and during my high school and college years including graduate business school, I would sit on the sofa in the dark in our living room, looking out over the valley and listen over and over to this beautiful classical music. I never tuned in to the music which other young people listened to. It was all and always classical. I came to love Chopin, Beethoven, Brahms, Tschaikovsky, Grieg and many others. Later, Uncle Bud lent me his record of "My Fair Lady," which I listened to over and over again. I was fixated if not hypnotized by the wonderful music I listened to during this period of my life. I was alone and thinking often about my future and the beautiful woman that I hoped to marry someday.

I must have taken my instrumental music seriously. At that time, my cousin, Tony Taylor was sharing my basement room with me at our home on the hill. He was an upper-division college student and was saving some money by living with Mom and me. One morning he told me that I had talked in my sleep—something I did regularly at that stage of my life. He said, I rose up in my bed and said, "No, no, no! It goes like this—dum de dum dum! Dum doodle dum dum! Dum Da, Da, Do Dum!" We both smirked and laughed at my ridiculous night-time crying-out verbal ejaculations!

During my mission in England, I loved singing the hymns with the other missionaries as we would ride in the van up to London or to a zone meeting. I came to love Handel's "Messiah" during Christmas time. I attended a live performance in the Royal Albert Hall near Hyde Park and the mission home on Exhibition Road.

After returning home in 1966, I did not pick up the oboe again, but tried out for singing in the BYU Male Chorus. The director was Professor Ralph Woodward, a prominent respected choral leader at BYU and in the community.

As mentioned, his son, "Chip," was in my high school, also very gifted musician. Professor Woodward was so kind to me. After listening to my voice, he assigned me to sing 2nd tenor. I could barely reach the notes, but I enjoyed singing with the BYU Men's Chorus for one semester. A song we performed which I remember contains the words of the famous American Poet, Robert Frost, "Stopping by Woods On a Snowy Evening." Over the years, often walking or running very early on a dark snowy winter morning, I sing the words and melody to myself:

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village, though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark, and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.[1]

When called to preside over the Philippines Missionary Training Center, music was important to my administration. Early on Sunday mornings, I played Tabernacle Choir recordings and other sacred music in the large Joseph Smith Assembly room. Setting a spiritual atmosphere on Sunday was important to me. As the missionaries gathered from their residence rooms, I hoped that they would feel the beauty and reverence of the gospel. A few did.

In the afternoon, after our Sacrament, priesthood, relief society meetings, we would have our lunch with the missionaries in the MTC Cafeteria. Then we would again gather in the Joseph Smith room. Debra (Sister Taylor) would help the missionaries learn to lead the hymns together, teaching them the fundamentals of music.

It was a lot of fun watching the missionaries practice using their arms in directing the various timed rhythms. Most of the missionaries caught on quite

quickly. For some reason, the missionaries from Pakistan, and from India could not lead nor sing much. For the most part, they had little sense of timing, tune, tone and pitch.

We would practice a selected hymn, practice loud and soft, fast and slow, women with one verse and then men the other. I would lead the entire group first having them really sing out as strongly as they could, and then softly or quietly. I would watch the missionaries, particularly the sisters who were doing well, and then single one out who I felt could lead the congregation. Then we would have her lead the group. We would then tell the missionaries that they, the entire congregation, were to perform as a choir in the next Tuesday evening devotional. And they did! Their performances were magnificent, majestic! It was thrilling for me to have and to hear the missionaries sing for many of the visiting general and area authorities. For me, these experiences were the climax and culmination of all of my limited musical training.

I have enjoyed singing in our ward choir over many years with my wife, Debra. One of the things I admired when I first met her and continuing, is her beautiful soprano singing voice. She never had a great deal of formal musical training, but has taught herself music! She has contributed greatly to music in our home. She organized and directed the "Sunshine Generation" children's singing group leading and teaching many children, including our own. At the time of this writing, she is recently called to serve as our ward music chair and organizes and directs all of the music in our sacrament meetings. She has led and taught many others, the enormous value and joy of good music.

A few months after returning home from our mission in the Philippines, I visited my old professor James Mason. He had left BY high school, received his doctorate in music, became a very prominent editor of national music journals, and had become the dean of the BYU College of Fine Arts. He was the prime leader in building the BYU Museum of Fine Arts. Now, he had been confined in a care facility for a time and was recuperating at home. He remembered me well and had spoken often of me to my brother John over the years. I had a long and sweet reminiscing conversation with him. A few days later, he passed away. I am so grateful to him, to Fred Webb, to Betty Ashworth, to my mother Celestia, wife Debra and so many others who have had an influence in my musical life.

I have rejoiced through the sacred music of the Church. I love music for what it has done for my spirit. It has given me comfort, peace, solace and joy over many years. Music is the language of the gods!

[1] *Stopping By Woods On A Snowy Evening*, Robert Frost, 100 Greatest Books Ever Written, The Easton Press, 1969, 224.

NINE

Drama

One time, they were having a neighborhood costume party on the hill. Mom and Dad dressed up like hillbillies from West Virginia. Dad wore a ridiculous big bulbous fake nose with a floppy red-headed wig. Mother was equally silly in her garb. They had my sister Kathryn and me dress up like urchins from Dogpatch (note: Dogpatch was supposed to be in Kentucky!). Kathryn wore a gunny sack. I went barefoot, and was dressed up as a hill-billy baby in a little old worn-out wagon. I think we were supposed to be L'll Abner and his family. I think they brought Rusty, our dog also dressed up. Our appearance on the scene was a scream! People talked about our performance for weeks afterwards. Never had they seen the distinguished and socially correct Lynn D. Taylor family in such a scenario.

The Little Taylor's from Dogpatch

Of course, we all liked the comic strip, *L'll Abner* by Al Capp. It was my favorite spot in the whole newspaper, let alone the comic section. That comic strip had as much an impact on the American people as did FDR! *Sadie Hawkins*

Day was a big deal in high school at that time, where the girls asked the boys to the annual dance. If a girl caught you, you had to accept. You were finished!

I was enamored by the singing and movie cowboys of the time—Roy Rogers, Gene Autrey, Hopalong Cassidy, and the Lone Ranger. I listened to all of the radio shows like, "Sky King." I got my cowboy shirt, my cowboy boots, neckerchief, two six-guns, cowboy hat and sheriff's badge.

Hillbilly George

From early days, Mother read to us Mark Twain's famous novels, "Tom Sawyer," and Huckleberry Finn." On the hill, Cousin Stephen Taylor and I always tried to play the part of rough and tumble outdoor hillbillies if not hooligans, going barefoot whenever we could stand it! I always wore levi's with the cuffs turned up about two inches. We prided ourselves on being tough and a little rebellious. Stephen was always the great example of an independent 'Tom Sawyer' in my life.

I was required by my activity in the Church to participate in all of the roadshows and plays put on in the Mutual Improvement Association (MIA) for our ward. I was in quite a number of them with no significant parts; I can't remember anything about what they were except moving from ward building to building performing 3 or 4 times. But I do

remember one ward show where I was supposed to sing a little song. My cousin Tony Taylor played the guitar for the music. I practiced the words of the song for days and days. I had it down cold! Then when I got up to sing, I couldn't remember any of the words at all. I tried a second time, then a third! Nothing! Finally I had to walk off the stage humiliated, dragging my tale behind me. It was the most embarrassing performance of my whole life!

"Hearts of the Children - Hooligan

As a young teenager, I was recruited by Wetzel O. Whitaker the former Disney producer who had come to BYU to produce Church related films. He wanted me to play the part of a young rebellious prankster who, in the film, "Hearts of the Children" was to mock and throw eggs at Asael Smith, Joseph Smith's grandfather. He groomed me by having me grow out my hair to an outrageous length in those days. A special old-time costume was made for me and I was to go barefoot in the film. All of my dramatic preparation and filming time lasted about 3 or 4 seconds in the film.

In junior high school, I was in a speech and drama class led by Max Golightly, who had been my sister Lynn Anne's drama teacher at Provo High School. He had us do a little radio show about Damon Runyon or somebody named Runyon. That's all I can remember, but it was fun learning, practicing and reading the script to a microphone.

In high school, while I was actively involved in speech, pantomime (I won two regional awards), oratory (I won two state awards) and debate. I never participated in any high school plays. I think my past humiliating experiences deterred me from engaging in public dramatic performances.

Mother, of course was the great "Thespian!" She stated in her history—

> *"All through my life from early childhood I reveled in the realm of make-believe and play acting. As a child I found in every book, every game, and almost every situation a chance to extend the real world into new dimensions in terms of my own participation, though I didn't realize this at the time. I only knew that it was fun to become a part of each one of these experiences by acting it out or imagining myself into it."*[1]

From her early days in college, she performed in many plays and musical performances with main parts including the leading role in "If I Were King." She entered the "Y" in 1921, the same year as T. Earl Pardoe. She became close friends with T. Earl and his wife Kathryn Pardoe, both prominent and distinguished drama leaders at BYU. Mother became a charter member of the "Y" chapter of Theta Alpha Phi, sponsored by the National Drama Society. After her marriage, when visiting Dad and sharing the car, she would occasionally go into DTR's little vacant and dark room tucked away on the 3rd floor of the building and memorize her lines. She memorized the 5-act play, "Leah Kleschna" and proceeded to give her personal performance of the play throughout Utah County and groups in Salt Lake City. When Celestia was practicing, my brother John, as a small boy would listen and learn some of the dialog. He recalls Mother's

Celestia the Dramatist

deep voice, repeating, "Well, Scrammy old boy! I have heard him repeat the phrase often throughout the years.

Celestia and Her Talents

Mother memorized two other full-length plays, "The Great Adventure," by Arnold Bennet and "The Barrets of Wimple Street" by Rudolph Besier, which she performed numerous times. She began reading from note cards rather than presenting by rote memorization. She also performed "The Green Pastures," by Marc Connelly, "Majority of One," and "Dear Me, The Sky Is Falling," both by Leonard Spiglegass," "Mrs. Arris Goes to Paris" by Paul Gallico, "Pippa Passes," by Robert Browning and also his classic poem, "Saul."[2]

In later years, she performed the part of Aunt Eller in "Oklahoma." She presented over time her renditions of "Mrs. Arris Goes to Paris," to BYU Women

and many other small groups of ladies But the most impressive thing she did dramatically in our family, was her annual abridged reading of *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens. Over the years the book had become marked-up with mother's notes and edits, threadbare and tattered. Later in our lives, at my request, my brother John took the book, sent it to a special bookbinder and had it magnificently restored. He gave to me the restored book as a Christmas present. The book with its creepy but exceptional illustrations lies prominently upon the shelf of my library.[3]

Years ago, as a young lad, my sister Lynn Anne, who was in college, performed in several dramas, one of which was *Blythe Spirit* and another was *Harvey* about a big imaginary rabbit earlier performed in the movie, starring Jimmy Stewart. I used to listen to Lynn Anne and prompt her as she would practice memorizing her lines for some play. I remember her practicing, "No Eggs! No Eggs! Thousand thunders man, what do you mean, by telling me there are no eggs!" Lynn Anne had a great voice and a gift for dramatic arts. Those were special dramatic moments with my sister.

At one point, her class was putting on a radio drama of *A Christmas Carol* to be aired on KBYU radio. Somehow, she roped me in to playing the voice and part of Tiny Tim. I practiced with the group, and as usual, when it came time for me to speak up, I forgot my timing and flubbed it up somehow. But it all came off Okay, I hope. Nobody yelled at me.

While working in the Missionary Training Center, I came to realize the invaluable effect of "role-playing" had on the practice and preparation of improving missionary performance. I became not only fascinated, but engrossed by the use of this valuable dramatic device. I developed a lengthy working treatise on the various types of "role-practice," as I came to call it. We used what I called, "companion role-practice," and "group role-practice." We had missionaries practice in pairs, with one taking the part of a missionary and one taking the part of an investigator. We had missionaries practice in threes--with a missionary, an investigator, and an observer or evaluator. We had missionaries practice in fours. We had missionaries practice in larger groups formed in a semi-circle with a role-player or facilitator in the middle directing the practice from individual missionaries. I learned that when a performer "locks in" or identifies strongly with his or her role, that the setting or environment fades away. Background noise and other distractions can become oblivious to the actors who are focused on playing their part. Each type of practice had a specific purpose and a specific type of feedback. My experiences encouraged me to formulate my dissertation on the effect of these types of exercises.

At one point, we set up a program in the MTC called "Proselyting Day." We arranged all of the rooms, large and small to become theaters of proselyting activity: A bus station, bus stop or train station, a park, a baptismal service, a street or a mall, etc. Each of the offices of MTC staff would become a home where missionaries were invited to knock upon, enter and teach. Each teacher, staff member or anyone else became a prospective proselyte! It created so much excitement and fun for everyone involved. I think it became too much of a circus atmosphere and setting it up was logistically a night-mare, so it was soon discontinued. But, the experience was one of many highlights of my 32-year MTC experience.

There has always been criticism of the use of role-playing. Some missionaries believed it was a worthless exercise because it was not "real." One day in a mission president's seminar, one of the wives of the mission presidents (Unfortunately, one whom I had tutored) remarked that such practice seemed so phony and it somehow was not appropriate to practice in such fabricated and unrealistic situations. In answering her question, Elder Richard G. Scott spoke up firmly and stated that "this is the way the Lord has designed to prepare and train missionaries." Some of my colleagues have used the term, "Real-play, not Role-play." Missionaries can "lock in" to their role and it can become very real to them with accompanying spiritual and emotional feelings.

The great principle underlying all practice, drama and performance is "Empathy." The word draws upon the stem of the Greek word, "pathos" which means to suffer. The word "bathos" is similarly related, but is a false pathos—sentimentality, hackneyed, trite. Both sympathy and empathy comprise the desire and the ability or effort to put one's self in another's life, or "shoes" so to speak. If one would argue about the value of drama, they should remember the events of the Master's life. He did nothing of himself; only to do the will of His Father. When he went into the Garden, he placed Himself in the lives of every human soul—to vicariously feel the pain, the anguish, the torment of another person, every person.

In thinking of the importance of practice and of rehearsing and performing one's part, I think of the writing on the McKay Stone, a replica prominently located in the foyer of the MTC's Wilford Woodruff Administration Building. Its engraving states, *"What 'Er Thou Art, Act Well Thy Part."* In 2010, I gave a Sunday Fireside to all of the 2000 MTC missionaries referring in detail to this stone and its import in a young missionary's life.

I believe that I am here upon the earth to practice. It is a time of probation. I am preparing and rehearsing my performance for my future perfect

role in eternal life. In college, Shakespeare's words from *Macbeth* had an indelible imprint on my thinking:

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Macbeth Act 5, scene 5, 19–28

Life is so short, it is but a breath and a sigh in the vastness of our existence. It provides my chance to act well my part and to feel deeply the joy and pain of existence. I think the ultimate acting performance in life is to become the "proxy" for someone else by taking the part of another soul in receiving the ordinances of salvation in the holy temple. We invest ourselves in the earthly life of another person who has passed into another world and cannot take the part of himself or herself.

In December 2005, I initiated a special celebration of the Prophet Joseph Smith's 200th Birthday. We carefully selected about 23 MTC employees to take the part of one of the Prophet's associates. These characters included Joseph Smith Sr., Lucy Mack Smith, Emma Hale Smith, Eliza Snow, Hyrum Smith, Mary Fielding Smith, Alvin Smith, Samuel Smith, Oliver Cowdery, Martin Harris, David Whitmer, Brigham Young, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Parley P. Pratt, Orson Pratt, Orson Hyde, Heber C. Kimball, Willard Richards, Dan Jones, Newel K. Whitney, George Q. Cannon, and Orin Porter Rockwell. The BYU Motion Picture Studio assisted in providing costumes and make-up for each of the characters. Each participant wrote up a little script representing the life and contribution of each character. We filmed each person's presentation and then each participant wandered throughout the MTC during lunch time talking with the missionaries and making their presentation. The event was a rounding success and did much to elevate the spirit and honor surrounding the great Prophet Joseph. It was a wonderful triumph for the MTC! I still have the DVD of the event.

Joseph Smith's Family & Friends on His 200th Birthday

In about 2010, The MTC Presidency and their wives wanted to put on a special Independence Day performance for all the missionaries during the 4th of July celebration. It was to present an historic panorama of how the Lord prepared America for the freedom required for the establishment of the Church. I was asked to prepare a role, a script and a little drama about the Apostle Paul and his prophesies relating to the Apostasy and Restoration of the gospel. Debra helped me prepare a costume for the Apostle. I must say that it was success and I used the enactment several times in my BYU missionary preparation classes.

I had a dear friend and associate at the MTC, Daniel Hess who had majored in dramatic arts at BYU. I had employed him as an MTC training coordinator and large group trainer. He and another colleague, Jeff Chapman formed a duo in their training and performing. I encouraged them to perform various antics and scenarios in front of the missionaries, some of which were non-examples, rather humorous. One of their renditions was a little scene they developed playing Laman and Lemuel on their way to the Promised Land, ridiculing and abusing their younger brother Nephi. It was a scream of hilarity; the missionaries were greatly entertained and engrossed. They hadn't realized that the MTC could not only be deeply spiritual in nature but also so much fun.

These two and others who followed made a marked contribution to missionary training in their ability to help missionaries enter into real and potential situations to be encountered in the mission field.

Both of these marvelous actors and teachers, after their graduation entered the Seminary and Institute Program. They among many other teachers at the MTC became respected and distinguished seminary and institute teachers and leaders. Dan became one of my son Terry's teachers at Provo High School, and has continued as a great friend over many years.

So several years later, I invited Dan back to the MTC to train volunteers in the Teaching Resource Center and to perform acting parts as investigators for which missionaries could practice their lessons. During that same period, the latter years of my MTC career, we set up introduction overview dramas "in the round" for the newly arriving missionaries. We set up 8 large group training rooms with realistic props for creating life-like living room scenes, typical of an investigator home. My son-in-law, Steve McCall was one of the excellent facilitators. Then we hired or used volunteer actors to take the part of realistic investigators. I came to understand the powerfully impactful role that acting and drama can have in forming and fashioning patterns for living. Sometimes, I would introduce the evening for the missionaries by dressing up similar to what I envisioned the great prophet Abinadi might appear. While dealing with a very serious and spiritual subject, I tried to make it a welcoming and light-hearted introduction to their service as missionaries.[4]

I also put on a few ridiculous skits with a goofy professor named Professor Van Ercle who wore big black rim glasses with thick lenses, and a yard stick, who discussed silly training scenarios, like how to teach people to laugh properly, and how to avoid "the big 'B'" (boring) in training settings. One must learn how to avoid the "BTF!" ("Big Talking Face!").

When I participated in Boy Scout Wood Badge Training, I presented the "Dark Sucker" Skit which was a highlight of my dramatic skill. I also developed a presentation featuring the character of Lord Baden Powell. I had my hat, mustache, staff and script which I developed. I was told that I looked remarkably like Baden Powell. I gave the presentation with success on several occasions around the community and at Wood Badge encampments.

As a small boy, we went down to our neighbors, the Calder's who had built the first new home on the hill. At Christmas time, they had a 16 mm movie projector and they showed the movie, *A Christmas Carol*, starring Lionel Barrymore as Ebenezer Scrooge. Wow! He was scary; but he was so good at playing the part. I never forgot his performance!

Much later, as a grown-up, I had occasion to hear my good friend Jim Calder do a dramatic one-man performance of *A Christmas Carol*. He was so dramatic and animated in his impressive performance! I thoroughly enjoyed and remembered it. One day, it struck me hard! I can do that! So I took the old book and all of the edited notes and deletions of my mother and wrote up a script. I spent a lot of hours adding special recorded Christmas music at key points in the script. I can't remember when I first performed my version, sometime in 1988 or 89. But, over many years, I have been asked to perform to many different groups—schools, church groups, and family gatherings. I performed for all of the missionaries in the Nevada Las Vegas Mission and later, for all of the missionaries in residence and staff at the Philippines MTC, as well as the Philippines Area Presidency and staff.

On several occasions, when performing for missionaries or staff at the Provo MTC, I invited my friend, Daniel Hess to join me. He would do all of the parts including the narration, while I would take the part of Ebenezer. Dan added an element of humor and diversity which I could not duplicate. We performed at MTC Christmas parties and gatherings of administration and staff. Highlights of these performances were occasioned when we performed for all of the missionaries in the MTC Auditorium on Christmas Night. Elder Russell M. Nelson, in attendance, told me personally how much he enjoyed our 40-minute performance. As of this writing, we performed again on Christmas Night 2015 for all of the Provo MTC missionaries.

I remember my good friend and leader, George Durant, MTC President, who said, "Well, I didn't do it! But I wanted to!" I myself have never yet become what I would like to be. But, I must keep trying (or practicing!). I take comfort in the Lord's words to Joseph Smith:

> *"All who have died without a knowledge of this gospel, who would have received it if they had been permitted to tarry, shall be heirs of the celestial kingdom of God; Also all that shall die henceforth without a knowledge of it, who would have received it with all their hearts, shall be heirs of that kingdom; For I, the Lord will judge men according to their works,* ***according to the desire of their hearts."***
> (D&C 37:7-9)

Philosophers have suggested that we, as humans may "act as if" we are or were. There is only one perfect, sinless being who ever lived fully in the world. Only one has been completely integrated and congruent with Himself. Certainly I, and everyone else must act, reach and strive to "become."

[1] *Through A Lifetime*, Celestia J. Taylor, 55-56.
[2] Ibid, 56-57.
[3] A Christmas Carol, Charles Dickens, with Illustrations by Everett Shinn, Introduction by Lionel Barrymore, Garden City Publishing Company, Inc. New York, 1938.
[4] **Abinadi, the Prophet:**

GOOD EVENING!

Are you the new missionaries?—the ones who arrived today? Ah yes! Then you are in the right place tonight, doing the right thing!

I've been looking for you. My name is Abinadi! Some might call me A-bin-a(ah)-di (ee), but that's wrong! It's Abinadi (I)!

Maybe I look a little older, or a little shorter, or a little fatter than you thought. Do I look dead? Well, I am still me after all these years—about two thousand, one hundred and fifty! Do I look that old?

I've been around all that time watching for you! Here you are—missionaries—fellow missionaries!

I'm so proud of you! I went on a mission once. They didn't like me. They hated me. They told me to get lost, to go on a hike, to go find a cave. So I did! I left my mission, I hid and hung out!

The Lord told me to go back and "Preach My Gospel!" Well, I went back in disguise and opened my big mouth as missionaries are supposed to do. I said, "I Abinadi!" And then I realized that I had blown my cover, but it was too late.

They grabbed me, they snubbed me, they clubbed me and hauled me before the king—King Noah. It was then that I told him about you—the missionaries.

I quoted that great prophet Isaiah who saw and prophesied about you wonderful elders and sisters when he said, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings; that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good; that publisheth salvation…"

Now, look down at your feet. Do they look beautiful to you? Well, they will be! Together your feet are going to kick a few….. dogs, pump a bike up a few hills, walk hundreds, thousands of miles, cross many door-steps, and lead many people into the waters of baptism.

Your feet are going to follow in the footsteps of Jesus and are going to lead many people into eternal happiness.

Well, Noah and his priest-men didn't like what I said. They hated me, they spat upon me, they scoffed and scorned me!

Then, can you believe, they threw me into prison. They socked me, they rocked me.

Finally, the put me on top of a big camp fire; they spurned me, they churned me, they turned me, and they burned me! They torched me, they scorched me! They roasted me and they toasted me! And you know what? I didn't like it! It really burned!

So I thought my mission was a great failure. Nobody would listen to me. Well, it was after I was dead that I could really see what happened.

This young feller named Alma listened. He took down my words and he taught them to a few others. Pretty soon, he had hundreds who were listening to what I had said.

Alma became a great leader. His son, Alma, and his grandson Helaman and his great-grandson Helaman, and his great-great grandsons Nephi and Lehi, and his great-great-great-grandson Nephi, who saw the Lord were all great! Great missionaries!—they converted and lead a whole civilization of people, of good people, all perhaps because of what I had started!

So missionaries, you never know what impact you're going to have. You never know what great good will come out of your efforts.

My message to you is, "Be not weary in well-doing for out of small things proceedeth that which is great!" Bless you and lead your beautiful feet in the paths of righteousness.

Good-by until we all meet again in that great mission reunion in the stars! Fareweeellllllll…….

TEN

Science

When I was in 3rd Grade at Wasatch Elementary School, I got an illustrated book that showed the solar system. It compared the sizes of the planets with the sun. I was amazed at how small the earth was compared to the other planets and the sun. I was fascinated with the discoveries made in astronomy. I decided that when I grew up I wanted to be a great scientist!

When I was in the 5th Grade I had fallen behind in my arithmetic assignments. I didn't like arithmetic and I didn't do very well. Well, I was so embarrassed and became overwhelmed and crestfallen because I was so far behind in my book and with the other students. My feelings of failure and inadequacy were daunting; I just cried and felt humiliated by my failure. I don't think I ever really got over my sense of doom when it came to working those daunting math problems. I remember my grade school pals David Beck and Mike Herbert helped me out quite a bit. I confess that I even copied some of their work, thinking it was Ok because I was so far behind.

Later, in 6th grade, I was introduced to this "new math" and I practiced it, thinking that I could really become a great mathematician. But, I learned through trial and mostly error, that I wasn't any good at that new stuff, either. When I got to Junior High School, I had an excellent math teacher -- Mr. Wallace Allred who taught me algebra. I avoided it and tried to get by as best as I could without doing too much—because I was afraid. Verl Allman was my science teacher—a lot of the kids made fun of him and his love for science didn't rub off on too many. Most of the time, we just watched science films and made jokes and wise-cracks. Verl was a really wonderful man and I treasure his goodness and love for science.

But I always felt doomed in trying to really understand story problems and formulas. I didn't work at it very hard because of my phobias. At the BYU Laboratory High School, we had an experiment using programmed learning, where I would sit in an individual carrel. I would work at my geometry book, and step by step, try to build on learning geometry one step at a time. I kept at it—out of my fear of failure, I started to learn a little bit of geometry. I found that geometry is a fascinating area of mathematics. I did the same thing studying algebra. I worked step-by-step, to learn the equations and formulas. However, I couldn't use it much; I was baffled by story problems and couldn't translate them

into solutions very well. I loved the answer keys at the end of the book! In college and graduate school, I got into much more math and some statistics, but it was always a struggle to figure it out and apply it. I found it interesting that mathematics applies inductive reasoning processes, while statistics uses deductive approaches or visa-versa?).

But what I loved was reading! In my young life, I loved to read simple biographies about great people. As a boy, I read a little biography about Thomas Alva Edison, the great inventor. I decided I wanted to be a great inventor. Following young Edison's lead, I wanted to become an expert in Morse Code and electrically transmit my messages over the wires. In scouting, I learned the Morse Code pretty well. I spent hours with my electric train set transformer and my telegraph key (currently a paper weight on my desk) trying to set up a two-way relay using the code. I never could quite figure it out—another failure.

So, at an early age, after these deranging experiences, I decided to overcome my handicaps and become a great scientist who would delve into all of the mysteries of the Universe. My big Brother John gave me an old radio without its outer case or shell and which had all these tubes and bulbs. I found a lot of excitement trying to zero in on a station that really worked. I was working with electrical connections! He also turned over to me his very neat chemistry set which held all of these chemicals in little glass bottles and encased in a cool blue wooden box. He showed me how I could mix with sulpher and zinc to create a brilliant white smelly explosion which I performed several times for all the neighborhood kids. I added copper sulphate and the explosion turned turquoise blue. They thought I was really a smart brilliant scientist. I practiced my German accent. I owe all of my early scientific impressiveness to my big brother, John.

Well, I went downstairs in the basement of our home on the hill. I took over with considerable opposition from my Mother, our little fruit room. I made it into my personal laboratory. I put an old table in and put my chemicals and bottles on the shelves.

At Christmas time, Santa Claus (my Mom and Dad) gave to me another really expansive chemistry set with a whole bunch of additional chemicals and a book of experiments I could try. It is a wonder that I didn't blow up the whole wood frame house on the hill. If I had performed my experiments in today's society, the Fire Department would put me in rehabilitation or I would be arrested for becoming a terrorist.

My laboratory had some paraphernalia for heating and blowing glass. I also received a Christmas gift of a microscope (which sits on my shelf to this day).

I had a lot of fun with my little Bunsen burner torch blowing glass. I collected glass bottles and test tubes from the BYU Lab supply room. I collected some algae water from the BYU Botany Pond and grew a horrible culture of yucky water filled with amoebas and paramecia's and other micro bugs. I spent hours creating slides and looking at my guck through my microscope. I examined at length my strand of hair which looked like a big band of rhubarb or a steel girder or iron beam.

In high school, I was required to take a science class. The teacher was Mr. Omar Hansen. He seemed like the type to be a science teacher. I think he had thick glasses. I don't remember anything from the class except when he taught us about light, and convex and concave lenses and how the light would bend as it passed through. Also we learned about prisms and the spectrum of light, breaking white light into the various colors of the rainbow. I was interested in what I learned about light.

I continued to read my biographies, and my science fiction stuff. I read the biographies of several great figures including Albert Einstein. I was fascinated with their brilliance and their interest in solving the great questions of the Universe. I thought that maybe someday, I could solve the universal field theory.

Terry's "Mad Scientist" Laboratory

I and Stephen Hawking would find the great formulas for solving the complexities of the atom and of the universe.

Growing older, as a freshman student at BYU, I took my low-level chemistry class to begin filling my science requirements. I didn't understand anything from the class, the teacher or the textbook. I received the lowest grade of my college career, just above C level! And so, I realized that my early dream of becoming a great scientist would never burst upon me!

But my interest in science has never wavered. Early on, I learned that we have sets and subsets in astronomy. First, we have our solar system, planets circling the sun, our star. Then we have our galaxy, the Milky Way, a large spiraling mass of stars. Our star—the Sun, lies on the outer fringes of the Milky Way, among swirling masses of stars. Then we have our universe, a collection of myriads of other galaxies, comparatively large and small.

Two of my favorite and successful undergraduate classes at BYU were science classes. One was a geology class, "The History of the Earth," and the other was a genetics class. I learned that the earth is very old and that life forms actually change over time, through mutations of various kinds.

From the notions and observations of Aristotle, the theories of Ptolemy and Copernicus, and the experiments of Galileo, mankind slowly progressed to a more viable scientific method. From the brilliant revelations of the laws of earthly physics, Sir Isaac Newton, discovered or explained the first great forces of nature. The **law of gravity,** associated with other earthly laws, like **entropy,** and laws of **motion**, science developed into a viable truth-finding method. We thank Newton for deriving the mathematics of **calculus**, so necessary to solving or resolving attributes of the natural world.

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, Let Newton be! and all was light."
("Alexander Pope, Epitaph: Intended for Sir Isaac Newton").[1]

Along comes many other brilliant brains, especially one named Albert Einstein, whose intuitive notions and revelatory insights started bringing together the very large and the very small. His famous equation $E=Mc^2$ suggested that matter and energy are interchangeable. I really liked reading his biography.

I have in my library, a very precious book, all beautifully leather-bound with special sepia-toned acid free paper, all engraved with gold leaf and lettering—the *General and the Special Theory of Relativity* by Albert Einstein. I have read every line and every formula in this book! I should also let you know

that I have not understood a single word or sentence let alone the formulas and equations!

Like so many others, I have been fascinated with science fiction and watching movies which have increasing realistic animated technology. I was deeply entranced when I watched the movie, "2001 Space Odyssey." I did not become a "Trekkie" from watching "Star Trek," but I sure enjoyed watching and re-watching the original series. Who didn't like seeing "Star Wars," at least the first three produced in the series?

In high school and college I was engrossed by watching the first "sputnik" and satellites go into orbit and hearing of Astronaut Gus Grissolm and John Glenn, the first man into space. When camping out under the stars, I saw the satellite whizzing by in the night-time sky. I was riveted to the small TV and news regarding the first flight to the moon. "One small step for man….."

When Carl Sagan spoke so eloquently on TV about the elegance of the "billions and billions" of stars, we came to more fully appreciate the smallness and beauty of our present world. His book, *Cosmos* became a best seller. When astronauts testified of the beauty of the earth from space, we came to be filled with awe and gratitude for our beautiful mother earth and the unique space ship, our planet earth, upon which we are riding.

How many stars are there in our Milky Way galaxy? Scientists estimate that there are around 300 billion stars, some smaller than our sun and some much, much bigger. This number is not representative of other galaxies. Many galaxies are not as big as the Milky Way. Many are larger. There are giant elliptical galaxies, which may be 20 times more massive than our own.

How many stars are there in the Universe? This is even more difficult to answer because scientists don't really know how big the Universe is. They can only estimate the *observable* universe. According to their theories, they guess that the *observable* universe is about 13.8 billion years old. Light traveling to us from more distant objects has not had time to reach us, so we can't observe them! Astronomers place current estimates of total stellar population at roughly 70 billion trillion (7×10^{22}). This is a big number of stars. But how many planets? How many worlds populated by life, human life, could there be?

Several times over the last years, the Hubble Space Telescope was focused on a tiny spot in the sky and saw objects which were first thought to be star clusters. A picture of a little slice of space revealed not just stars and clusters but innumerable independent galaxies! The Telescope showed us vivid pictures of a Universe so vast, so beautiful, so awesome, that we realized how stunningly

insignificant we might appear in the enormity of the cosmos. The scientist J.B.S. Haldane famously observed, *"The universe is not only queerer than we suppose; it is queerer than we can suppose."*[2] Scientists are now speculating that there are other universes, even billions and more!

In 1995, a tiny spot focused on Ursa Major showed some 3,000 dim galaxies. With upgrading the equipment, a smaller spot in the constellation Fornax found 10,000 galaxies. One scientist roughly estimated that there are 10 trillion galaxies in the observable universe. If this number is multiplied by the Milky Way's approximate 100 billion stars, one gets 100 octillion stars: 100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 stars.[3] But the theorist thinks that this is a gross underestimate since we can't see beyond the light edge of the universe. Also, a more refined detailed look will show even more galaxies.[4]

They also estimate that about 80% of all the matter that exists in the universe is "dark matter," and sometimes it is called "exotic dark matter," because it is so mysterious. There is much more of it than all of the stars in the universe put together. It can't be seen or measured with telescopes and other instruments yet. Scientists think that it contains at least double the number of types of particles about which is currently known.

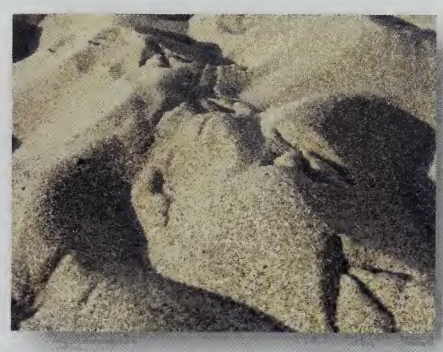
As a sophomore student at the BYU, I was intrigued by the little essay, called "Pensees" (Thoughts), by the mathematician/philosopher, Blaise Pascal (1623-1662). He suggested that man lies between two great extremes, the enormity of space and the infinitesimally small atom.

> *"For in fact what is man in nature? A Nothing in comparison with the Infinite, an All in comparison with the Nothing, a mean between nothing and everything. Since he is infinitely removed from comprehending the extremes, the end of things and their beginning are hopelessly hidden from him in an impenetrable secret; he is equally incapable of seeing the Nothing from which he was made, and the Infinite in which he is swallowed up.*
>
> *What will he do then, but perceive the appearance of the middle of things, in an eternal despair of knowing either their beginning or their end. All things proceed from the Nothing, and are borne towards the Infinite. Who will follow these marvelous processes? The Author of these wonders understands them. None other can do so."*[5]

Have you seen comparisons online of the utterly small world of the atom to the utterly large world of the universe? Amazing!

One time, our little family went up to Bear Lake for a vacation with grandpa and grandma Wagstaff, Debbie's parents. We went boating on the beautiful blue-green lake. I spent some time on the beach and looked very closely at a handful of the volcanic grains of sand. I filled a small bottle with the interesting very tiny seemingly perfectly oval grains. There was sure a lot of this sand, on this relatively small lake, stretching for miles. Thinking of what the Lord said to Enoch,

> *"And were it possible that man could number the particles of the earth, yea, millions of earths like this, it would not be a beginning to the number of thy creations; and thy curtains are stretched out still; and yet thou art there, and thy bosom is there; and also thou are just; thou art merciful and kind forever"* (Moses 7:30).



Sand

Stars

I marveled, and again, wondered about which is the greater number—the number of grains of sand on all of earth's beaches and deserts or the number of stars in the heavens?

Certainly, neither stars nor sand grains can be literally counted, but a group of researchers at the University in Hawaii, being well-acquainted with beachy things, tried to calculate the number of the grains of sand on all the beaches and deserts of the world. They assumed that the estimated number of average sized grains of sand in a teaspoon multiplied by all of the beaches and deserts on the earth would be roughly (and very roughly) 7.5×10^{18} grains of sand, or seven quintillion, five hundred quadrillion grains. That's a

lot of grains. Obviously, grains and stars can't be counted, not literally. But scientists and statisticians can guestimate.

So comparing stars with sand is pretty difficult. But with a Hubble Telescope, other measuring instruments, a good calculator, and counting bright stars, dim stars, red dwarfs, white dwarfs, supernovas and everything recorded in the sky, and boom! They come up with a figure of 70 thousand million, million, million stars in the observable universe (a 2003 estimate), much higher than the grains of sand. A very large number indeed. But the author of this little comparison says, matter-of-factly, that one will find the same number of H^2O molecules in just ten drops of water! "We are surrounded by vastness, high and low, and either way, we can't handle the biggitude."[6] Molecules must be really small! And, there sure must be a lot of them!

But scientist are finding out that that there are things much, much smaller than atoms and molecules—infinitely smaller!

Some astronomers and cosmologists now try to tell us that the entire universe was created in a single instance called, the "Big Bang." Prior to that cosmic explosion, there was nothing! Nothing of what we know now in the Universe existed, other than what the scientists termed, a **singularity**, a point of infinite smallness. There was no time, since there were no events. There was no space because there was nothing for space to occupy.

Physicists and other scientists have built what are known as "super-colliders" or "atom smashers." Quantum mechanics scientists are continuing to discover new and smaller particles with the aid of the Super Hadron Collider and other new instruments and developments, ever searching for the essence of our universe. The super colliders, by magnetic forces, get atoms going faster and faster approaching the speed of light, until they smash into each other and break apart, showing new tiny particles. With the results, they try to understand and verify what happened during the expansion.

By revelation, Joseph Smith said,

> *"There is no such thing as immaterial matter. All spirit is matter, but it is more fine or pure, and can only be discerned by purer eyes;*
> *We cannot see it; but when our bodies are purified we shall see that it is all matter.* (Doctrine and Covenants 131:6-8).

Do I understand any of this? Certainly not! Why do I mention all of these fundamental particles and star systems in my personal history? Because I am interested! Because I am appreciative of both revelation and reason—science

and what it can teach me. Because I am very grateful for this earth and all that I enjoy of this earthly life.

I am so grateful for my physical body and my knowledge that I will one day be resurrected into an infinite and eternal being, like my Heavenly Father, and that my family will also be raised into immortality. I have lost loved ones, including two wonderful boys—my sons, Douglas and Allen. I am grateful that I have knowledge and assurance that life will go on far beyond what I see in this present world. I am overwhelmed with humility and gratitude!

And so, my great ambition to become a great or mad scientist has never yet been fully achieved. But I take courage from the line that those who think themselves "wits" are usually half right. So keeping that in mind, while I have not achieved becoming a scientist or mathematician, I have achieved madness and will probably continue to pursue it.

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[1] *A Short History of Nearly Everything*, Bill Bryson, Special Illustrated Edition, Broadway Books, 2005, 60.
[2] Ibid., 24.
[3] Internet: "How Many Stars Are there in the Universe?" "Which Is Greater, The Number Of Sand Grains On Earth Or Stars In The Sky?", Robert Krulwich, September 17, 2012
[4] *Spectrums: Our Mind-Boggling Universe, from Infinitesmal to Infinity,* David Blatner.
[5] *Thoughts*, Blaise Pascal, The World's Great Thinkers, Vol. 1, Man and Spirit, The Speculative Philosophers, Random House, 1947, 200-201.
[6] Spectrums, Blatner

ELEVEN

Numbers

I have learned that there are many dimensions to learning— more than I can possibly understand. Upon obtaining my doctor's degree in education, my chairman and advisor said, "Congratulations, George! Now you understand that you don't know anything!"

The glory of God is light and truth. A fact is a particle of truth—a point—which is one dimension in space and time. Two facts or two witnesses becomes two dimensions, a line in space between two points. Three facts, three points or three witnesses create three dimensions.

An infinite number of dimensions creates a perfect sphere of whole and complete knowledge. The infinity of time and the eternity of space is the dwelling place of the great Heavenly God —His omniscience, omnipresence and omnipotence is ever stretching backwards and forwards, in both space and time. He knows all things "and there is not anything save He knows it." He is Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End.

Truth is defined as knowledge of things past, present and future. The Lord is in all things, through all things and round about all things. All things are present before His eyes continually (D&C 88:6; 93:17, 24, 38:2). I am glad that I can depend upon Him and have a faith, a hope, and a charity—a firm foundation of trust in His ever stretching arms of mercy and justice.

Occasionally, I have glimpses, glances, and little glimmers of His everlasting glory in the signs and signals of the natural world around me. For example, I observe dichotomies everywhere; or I see the triads and other harmonies found in the numbers of nature. I see in life and in the scriptures, sacred and symbolic numbers—like the number 40, the number 12, the number 10, the number 7, and the number 5. I read from Nibley that in astrology, the cosmic numbers of 3, 7 and 12 dominate the structure of the society.[1] There is something aesthetically and scientifically going on with the famous exact number called the "golden proportion" or "golden mean" of 2.618/1.[2] The following are a few of my ruminations about some of these signs.

The Number Five

I have five fingers on two hands, five toes on two legs, to touch, to walk and to work, five human senses—hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, and touching—my eyes, my ears, my nose, my tongue and my hands and feet. These are the earthly and worldly gifts for my learning in the natural frame of my humanity. The five bodily instruments of sense send signals to my human mind, heart, to brain and frame. They enable my use of agency in this mortal world of opposites and opposition. Another example, I see in the scriptures, are the five basic principles and ordinances of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I observe five fundamental principles of missionary preparation and qualification—faith, hope, charity and love with an eye single to the glory of God (D&C 4). I go to the temple and learn the five laws of Heaven. I see in my mind's eye, the five terrible wounds given in sacrifice for my own immortal and eternal life. The number five has significant meaning to my creation in His image, as a child of a Heavenly Father.

I review four other learning dimensions. Each has had a practical and philosophical impact on me as a teacher and trainer of young and older students!

First, Unity—One-Fold

When I came to work in MTC, the gym program was directed by David Porter, a BY High school student, son of Blaine, a BYU Dean, and brother of Claudia, and Roger, members of my BYH. Class. A little later, one of his staff was a BYU volleyball athlete and exercise science student, Mark Jarman, the son of former BYU Basketball standout and later BYU PE Department Chairman, Boyd Jarman. When Dave left for Hawaii, Mark took his place in the MTC gym.

I and my MTC associates had a lot of fun playing together in the MTC gym at lunch time. In the gym there were some agonizing moments which we endured under the direction of our boss, Allen C. Ostergar. We practiced applying the missionary *Timed-X* Program. It was brutal! Sit-ups, push-ups, stretches and bends. Then we played basketball! How many fun-filled hours did we have playing basketball at lunch time? How many times did Mark step on my toes? They got black and blue. I lost a couple of toenails.

How exhilarating and competitive it was for me, and entertaining to others, to watch me chase my friend and coworker Gene Hill around the court trying to stop his two-inch dribble and fade-away jump shot!

An expansion of MTC administrative staff was approved and assistant training positions were created. Both Richard I. Heaton and Mark Jarman were appointed to two of these positions. Mark was assigned to work with me in the training for the English missionaries. Here I was small and dark-haired; Mark over 6-feet, blond, blue-eyed Mr. Superman—a superb athlete. I admired and loved Mark from the beginning. I soon came to realize that his missionary training sense and training ability was better and more practical than my own.

How many wonderful spiritual and training times did we have with those 12 English zone coordinators weekly in Room A-112? How many boisterous laughs we burst forth from the antics of Dan (Hess) and Jeff (Chapman) and others? I think Mark's motto was and is, "If it isn't fun, it isn't worth it!" How many moments of reading and sharing rich feelings and applications from the Book of Mormon did we experience together? All of us know of Mark's example of loving, learning and living the teachings from the Book of Mormon. His vision and skill of using the Book in missionary work is exactly what President Benson was urging us to do. Mark now serves as the Director of Training at the MTC for all missionaries. I learned much about leadership and training in those joyous unified experiences.

I learned about the importance of unifying leadership, of becoming "one" in purpose and spirit: The Twelve will not move forward with any change or implementation without common and complete concurrence, consensus, and communication among themselves. I learned that a leader must enable and encourage individual agency. A great leader seeks and requires complete unity before moving ahead or implementing any action or program. When I was called as a mission president, there was a seamless transition and improvement of training as Mark took over my MTC position. He eventually became the MTC Director of Training. Richard became our boss as the Administrative Director of Training. I have learned that without complete unity in the Lord's work, implementation cannot move forward. B. H. Roberts quoted the famous line attributed to St. Augustine of Hippo, *"In essentials,*

unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity." Seeking such unity in marriage is a life-long exercise. But, marriage will not work very well without striving for unity. Did not the Lord say, *"If ye are not one, ye are not mine."* (D&C 38:27; 51:9).

Second, Duality—Two-Fold

I am grateful for life and for living in this world. As a boy, I was reared and roamed upon the foothills called "Oak Hills." My pioneering father and mother built a road and a home on the hill, a place we called "Pussy Willow Bend," The Pussy Willows grew up near where our septic tank was located, no doubt because of septic seepage!

I took my little dog Rusty and my BB gun and oft went exploring. Over the years, as I gained more courage, I surmounted the tip and top of Squaw Peak, the pinnacle of Y-Mountain, the summit of Provo Peak, Cascade Peak, Freedom Peak and Lighting Peak. I have felt the blowing breeze on Windy Pass. I have prayed and played in my wildernesses. My own sons have been taken away from me and from life in rocky canyons of despair. Life has taught me many lessons in lonely places. And, I have truly sung, *"When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur...How Great Thou Art!"* I have been up to the Mountain of the Lord's house, many times. My family donated a small sliver of land along the road for the building of the Provo Temple. As mentioned, I had a wonderful childhood amid homes of love and beauty. This small body of mine has brought me much joy and pleasure. I am grateful for the tangible physical elements of my being.

The Lord has brought my spirit and my body together to find joy as well as suffering. This flesh and this eternal spirit create a dual nature within me—my human (natural) nature and my spiritual or divine nature. When spirit and element will be inseparably connected, I can receive a fullness of joy! This dichotomy of life creates conflict, opportunity and agency. I see the tug and shove of living in all things—the push and pull, the breathing in and out, my heart beating systolic and diastolic, the rising up in the morning and the falling asleep in the evening, the constant alternation of the day and night, the tide in its daily ebb and flow, the rising and setting of the sun, the changing cycle of the moon's reflections.

I was deeply impressed as a young man, reading Ralph Waldo Emerson's essay on "Compensation." He speaks of the dualism evident through all of nature.

"...It must needs be that there is an opposition in all things" (2 Ne. 2: 11). The Lord's eternal purposes reveal His two-fold life—His work and His glory. First His work—his effort, His energy, all that He gives and sends out. Then alternating, His glory—receiving back His honor, His reward, His joy, His happiness! These two things—His work and His glory, obtain for us His children two gifts--our gift of immortality and the greatest of all gifts--eternal life!

What God gives and what He gains; His breathing in and His breathing out are His life! He sends His children down to mortality and then brings them back to immortality; from heaven to earth and then back to heaven. We send our missionaries out, and then bring them back safe home again. Being born into mortality and then reborn to eternal life is the work and glory of the Lord. This is the pulse of His life! This dual life purpose and process is seen in all of His Gospel. I have been sent down to earth to live my mortal life. I hope to someday return back to Him.

True Baptism requires death and burial in both the water and the Spirit. It also requires newness of the life of the physical body, the resurrection—my resurrection and then the exaltation of my spirit and body together.

I am here to gain knowledge even by study and by faith. I see this duality through all of the instruction and training of missionaries—the approaches between learning doctrine and building relationships; the interchange between missionary attributes and missionary skills; the distinctions between teaching and training; the tension between use of materials and effective methods; the emphasis given between purpose and procedure; the balance required between flexibility and rigidity; the constant challenges of scheduling and stability versus the need for flexibility and spontaneity; the need for creativity versus uniformity, between individuality and collectivity, between contrast and fidelity and so on and on...the tension continues in all things

I have known all of the MTC presidents through 2014. During the 80's, I worked very closely with two great presidents—I served as executive secretary to each--first, President Joseph Bishop, his two counselors, Adrian VanMonfrans, a distinguished professor of education and Jay E. Jensen, later to become one of the seven presidents of the Seventy. Jay was also my boss for three wonderful years. The second was President George Durrant and his counselors Paul Felt and James E. Mangum. Each was different—very different. Each made a wonderful contribution to my life. During this period, the MTC was divided administratively and organizationally by two vital functions--ecclesiastical and administrative. The first are called and chosen and set apart as spiritual leaders. The latter are employed as professional managers.

Each needs the other to enable the proper spiritual and temporal life of the organization and of the missionary. The Church is organized similarly—spiritual visionary leaders of the First Presidency and the Quorum of Twelve creating policy through prophecy and revelation. They appoint the Presiding Bishopric assuring tangible stability through the management of all temporal affairs. The Church employs professional, talented, educated and trained men and women to manage the temporal direction of the Church. The Melchizedek Priesthood leads in spiritual realms and the Aaronic Priesthood officiates in temporal matters. Our Missionary Department is led by members of the quorums of the Seventy and managed by professional staff.

I observed over 32 years of employment in the MTC, the ever circling attempt to finding the right balance and equivalence between opposites. The pendulum continues to swing to and fro always seeking the zenith or the center place. And the great debates will continue, ever striving to create the perfect training program and spiritual applications of the gospel. It is in the effort that the Lord's spirit continues to guide, balance and unify the things of earth and heaven, between principle and practice. The distinctions between teaching and training, and between management and leadership, intrigue me; I am a student of these contrasting but equally important functions.

Third, Trinity—Three-Fold

The three-fold patterns of life stir my mind continually. The doctrine of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit permeates through all nature, time and space. By the water, I keep the commandment, by the blood, I am justified and by the Spirit, I can become sanctified.

It has become increasingly apparent to me that learning is accomplished through the three functions or processes of "thinking," "feeling" and "doing." The instruments of these functions are my mind, my heart, my hands and feet. From the beginning of my observations of the changes in missionary training curriculum, one thing has been consistent throughout—the approach, the processes and the methods combine and retain this three-fold model of learning and development. From the early "teaching skills" program for missionaries in 1978, Kelly Crab incorporated the pattern in "Teach for Understanding, Teach for Acceptance and Teach for Commitment."

I attended an international training conference in Mount Airy, Pennsylvania. One of the workshops focused on that universal model of "Cognitive, Affective, and Behavioral" (or Psychomotor). I was interested in some of the research models in learning theory from the 80's or 90's on learning styles. Some people learn best through observing and watching (eye), some through hearing and listening (ear) and some through active physical participation—kinetic learning.

Our early MTC reading program had an evaluation test called LISA (Learning Inventory Style Assessment) which supposedly could help identify learning styles. Some theorists believed that proper cognitive functioning required adequate growth in the crawling stage and walking stages of human development. One MTC consultant wanted us to have struggling missionaries crawling around the gym floor! We tested missionaries using LISA and found it to be quite effective in helping missionaries find their best mode of learning.

Well, this three-fold categorization permeated my thinking, my instructional and training approach through my professional tenure. I note that these principles are woven into the fabric of the missionary manual, Preach My Gospel. The lessons formulated in Chapter Three combine three important elements relating to this model—the presentation of doctrinal principles, the

interview questions and the need for obtaining commitments. One can read on page 20, "Learn what someone should know, feel, and do because of your teaching." This design is particularly apt in focusing on the needs and feelings of the investigator, rather than on the skills of the missionary. A missionary must learn to discern, to perceive, and to listen to what might be in the investigator's mind or heart or what they are willing to do. This trichotomy has intrigued me, motivated me and helped me apply or experience many fulfilling teaching and training moments. I recognize that I may be too transfixed by the pervasive and universal demonstrations of this pattern in all of nature.

Fourth, Four-fold

There is a four-fold field of learning and growth, as outlined in the structure of this personal history. These quadrants can be represented by the four seasons of nature—spring, Summer, Fall and Winter—the times of planting, growing, harvesting, and fallowing. My life consists of these four seasons—infancy, youth, mature manhood and old age. I have detailed these four-fold processes in my little book, *Goals for Eternal Life*.

The Lord commands that I grow and serve with all of my heart, might, mind and strength and these efforts may qualify me for His work. The Lord Himself grew and matured in wisdom, [knowledge] stature [physique] and in favor with God [spirituality] and man [sociality]. Does this word, "qualify" suggest or is related to the quantity and quadrants of my life? How will I treat a young 19 or 21-year old missionary who is in the formative, growing and early maturing stage of life?

Several years ago we had a prominent and nationally recognized educator, Dr. Ethna Reid visit the MTC and make a presentation on how we teach, guide, respond to and discipline young students.

I had been a scoutmaster and had a group 18 boys of whom I considered to be mostly unruly, misbehaving hooligans. I tried with varying degrees of success, to manipulate and control their behavior. We were designated as the outstanding troop at Camp Steiner in the Uintah mountains—but it was a shallow and hollow victory because of the manner in which I coerced their obedience. From Dr. Reid's instruction, I learned enormously

from her 15 principles of classroom discipline, based primarily on the Doctrine and Covenants 121. I tried to apply these principles later in my scouting career as a Varsity Team Coach. What a different experience I had. I learned about forbearance. I learned of the limitations God must place upon Himself in allowing His children their use of agency.

While working towards my doctoral degree in Education, I was introduced to a popular and viable model of situational leadership theory. The model illustrates four quadrants of leadership style applied according to the situation, the context and the work environment. An additional dimension was added: the maturity of the worker including their intent and motivation. The model illustrates that effective leaders respond and lead according to the maturity and growth of the followers.[3]

Thus, I learned a little about "waiting upon the Lord." I have observed effective leaders and managers helping their workers exercise their agency; to let them act and bring forth fruit out of their own planting, growing and harvesting. I have seen the guiding hand of the Lord over several years allowing His servants to "work out" His work through their own initiative and faith, still waiting patiently for an increased harvest.

Numbers have meaning. They are symbols, models and representations of eternal truths found evident everywhere. Can anyone doubt God's omniscience?

[1] *The Collected Works of Hugh Nibley, Volume 9,* "Approaching Zion," Deseret Book Company, 1989, page 507.
[2] Joe Mislan, *The Golden Mean* (New Jersey, Princeton University, 1977); cf. Lyall Watson, *Supernature* (New York: Anchor., 1973), 107.
[3] *Management of Organizational Behavior, Utilizing Human Resources*, Paul Hersey and Kenneth H. Blanchard, Prentice Hall, 1977, Third Edition,

TWELVE

Philosophy

Philosophy is the love of or the search for wisdom and knowledge. It is defined as "theory or logical analysis of the principles underlying conduct, thought, knowledge, and the nature of the universe." It includes such things as ethics, aesthetics, logic, epistemology, and metaphysics.[1] In my study of history, I learned a little about some of the old Greek philosophers.

I learned about Socrates who was the "gadfly" about town, questioning everybody about everything. It is said that he wandered about because his wife was a shrew and he didn't want to go home! His great motto was, "Know Thyself." He professed not to know anything and so he became the "wisest of all men." Socrates must have had quite an impact on a lot of folks. They didn't like his questions, so they killed him.

I think of Socrates, the great teacher, who professed not to know anything. I contrast his philosophy with that of the Lord, Jesus Christ—the greatest of all teachers! Socrates was always searching and questioning. Jesus came having authority, stating that he was "the Way, the Truth, and the Life! Christ declared that He had all power both in heaven and earth; that He knew all things from the beginning to the end—Alpha and Omega! So here is one who declared he knew nothing and they killed him for it! And here is one who knew all things, and they killed him for it!

I have really liked the poem, "Every Day," by Edmund Vance Cook:

Everyday

Oh one might be like Socrates and drink the hemlock up;
He might pledge death with philosophic ease and drain the untrembling cup.
But to be barefoot and be great; most in desert, least in state.
I know I falter at the peak trod daily by that steadfast Greek.

Oh, one might nerve himself to climb upon his cross and cruelly die;
Forgiving his betrayer's crimes with pity in his eye.
But day by day and week by week, to feel his power and yet be meek
I scarce dare trust even you to be, as was the Christ of Galilee.

Oh one might reach heroic heights by one strong burst of power.
He might endure the whitest lights of heaven for an hour.
But harder is the daily drag, to smile at trials which fret and fag,
And not to murmur, nor to lag.
The test of greatness is the way one meets the eternal everyday!

Socrates wrote nothing down. We have his record from his great pupil, Plato who wrote down all of his teachings. Plato became the father of the philosophy known as "Idealism." He told the parable or allegory of "The Cave." A group of people who were chained inside a cave and could only see shadows on the wall of the things out in the real world. The story suggests that what we see in this world are shadows of real things in an ideal or a metaphysical world. Things we see and experience are vapors of reality!

Plato's great student and brain child was Aristotle who organized and cataloged everything on the earth! His great branch of philosophy became known as "Realism." Only things we can observe and logically "deduce" are the "real" and practical things that we can depend upon. Empirical observation or study by personal experience is the real way to learn truth.

These definitions may be a little simplistic, but from these two great roots of thought developed many branches from other thinkers over time. These include such extensions as humanism, pragmatism, existentialism, determinism, essentialism, nihilism, and many others

Somehow, I had an old paperback on my shelf, *The Story of Philosophy*, by Will Durrant, inherited from my brother John who had a few underlined markings in the book. I learned that in its time, it was a best seller and made a name for Will. At lunchtimes and other times, I plowed slowly through the book. It was a big book! I learned about all of the major philosophers who followed—Francis Bacon, Spinoza, Voltaire, Rousseau, Immanuel Kant and John Locke, Schopenhauer, Spencer, Nietzsche, and others. I have most of the writings of these men in my collections. I have a beautiful leather-bound book of Nietzsche's philosophy. It is nonsense to me—beyond my comprehension!

Many of their mental patterns and contributions were interesting to me. I had a hunger to learn about the great ideas of the ages. I had acquired the enormous 11-volume *Story of Civilization*, by Will and Ariel Durrant, and their *Lessons of History*. One day, I discovered a lengthy biography of Will Durrant and his wife in the Provo Library. Durrant was raised a Catholic but gave up most of his faith. Ariel was Jewish. I devoured the book and the fascinating story of his prodigious, industrious and scholarly life. I eventually acquired the biography,

reread it, and acquired a large and used hard-bound copy of *The Story of Philosophy*.

I also became interested in the writing of Hugh W. Nibley, the brilliant BYU professor of language, history, religion and philosophy. I acquired his multi-volume works and began reading. At the time of writing this, I have completed half of the 20 volume set. My cousin Ken lent me a copy of the story of Nibley during World War II, an amazing and miraculous biography of his military life, as a member of the 101st Airborne Division of the US Army, the famed "Screaming Eagles." He was involved in intelligence as a master sergeant throughout the War. As a young missionary, he had encountered Adolph Hitler in a restroom. He served in every major campaign and conflict in the war, including the Normandy invasion, and was unscathed, while so many of his fellows were killed. Professor Nibley became a strong apologist for the Book of Mormon and Joseph Smith. He aligned with the Democratic Party and was an ardent conservationist. I have gleaned intellectual fruit from his views about Zion, consecration, the destruction that wealth causes, and the preservation and respect for our earthly planet. There are some things in his ardent beliefs of which I do not agree.

I took a course in graduate school, on the Philosophy of Education. While the professor was good, the text book was really good. It laid out so well all of the foundations of education from the ancient to the modern worlds.[2] I used the models and summaries in the book to teach an educational foundations class at BYU for one semester.

I mention these readings because they influenced my understanding and appreciation for the things of the mind, and the contributions of great thinkers throughout history. I wish I was more intelligent and knowledgeable to understand some of the ideas and contributions of people over time. So much in their writings is confusion, incomprehensible to me and full of doubt about life. I know that many of these persons will find joy when they really learn the truth of all things from the fountain of all truth. "The glory of God is intelligence, or, in other words, light and truth" (Doctrine and Covenants 93:36).

A part of every person's philosophy are their fundamental beliefs or core values. Some people write down a personal creed. I share the following summary of my personal beliefs and hopes, perhaps a glimpse into my philosophy of life. While I regularly fall short from my ideals, I proclaim them in hopes of repentance and improvement.

FOR TODAY
Daily Principles for Living

For today, I will do my best.
I will hold out long enough to do right and refrain long enough
From doing wrong in order to say at day's end,
"Today, I have done my best; today, I am a success!"

For today, I will arise early;
I will feel the breath and sigh of nature;
I will see the beauty of the world and of the universe;
I will taste, touch, smell, see, hear and partake of the physical world.
Today, I will give thanks and say, "Life is good--life is joyful!"

For today, I will exercise my body.
I will feel the blood pulsing through every vessel of my being.
I will fill my lungs with clean, good air.
I will eat of the fruit of the vine. I will avoid excesses.
Today, I will say, "I am alive--today I have health!"

For today, I will thoroughly cleanse my body.
I will oil and perfume my physique. I will clean and polish my shoes;
I will clothe in fresh, clean garments and I will wear my whitest shirt.
I will trim my nails, cut my hair, shave my face, take joy in my appearance.
I will try to have the countenance of Christ!
Today, I will say, "I have upon me the mantle of priesthood;
I wear the armor of God!"

For today, I will study.
I can look back over time and snatch knowledge from the sages.
I will contemplate the great thoughts and ideas of the ages.
I will love to learn. I will focus, discipline, dedicate and stretch my mind.
I will read His word in His books--the best books.
I will say today, "I have used my mind and have been edified!"

For today, I will pray to God.
I will say the words, "My Father in Heaven."
I will try to feel the influence of the Holy Ghost in my mind and in my heart.
I will think, ponder, contemplate, meditate, listen.
I will make new commitments and renew former covenants.
Today, I will say, "I have been with God;

Today I am spiritual--I am born again!"

For today, I will avoid speaking unkindly.
I will hold my tongue; I will master my feelings.
I will practice love unfeigned for all people.
I will practice innocence, guilelessness, humility, patience.
Today, I will say, "I am a child!"

For today, I will exude confidence.
I will give an air of optimism and faith
Even if I feel subdued or disheartened.
At least, I will withhold self-criticism.
I will be cheerful and appear positive and enthusiastic.

For one day, I will believe that I have a future,
That I have promise; that I am a special being;
That people both need me and look to me for leadership.
If I cannot feel this way, for today, I will act this way!

For today, I will think of others.
I will withhold my own desires, my own appetites,
My own ambitions, my own will.
For today I will say, "Thy will, not mine be done,"
And "As for me and my house, we will serve..."
I will believe that through my sacrifice or service,
Will come my joy and fulfillment.
I will say at the end of the day,
"I have lived The Great Commandments--I have lived for others!

For today, I will work.
I will use my agency. I will schedule my time.
I will establish plans, I will prioritize activities.
I will decide which course to follow.
Today, I will persist, endure, strive and perhaps sweat,
For so it has been decreed.
Today, I will say, "I have worked--I have kept the law of my being!"

For today, I will be a husband, a father, a patriarch.
I will look at my wife, my children, my family and say and feel the words,
"I love you. You are mine; you are part of me, you are my eternity!"

For today, I will put on my finest clothes, think my best thoughts,
Keep my highest aspirations, cling to my most elevating dreams,
Perform my greatest deeds.
At day's end, I will say, "Today is my day.
For today, I will approach perfection!"
For today, I will be what I want to be!

AND I WILL TRY HARDER TOMORROW

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[1] *Webster's New World Dictionary of the American Language*, Simon and Schusster, 1980.
[2] *Philosophy of Education*, Edward J. Power, Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1982.

THIRTEEN

My British Mission

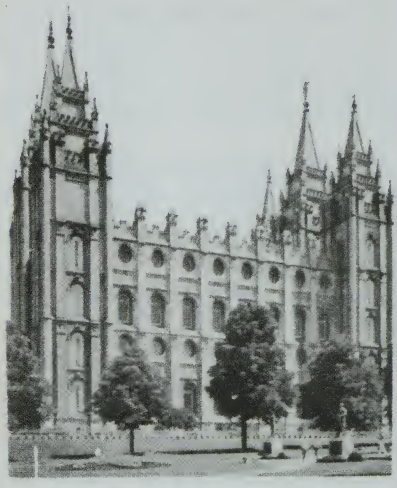
I always knew that I wanted to go on a mission. My brother John had gone on a mission to South Africa, the land of my Dixon heritage and my Dad had served in the Northwestern States. I was part of a full quorum of 48 priests in our ward. I had been active in Seminary and in my priesthood duties. It was just expected that every young man would go. But I wanted to go! I was able to serve before they made restrictions on the number of missionaries who could be called from each ward, because the Vietnam War was just heating up.

At age nineteen, I thought it would be a good idea to get a year of college behind me so before I was called, I went to BYU. I took my Book of Mormon classes, taught by the Dean of Students, Elliot Cameron. My parents purchased for me a gift of a brand new deluxe, leather-bound set of official missionary scriptures, all tabbed and with a section of Missionary References. I was sure happy and proud of my new scriptures.

I also took my missionary preparation class from Reid Bankhead who was a construction engineer by trade and a religion professor by design and desire. He was a firm advocate of using Book of Mormon passages to "prove the gospel." He wanted us to be expert in using the Book of Acts of the Apostles, in the New Testament, to overpower any religious minister or priest, with our knowledge of the scriptures. I learned to use the scriptures as a "weapon" to shoot down any detractor from the true gospel. My scriptures became all "marked and notched!" I made lists, cross references and notes so that I could use reason and logic on anyone who had old worn and ridiculous religious beliefs like, "And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy...."[additional revelation to the Bible]. (Revelation 22:19).

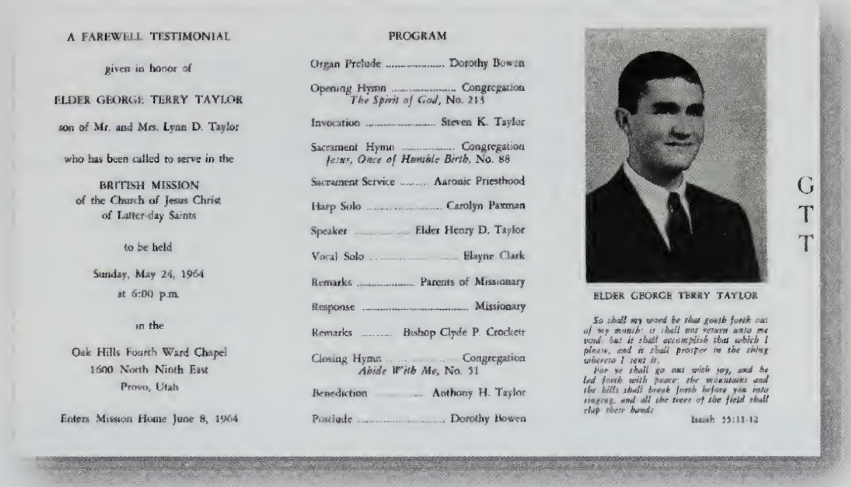
I submitted two or three dialogues to my professor demonstrating the rationale that could be used to overcome any disputations or doctrinal falsehood. Our final examination consisted of writing out word for word all of the scriptures and references we had memorized for the semester. Knowing of my difficulties in memorizing and with anxiety, I started early in the term to memorize passages. At the final exam, I wrote feverishly word for word between 100 and 200 scriptures. I got an "A" and felt much satisfaction in learning so many scriptures. That exercise has been a blessing to me in my life, but not for any need to use scriptures to prove a point.

I can't remember when or how I submitted my missionary papers and my memory of when the letter came in the mail. But I do remember opening it and reading the lines, "called to the British Mission," from President David O. McKay. I was ecstatic and my parents were pleased as well. This was a call to the land of my forebears. It was a land where the preaching of the gospel had been planted in fertile soil and so many Latter-day Saints had their origins in that great country.



A Missionary Farewell Testimonial

I came to learn that every president of the Church up to that time had been a missionary in the British Mission. Since 1961, the mission had been divided into several other missions, e.g. British, North British, Central British, Southwest British, Scottish, and Irish Missions. But I had been called to the original British Mission, headquartered in London, England. The mission covered English counties of Norfolk, Cambridge, Suffolk, Essex, Surrey, Kent and Sussex. Notable towns included Cambridge, Oxford, Canterbury, Dover, Rochester, Hastings and London.



A FAREWELL TESTIMONIAL

given in honor of

ELDER GEORGE TERRY TAYLOR

son of Mr. and Mrs. Lynn D. Taylor

who has been called to serve in the

BRITISH MISSION
of the Church of Jesus Christ
of Latter-day Saints

to be held

Sunday, May 24, 1964
at 6:00 p.m.

in the

Oak Hills Fourth Ward Chapel
1600 North Ninth East
Provo, Utah

Enter Mission Home June 8, 1964

PROGRAM

Organ Prelude ..... Dorothy Bowen

Opening Hymn ..... Congregation
The Spirit of God, No. 215

Invocation ..... Steven K. Taylor

Sacrament Hymn ..... Congregation
Jesus, Once of Humble Birth, No. 88

Sacrament Service ..... Aaronic Priesthood

Harp Solo ..... Carolyn Paxman

Speaker ..... Elder Henry D. Taylor

Vocal Solo ..... Elayne Clark

Remarks ..... Parents of Missionary

Response ..... Missionary

Remarks ..... Bishop Clyde P. Crockett

Closing Hymn ..... Congregation
Abide With Me, No. 51

Benediction ..... Anthony H. Taylor

Postlude ..... Dorothy Bowen

ELDER GEORGE TERRY TAYLOR

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

Isaiah 55:11-12

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Elder George Terry Taylor

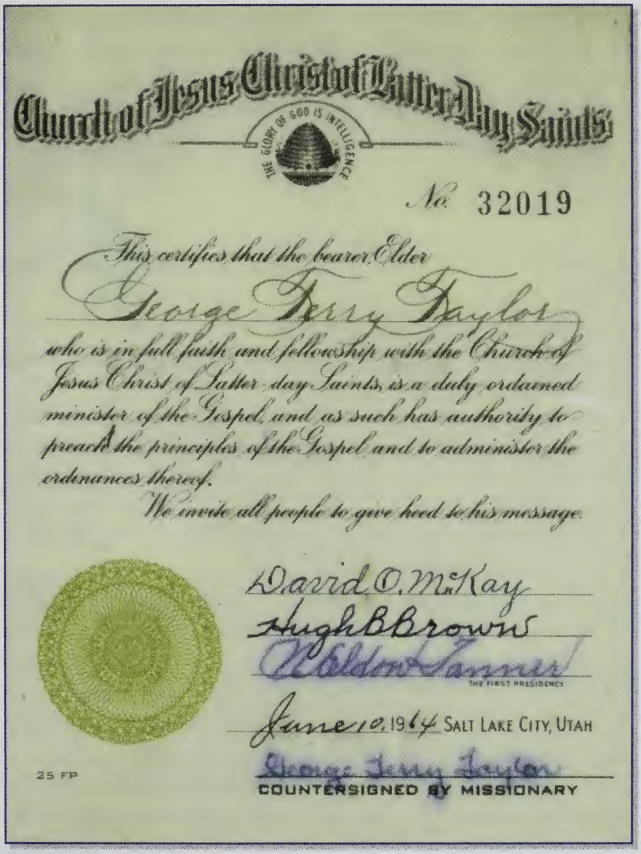
I entered the Salt Lake City mission home, on the place where the Conference Center is now located. We received a week of instruction. On the first day, I was called upon by President Loren Richards to give the opening prayer to the first assembly of 200 missionaries. I swelled with emotion and spiritual feelings to be on my mission. My SLC mission home companion was Johnnie Wade Hansen, also called to the British Mission. He was a cheerful and enthusiastic companion. I could not have asked for a better. During our missions in England, he became an outstanding missionary. I loved the way his battered, beaten, torn and crumpled scriptures were so useful to him. They were filled with markings, circles, boxes and arrows and would fall open to any page he needed. After the mission home, we never served together again although we saw each other at a few mission or zone conferences and we compared notes.

Most of our time in the mission home was spent listening to outstanding and selected speakers including Marion D. Hanks, recently released president of the British mission, Gordon B. Hinckley, Milton R. Hunter, Bishop Robert L. Simpson, Alvin R. Dyer, Howard W. Hunter, Boyd K. Packer, Sterling W. Sill, S. Dilworth Young, John Longdon, Joseph Fielding Smith, LeGrand Richards, Marion G. Romney, and Reid Bankhead, my BYU professor.

Much of the rest of the time was spent trying to memorize the new *Uniform System for Teaching Investigators*, the first uniform set of missionary discussions, used world-wide. They were designed to help the investigator through a series of leading questions which would arrive at a certain conclusion, using flannel board strips. In the first dialog or "discussion," I remember reading Ephesians 2 with the investigators, building up the Church organization on word strips on the flannel board, and then collapsing the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, and the rest of the Church falling to the floor. The final question was something like, "So Mr. Brown, what does this mean about your Church!?" All of the questions and dialogs were to be memorized and given word for word to the investigator. What changes have evolved over the years, moving from rote memorization to a missionary's using his own words "by the Spirit?!"

My Mission Home Class

The food in the mission home was great! A highlight of the week was when we went to the temple for an endowment session and were then escorted to the upper assembly room in the Salt Lake Temple. We were greeted and taught by Elder Harold B. Lee, who spent much time, simply answering questions for us. I don't remember any of the answers, but I sure loved Elder Lee!



Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

THE GLORY OF GOD IS INTELLIGENCE

No. 32019

This certifies that the bearer, Elder

George Terry Taylor

who is in full faith and fellowship with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, is a duly ordained minister of the Gospel, and as such has authority to preach the principles of the Gospel and to administer the ordinances thereof.

We invite all people to give heed to his message.

David O. McKay

Hugh B. Brown

N. Eldon Tanner

THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

June 10, 1964 SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

George Terry Taylor

COUNTERSIGNED BY MISSIONARY

25 FP

Ministerial Certificate

I was greatly privileged to be set apart by my Uncle Henry D. Taylor, an Assistant to the Twelve Apostles. On Saturday, we had a testimony meeting in the Assembly Hall on Temple Square, where we all gave a very brief testimony. Parents were invited to attend. Afterwards, we drove home and I spent a few hours with my parents before my departure.

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
OFFICE OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY
SALT LAKE CITY 11, UTAH

April 23, 1964

Elder George Terry Taylor
2150 Oak Lane
Provo, Utah

Dear Elder Taylor:

You are hereby called to be a missionary of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to labor in the British Mission.

Your presiding officers have recommended you as one worthy to represent the Church of our Lord as a Minister of the Gospel. It will be your duty to live righteously, to keep the commandments of the Lord, to honor the holy Priesthood which you bear, to increase your testimony of the divinity of the Restored Gospel of Jesus Christ, to be an exemplar in your life of all the Christian virtues, and so to conduct yourself as a devoted servant of the Lord that you may be an effective advocate and messenger of the Truth. We repose in you our confidence and extend to you our prayers that the Lord will help you thus to meet your responsibilities.

The Lord will reward the goodness of your life, and greater blessings and more happiness than you have yet experienced await you as you serve Him humbly and prayerfully in this labor of love among His children.

We ask that you please send your written acceptance promptly, endorsed by your presiding officer in the ward or branch where you live.

Sincerely yours,

David O. McKay
(President)

On Monday morning, Dad and Mom and I traveled to the Salt Lake airport and I took off for London, England for two years! It was a bright and beautiful June summer day. As I got on the plane with Elder Hansen, I became overcome with emotion and overwhelming feelings of homesickness. A flood of tears streamed from my eyes and I could hardly contain myself. My heart was being wrenched and I was strung out! We traveled from Salt Lake to a brief stop-off in Grand Junction, Colorado, then to Denver where we got on another plane for Chicago O'Hare Airport. Arriving in Chicago, we had to run, it seemed like a mile, to barely catch our next flight taking off for London. My suitcase bags didn't make it!

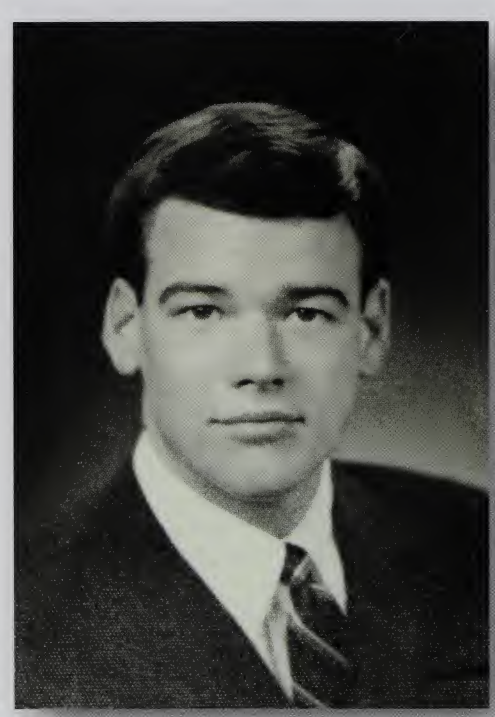
When we arrived in London, England, my luggage had been lost! We were given a tour of the great city. I met all of the outstanding missionary leaders in the mission office. It was unspoken but I was made to understand that this mission was a mission of great expectations (After all, Elders Jeffrey R. Holland, Quinton L. Cook and so many other prominent missionaries had recently served). After the tour, we went up to the top floor of the mission home at 50 Princess Gate, Exhibition Road, where there were several bunk beds available for a nap, since we were exhausted and had jet lag. In the evening, we had a nice dinner with the mission home staff and then sent to a dingy hotel at Onslow Gardens for the night.

The next morning, I met my wonderful mission president and his wife, O. Preston and Christine Robinson. They were very warm in their welcome and I could tell that I was among very dignified, educated, refined people in a very cultured mission. I felt overwhelmed and inadequate with all that I observed.

As I met with my new mission president, he took me over to the large mission master organizational board and introduced me to a panoramic view of the British Mission. And then he said, as best as I can remember, "I think that you are to go to Rainham. You will work with Elder Richardson." I could tell by the way that he said his name, "Elder Richardson," that there was something special about this missionary. He showed me his picture, and then said, "Yes, you are to work with Elder Richardson." I felt that he was being hand-picked just for me to be my trainer.

Elder Richardson, from Salt Lake City, Utah--an excellent high school athlete, an outstanding baseball player, a fine scholar. He stood about 6 feet tall, was dark, handsome, smooth. He was one of the "ivy league" types from the avenues, and had attended the University of Utah. He was an outstanding musician with a beautiful tenor voice. He sang everywhere he went. He could harmonize anything. Before his mission he had a steady girl-friend and intended to marry her after his mission. He would rejoice each week when he received her letters (until that week in which he received his "Dear John," or I should say, "Dear Elder Roy Lee").

More about Elder Richardson. After a few more minutes in the mission home, Elder Richardson came in to pick up his new companion, Elder Taylor. He had those neat button-down shirt collars with a swift striped power tie. He had on the most stylish and polished wing-tip shoes. His hair-cut was trim and he looked the part of a "sharp" missionary—well-groomed and neat. He grabbed my hand and shook it and gave me a big smile. Then he said, "Let's go!" He grabbed my biggest bag, and I grabbed the other and away he went. He knew exactly where he was going and I followed.



Elder Roy Lee Richardson

We hurriedly walked down to the South Kensington "Tube" station. I couldn't believe the London underground system. I had never seen anything like it. We bought tickets for Victoria Rail Station and again, away we went in a whirlwind. We arrived at Victoria and then purchased tickets for Kent, the garden place of England. It was overcast (as it is nearly always in England) and as we passed Rochester, Chatham, Gillingham, and other towns along the Medway River, it was drizzling and sure enough, when we arrived at 85 Berengrave Lane, in Rainham, it was raining! He took me to our digs, met my elderly landlady, Mrs. Sharman, not a member, and then said, "Let's go! Take your hat and your brolly! And again, away we went tracting. We tracted my first afternoon for four hours in the rain.

After an evening of more tracting and teaching, I came back to our place and fell into bed exhausted. He stayed up to get some extra study. I soon discovered that he broke some missionary rules—he stayed up until mid-night every night to study the scriptures. I soon also discovered that he would arise at 5 a.m. daily. Why? To study the scriptures. Elder Richardson would take his two-colored English Byro ballpoint pen and mark his scriptures—each color, blue representing physical, or red representing spiritual things—a method I still use to this day.

At 6:00 a.m., he would throw open his upstairs window, look out over the beautiful rose gardens and flowers and English countryside to the east, stick

his head out and then yell to the top of his lungs, "Good-morning world!" He would then say good-morning to me and request that I "blast myself out of the bed!" Elder Richardson thrived on 5 hours of sleep a night, and he did this day after day with all the same exuberance, enthusiasm and excitement of a new missionary.

He would direct our study class, make sure that I had a good breakfast, and then out the door, always on time. I cannot recall a single day, a single time, when we were not out at the appointed hour of 9:30 a.m. And what energy! As we would walk to the end of a street or finish for the morning, he would say things like, "I'll race you to the bus stop," "Let's run to the next corner," "Elder Taylor, I can beat you to the sweet shoppe on the corner where I will buy you a lollie!" (English Popsicle). "Let's sing, "Now Let Us Rejoice!" He was always pleasant and jovial.

He helped me buy a nice English bicycle—it was used but in great shape with several gears—a racing bike. But his bike was an older rusting heavier model. It must have weighed a ton; I could hardly lift it; I could barely peddle it on level ground. And to pump it up-hill was impossible. He called it, "The pig!" But over and again, he would say, "Let's race." "I'll beat you to the top!" "Let's see if I can go faster than you!" And always, he would win. I was in good shape—young and healthy. But always he would win. It drove me crazy. He was what we now call, one of those high energy, high achievement people. I hate them!!!

On an afternoon, we were really flying down a steep curvy hill on our bikes at a high rate of speed. In those days, we did not wear helmets as missionaries. As I came to the turn, I could tell that I was losing control and I would not make it! I was surely going to crash. I knew it! But somehow as I was in the moment of disaster, I felt the back of my bike, lifted, stabilized and balanced. I knew that my life had been spared by an unseen angel.

One day before I entered the mission field, Elder Richardson was tracting with his companion and they met a young husband and wife, named Holofernes who accepted an appointment for us to teach them in their home. We started to teach them the discussions. They were "golden!" A wonderful young family who seemed very interested in learning about the gospel. They invited them to have any of their friends attend our discussions. The family invited their neighbors, John and Ann Herbert, another young family. John was a civil engineer, very intelligent and articulate; they had an infant son. He said that he would never have met with the missionaries and would have slammed the door in their faces. In the first meeting, John scoffed and intimidated the missionaries. We met a few times with both families and invited them to read and pray about their message. The first family didn't seem to make any real effort to keep our commitment

invitations. John, would argue and question everything we shared. He was so sarcastic but he read everything! He was so dry, witty, and humorous in his sarcastic comments. But before long, the Holofernes family dropped out but the Herbert family became more and more committed until they accepted our invitation for baptism. It was a great joy to witness their baptism. They eventually immigrated to New Zealand, but I renewed my association many years later when I visited the NZ MTC in Hamilton.

We also taught another family named Carpenter. He was a Royal Navy man and gone a lot from home. He was well over six feet tall, but he asked me to baptize him. In all of our teaching, I felt so inadequate in teaching and helping people actually decide to be baptized. It was always my companions who helped move people along.

Elder Richardson would teach with the Spirit. He loved the people. He loved the English—the culture. He loved the members and they loved him. He loved his companion. We were together for three months. He wrote a personal letter to my parents:

> *"I just wanted to take a few minutes of your time and thank you, on behalf of the entire corps of missionaries as well as myself, for raising such a wholesome, well-prepared missionary to represent you as parents, America, and most importantly, the gospel of Jesus Christ in this great land of England... Prior to meeting Elder Taylor, I spent many hours wondering what kind of a fellow I would get as my first "mate," and as I walked through the large green door of the mission home, I met a short, dark, BYU looking fellow who turned out to be my first new companion... I have really grown to love Elder Taylor, and I'm sure that his exemplary life will benefit all those who come in contact with him in the future."*

How do you think that made me feel to get that letter back from my parents? Do you think that I felt like I wanted to become the best missionary I could be?

I knew that Elder Richardson was respected by our mission president. And Elder Richardson kept close track of me. He had done his very best to train me and expected me to be a good missionary. He was made Secretary to the Mission. He kept his eye on me. When he was released, I was stunned and humbled to become his replacement. I followed right in the leadership steps he had made throughout his mission. He always remembered my birthday with a personal gift.

When he went home, he gave me one of his books, all marked and underlined in red and blue, "A History of London Life." He also handed me a white but soiled dirty handkerchief. In addition to the spots of dirt and grass stains, there was some writing from his Byro pen, "Westminister," "Piccadilly," "Buckingham," "Tower of London," "St. Paul's," "Hyde Park," and so on. He wanted me to remember the beautiful and historic land and the mission in which we had both served.

After returning home, I saw Elder Richardson a few times. He was busy in his studies at the University, socially and religiously and active and dynamic as ever. After a while I lost track of him. I then learned the news from a fellow missionary that Elder Richardson was blown apart by a grenade in Vietnam while serving as a Lieutenant in the Green Berets. A leader to the last serving his country and giving his life for those young men over whom he had responsibility.

The Lord has commanded us to *"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven"* (Matthew 5:16). Elder Richardson's light has continued to shine upon me all my life.

Elder Richardson and I were quite different. He was tall, athletic, charismatic, gifted; I am short, withdrawn, reticent, plodding and very private. He was energetic and ever optimistic. Perhaps I am too much pessimistic, skeptical and lethargic. Yet, his influence on my life is eternal. As my trainer, I have his personal words of love and admonition:

> *To a wonderful companion I'll always remember as a dear friend. From one fellow who admires you very much. May the Lord bless you. Stay close to God, your high ideals, and the path of life-long success on which you're now a traveler. Forget yourself in the service of others. Work hard and keep smiling."* -- Elder Roy Lee Richardson, September 1964.

Every day, after our morning tracting, we came home to a big lunch prepared by Mrs. Sharman, our elderly landlady. She laundered and ironed all of our shirts and garments. I always had a nice white shirt to wear. We lived upstairs in a wonderful old English home. After an afternoon's work of call-backs, we came home for a sumptuous supper, which consisted of Yorkshire pudding and English custard. Later, each night, after an evening's work of teaching or tracting, she had cookies, crackers and cheeses ready for us to devour before retiring. Was I being spoiled?

After a wonderful three months in Rainham, I was struck with terror when I learned that Elder Richardson was being transferred to another area. Now

I was responsible for leading in our proselyting area. My new companion was Elder David Payne, a member of my home ward, and who had attended BY high school with me.

85 Berengrave Lane, Rainham with Elder David Payne

I mentioned my early wrestling experience with him, and his trumpet playing. He had read the Book of Mormon fifteen times before his mission. He certainly knew the scriptures. We had a good companionship and it was he who helped the Herbert's accept baptism. My next companion was another BY high school student, Peter Van Orman. I was with him when my bike had a flat tire. We were late for an appointment. I had never been so frustrated and impatient with anything in my life!

My next companion in Rainham was Elder David Lauper. He had been out a little less than myself. He had some challenges and health problems during his mission. I later learned that through his mission, a family was converted, with a young son, Christopher Munday who became a great mission president in the Birmingham Mission and later an Area Authority in the Utah Area. Years later, I was assigned to visit the Manchester and Birmingham missions for the roll-out of the new missionary guide, Preach My Gospel. I traveled with President Munday to Wales. In one of the meetings, he mentioned his family's conversion and his appreciation for Elder David Lauper. I was surprised and asked if it was the same missionary as my early companion. He was thrilled to learn of this connection.

My sister Lynn Anne and her husband Bryan had given me a small portable typewriter as a gift on my mission. I used that typewriter all through my mission. I typed many poems and quotes in my *British Mission IP Book.* "IP" stands for "instant preparation." I wrote home to Mom and Dad faithfully every week. And Mother wrote to me weekly also. I have both sets of letters as a complete history of my mission, although I have never gone back and read them. I'm sure they are filled with many details not mentioned in this summary sketch.

Canterbury Cathedral

Just a few miles down the road was the town of Canterbury, the seat of the Church of England, the Anglican Church. I visited the Cathedral several times during my mission. After seeing the young clerical students walking through the grounds, I had a vision in my mind of seeing young religious students preparing for their missions in life.

We attended Church in some kind of hall in Gillingham, a town just north of Rainham. We rode the bus each way. They had broken ground on a new chapel to be built in Rainham. I loved meeting with the English saints, and spoke or taught in several of their meetings. We visited the other Medway towns of Chatham and Rochester, towns familiar to Charles Dickens' childhood.

During my six months in Rainham, I had many wonderful experiences going up to London to visit many famous places, among them was Madam Tussaud's which had impressed my Grandmother Taylor when she came to

England to serve for a time with her husband, Arthur. When I entered the large hall with the wax figures of all the very realistic great and infamous persons, I didn't have my glasses on. I tried to buy a program from a wax dummy!

I attended the Crawley chapel dedication by President Hugh B. Brown. Elder Mark E. Petersen, the West European Area President also spoke to us. I was in the Hyde Park Chapel when President Brown prophesied some great things about England and its future. He gave his famous story of the "Current Bush." "How could you cut me down?!" He also quoted a poem, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox which influenced me throughout my life.

You may be what you will to be
Let cowards find their false content
In that poor word, environment.
But spirit scorns it and is free.
It conquers time, it masters space,
It cows the boaster trickster chance,
Uncrown and fill a servant's place.
The human will, that force unseen,
The offspring of a deathless soul,
Can hew its way to any goal
Though walls of granite intervene.

President Brown, "throughout his address, gave his testimony of the Church and of Jesus Christ. Tears came to my eyes each time he said, 'I know as well as I live, that Jesus lives. I know better than I know anything, that Jesus is the Christ.' …He told us that if we would stay close to God in everything we did (even in war) God would lift us up, and give us courage and strength."[1] President Brown visited us again when I was serving in the Mission Home. I sat next to him at dinner. How we came to love and admire him.

In August, our district went down to Dover. We saw the Dover Castle high above the city on the White Cliffs. The community was having a bank holiday and the local church branch had recruited us missionaries to dress up as pirates and pull the large pirate ship float in the parade. We had a fun time seeing all of the crowds and pulling the float. I don't remember what the theme of the float was, but it won first place in the event.

We also traveled to London to a missionary meeting for new missionaries. I was called upon to present the second missionary discussion before the other missionaries. It was terrifying, intimidating and humbling to try to remember all of the dialog and show a good example of teaching. Later, it

provided another example to me of why the methods of rote missionary dialogs are not good.

> *"Last evening, we attended the Church of England. It was very interesting. They had a song, then a prayer, then another song, then another prayer, then the Vicar went into a long chant, then they had another song and prayer. After this, they had a few announcements, followed by a sermon, after which they had three more songs and prayers and chants."*[2]

We worked hour after hour, day after day knocking on doors. I came to enjoy tracting and talking with people. Most doors we knocked on brought no response. People were not home or they chose not to answer. There were many older folks who may have been afraid to encounter these young Americans. I noticed that many were poor, had dental and hygiene problems, and did not want to be confronted about religion. Most were members of the Church of England (C of E), but not active. They would say things like, "I got me own religion." I'm C of E." "I'm not interested!" Relating to their religious participation, I facetiously used the expressions: "They go to church three times in their lives—birth, marriage, death," "Bred, Wed and Dead," and "Hatched, Matched, and Dispatched!"

> *"As I meet people each day, I wish I could tell them what this gospel provides. I wish I could tell them about our family and the great unity and love that exists because of the gospel. I wish I could tell them how true it is and how a living prophet is on the earth and that Jesus still speaks to us. But I can't because people just won't listen."*[3]

I met many wonderful English people of all different kinds. As Christmas approached, as we tracted from house to house in the cold moist air, we would sing Christmas carols along the way. I remember singing "Joy to the World!" Many people were poor, some were middle class and a few were wealthy. Occasionally we had encounters with the clergy.

> *"This past week, we also had the opportunity to meet the local Vicar of St. Margaret's Church here in Rainham. We were in the area of the Vicarage doing our tracting so we decided to say hello to him. We knocked on his door and introduced ourselves. He said, 'Oh yes, you're the Mormons! I have one of your books. Your colleagues left it with me last time.' He then went and got a copy of the Book of Mormon which looked brand new and had never been opened. We asked him what he thought of it and he said, 'I read the first two pages and it is clearly copied or taken out of the Bible.'"*[4]

I took my mission very seriously and wrote the following in the early stages of my mission:

> *"I have noticed in many ways, the growth that has occurred within my character. I have also found the tremendous inadequacy and weakness of my character as I have never found it before. I realize now that I have never, in my entire life, had to accept any real responsibility and now that this responsibility comes to me, I feel overwhelmed and terrified in many ways. It is exceeding difficult not to become discouraged and downcast. I thought as I entered the mission field that that was one thing that I would never let happen to me; and yet at times, it is all that I can do not to despair and lose interest. I am very fearful that I will not endure and that I will be lax in the proselyting work. My only comfort comes when I find myself on my knees in sincere prayer. Sometimes prayer and my Heavenly Father are the only things I can turn to. I only pray that I may always do so."*[5]

In November, we went to Crawley in the new chapel for a mission conference and American Thanksgiving celebration and dinner. The saints prepared the dinner with the most disappointing pumpkin pie I had ever eaten. They made it straight from the shreds and seeds of the innards from pumpkins. They obviously didn't know how to make pumpkin pie. We may have grumbled under our breath. President Mark E. Petersen sensing our disappointment spoke and reminded of our need for gratitude. I wrote about my reaction to his words:

> *"I cannot express the feelings I felt on Thanksgiving Day. That afternoon, we had dinner afterwards we heard Apostle Mark E. Petersen speak to us. I wish I could tell you how the power of the words struck to the very heart of each of us. He explained how thankful we should be for our parents and families who give us life; how thankful we should be for our country which provided us the opportunity of being on missions for the Church; how thankful we should be for our heritage and freedom. He told us how thankful we should be for our Church and for prophets who communicate directly with Jesus Christ, and last, he told us how thankful we should be for a Savior who came to the earth; even the very God of heaven, who was beaten, spat upon, driven, wounded and killed, that we could be free from an endless destruction."*[6]

England London Temple, Lingfield, Surrey County

On Christmas Eve, we traveled to London for a mission conference in the Hyde Park Chapel. We learned that our mission was to be divided again into the British Mission, the British South Mission, splitting off Surrey and Suffolk counties. After our conference, as a district, we toured the beautiful Christmas lights on Oxford and Regent Streets and went to Walt Disney's *Snow White* movie. On Christmas Day, we had a visit from Elders Payne and Dutson. Mrs. Sharman prepared a Christmas dinner for us.

> *"Our plates were so heaped up that I could hardly lift mine. I counted all the kinds of vegetables which included peas, beans, potatoes, carrots, cauliflower, spinach, broccoli, and other vegetables. On top of this was a slice of excellent ham and on top of everything was the largest juicy piece of chicken. We had some wonderful Christmas pudding for dessert."*[7]

I spent much of Christmas day writing to all my folks. That evening, I read a great deal of James E. Talmadge's *Articles of Faith*.

I spent New Year's Day retreating from everything, sitting near a portable heater with a blanket, studying the gospel and missing my home on the hill in Utah and my beloved parents. I had been in Rainham over seven months. In early January I was struck with terror once again, when I received notice of my

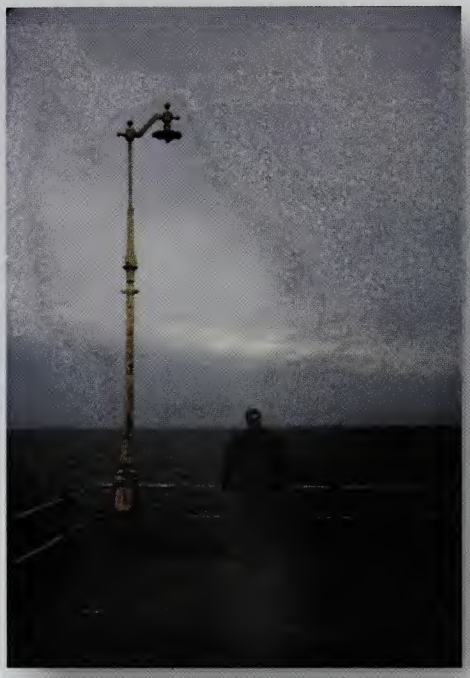
own transfer. I was to be assigned to the Isle of Sheppey, a small island at the mouth of the Medway River. There were two towns on the island, Sheerness on Sea and Minster, which was believed to have one of the oldest churches in England. I was to be the branch president of the Sittingbourne Branch, which consisted of about 30 members. How was I, a young lad of 20 years, to lead the members, organize the meetings, handle all the tithing and records, and address any problems, including marriage counseling? I had never held a girl's hand before.

The towns of Sheerness on the island and Sittingbourne on the mainland, were connected by a moving railway and roadway bridge. We traversed the distance by bicycle some of the time, but often by railway. Out in the ocean from the island was the remnant of a sunken old World War II naval US Destroyer ship, part of which was sticking out of the water. I was told that it still held explosives aboard which potentially, if ignited could blow up the whole island! Brother Skudder, a former diver had been down to the vessel several times and said that the currents were too strong to disarm the whole ship.[8]

It was January with long dark days. Our digs were cold and near the frigid ocean. The small bar heater near the ceiling did little to warm us and the landlord did not like us using it because of the cost of electricity. The food was meager. The landlady of our boarding house prepared gruel and a slice of bread for our breakfast. Our landlord and landlady were extremely inhospitable. They treated us with disdain.

I worked every morning in our cold room with my companion who had great difficulty in learning his discussions. He was a good young man but seemed slow to learn. After I had just settled in for a short time, he was transferred out and I was to train a new missionary, Elder Steven Ronnenkamp, from Layton Utah. I felt overwhelmed with responsibility as the young branch president, a new area, and a new companion.

> *"Thoughts of fear, anxiety, and other emotions were racing through my mind. The Hymn, "I Need Thee Every Hour," was silently and constantly uttered under my breath. I deeply felt a great need to call upon some power higher than myself. I had never felt so very weak and inadequate in anything I had been asked to do. It seemed almost as if I had been asked to do something I was not capable of doing."*[9]



A cold winter morning for Elder Ronnenkamp on the Isle of Sheppey

I determined right off in my mission that even though I had inclinations toward sleep, I would not get in the habit of sleeping in in the morning. At the crack of 6:00 a.m. I would arise and "blast myself out of bed!" With my new missionary comp, I was up in the morning turning on the light.

I was somewhat amused to look at the bewildered horrified stare on this Elder's face. He didn't realize that missionary work could be brutal and bitter as it seemed to be on that dreary cold island in the dead of winter at 6:00 a.m.

He was lonely and homesick that first few days, but I never heard the slightest murmur or complaint. I was demanding and strict in my training. Sometimes I could feel the tension between us, but he never rebelled or contended with me.[10] Later in our missions we became companions once again as zone leaders and continued to form a wonderful companionship. He excelled as a missionary and became the Assistant to President Robinson. He eventually became the Superintendent of Education in his northern Utah school district. Years later as I was serving as the MTC Director of Training Support Services, Dr. Ronnenkamp and his wife came to the MTC on their way to serve a Church Education supervisor of education in one of the areas of the Church. He told me that his mission and my early guiding made all of the difference in his successful life.

Elders Taylor and Ronnenkamp

We began our proselyting work together in the little town of Minster. We found the abundant mud was so thick that we had to scrape huge piles of it off our shoes each time we came out of the cold. We called it "Minster Mud," undoubtedly the worst mud in the world. I spent each night or morning thoroughly cleaning and spit-polishing my shoes.

I received several letters from my brother John which were always informative and comforting, especially at this early time in my mission. Here are a few words which gave me a lot of encouragement:

> *"Have you ever stopped to think that for about 18 years of your life you were stationed at the end of a very impressive list of sacrifices? The sacrifices and suffering of your progenitors for the Gospel's sake; the sacrifices of your mother and father to raise you in a fitting fashion; the hours of work invested in you by countless teachers in the various auxiliary organizations of the Church; the investment made by the Church in you, in providing you with a fine education at a Church school. Now you are in a position to repay some of those debts vicariously, by sharing what you are and what you have with people who have had none of those advantages. Why, it's enough to make a man sweat, eh!"* (March 25, 1965).

We traveled by train from Sheerness to Sittingbourne each Sunday morning. We met in a rented Labour Hall and had to sweep out the cigarette butts and liquor bottles. I would conduct most of the meetings and teach the Sunday

school class. I taught my lessons from *Jesus the Christ.* I gained much knowledge and testimony of the Lord during this time.

We had been pushing pretty hard. One Sunday morning, I felt rather feverish. It was fast Sunday so I had nothing to eat. I felt chills running up and down my body. We had to wait in the cold before Brother Cobbett came with the key to open the Hall. I wondered if I would have the energy to teach my lesson, but once I began, I felt the spirit energize, inspire and sustain me.[11] After the meetings, Brother Cobbett drove us home and I went straight to bed. I felt weak and aches throughout my body. On the same day, our landlord came into our room and told us it was time to "get out!" He said that he was "fed up" with the way that we were taking advantage of them. The next day, Elder Ronnenkamp along with our district leader found some new digs for us in Sittingbourne.[12]

I felt poorly, without strength or energy and languished in bed for about two weeks. I felt so guilty that I could not work and that I was dragging down our district and zone statistics. Elder Ronnenkamp was so kind and supportive. He studied hard during this time. I immersed myself in *Jesus the Christ.*

> *"The days passed almost like hours. I just could not seem to put the book down until I had devoured every morsel. To read about the Savior's life here on earth from this book was a reward thrilling and unspeakable. I felt as I read those pages more intimately acquainted with the Saviour and his mission. I could almost see him sitting with his disciples just as other men would do and expounding the scriptures to them and enjoying their presence. Somehow Jesus the Christ became more personalized to me. I sensed more fully the struggles he had to undergo here in mortality. I was especially moved as I read the account of his final trial and of the experiences in the Garden of Gethsemane and of the Crucifixion.*[13]

I soon resumed our work in the neighboring town of Milton Regis, tracting out mostly government townhouses. Many of these people seemed to me like "vegetable people." I mean by this, people who do not consider and explore anything new and refreshing.

Sister Morgan, our branch Relief Society President was having trouble with her greatly swollen legs. She was scheduled for surgery and asked that we come and give her a blessing. I fasted and prayed for her and for receiving the power of the priesthood. After the blessing, as we left her home, "a warm and exhilarating feeling swept over and throughout my whole body and I knew I had blessed her according to the Holy Ghost. Three days later, I learned that Sister

Morgan's unusual swelling had been eliminated and the doctor had found it strange that her operation would not really be necessary after all."[14]

How I came to love those few members in that small branch of the Church in southern England. Brother and Sister Cobbett, about 40 years of age, converted by Elder Gassaway, my former zone leader, became like family to me. Brother Cobbett was my first counselor in the branch presidency. Two sweeter or more devoted members, I have never met. They also, like the Herbert's, immigrated to New Zealand. Again, years later, I visited the MTC in Hamilton, New Zealand and became reacquainted with both couples. Brother and Sister Morgan, both of whom had gigantic health problems were kind and loving to us, in our little twig of a branch. Brother Morgan, a Welshman and Brother Dooley, an Irishman, irritated each other and often clashed! But how we tried and came to love everyone.

Elder Ronnenkamp was transferred to Dartford to work with Elder Strasser. My new companion was Elder Wesley Jefferies who had a bit of a reputation as a problem missionary. I found that he struggled on his mission. We had several unhappy encounters with people. One day, we had a door slam in our face. Elder Jefferies would respond with words like, "I hope your house falls in!" and "I wish fire would burn you up!" Yet, I made a decision and effort that we would work well together. I tried to be kind and patient and, yes, I really came to love Elder Jefferies and I think he came to appreciate me.

We were biking along a busy main highway. The traffic was tight and close. As I was peddling alone, a big lorry (truck) came barreling along so close that it clipped my pedal and would have thrown me all over the highway or landscape. But again, I felt my bicycle stabilized and balanced and put straight. My watchful angel saved my life once again.

One Sunday afternoon, I determined to become a more capable and useful missionary. I went up to my room alone and knelt down in prayer. I prayed fervently for a deeper spiritual strength which I knew I needed. I prayed for a longer time than I had ever prayed before. I promised the Lord that I would really try to be a better missionary if he continued to bless me with his spirit.

Shortly after, in May, I was transferred to London. How poignant it was for me to leave our little branch of members. I left from Sittingbourne, Sheerness and Rainham, in the Rochester District, to Chiswick, near Shepherd's Bush, in London. My new companion was Elder Val Thompson, a giant! He towered above me at about 6'6" while I was 5'6". We attended our church meetings in the Hyde Park Chapel. Our typical area consisted of rows upon rows of houses along intersecting and diverging streets. I was bewildered by the area. He was almost

as bewildered as was I. But he was a good cook. I felt sometimes that we spent too much time cooking and not enough time working. I really liked pancakes in the morning on our preparation day.

At this particular time of year, I suffered terribly with hay fever. What a contrast in our companionship. Elder Thompson had a dry humor. I often split my sides rolling with laughter at his western drawl and cynical or sarcastic responses to everything. He lit a spark of laughter within me. He was the greatest comic I had as a companion.

It was strange that I should laugh so much when I began to experience the deepest and lasting spiritual experiences of my life. I wanted to do the right things for the right reasons. I wanted to find someone who we could bring into the waters of baptism. Over and over, day after day for a week, I had the most warm, deep, rich and beautiful spiritual feelings. It was a continual chain of emotional experiences. Surely the prayers I had offered in Sittingbourne were being answered. I knew, perhaps for the first time in my life, what it means to have the spirit of the Holy Ghost always present.

One night on June 16th after coming in, I lay on my bed contemplating my first year in the mission field. It was one year earlier that I spent my first night in the bleak stuffy Onslow Gardens hotel room. As I lay there, it seemed like it was almost the night before. How quickly time flies by. I determined within myself, that I would try to make the next and remaining year even more profitable and worthwhile than the first year. I would not be disappointed.

Elder Taylor Putting on Weight

On one diversion day, Elder Thompson and I went to the London Zoo. There we saw the elephants, the giraffes, and especially the monkeys. A few young boys were gulping mouthfuls of water and spewing them out at the monkeys, drenching them. But it was the monkeys who started the water war, by drinking and spitting all over everybody. It was hilarious!

One Monday morning, again a diversion day (that's what it was called in those days, rather than "preparation" or P-day) I slept in. I got up wondering what we could do for the day. We had a good breakfast. We wandered around not accomplishing anything much. I felt a load of gloom and darkness all day long. In the afternoon, I felt completely drained spiritually and had the old familiar feeling of doubt and uncertainty. I wondered what I had done to deserve this dead feeling. The next morning, I arose at the regular hour, bathed and cleansed myself. The telephone rang and Elder Thompson answered. As we prepared to go out, Elder Thompson said, "I wonder how you'll enjoy working in the Mission Home?" I said, "What are you talking about?" He said, "Oh, didn't I tell you—you are the new Mission Secretary, taking Elder Richardson's place." I was greatly humbled and bewildered by this new assignment.[15]

I was greeted and welcomed to the mission home by Elders Morgan and McKay, President Robinson's Assistants. The Home was located on 50 Princess Gate, Exhibition Road, near Hyde Park. The Hyde Park Chapel was about 100 yards down the street. Elder Richardson showed me all around the Home, a large 19th Century Townhouse with 5 floors accessible by an elevator.

A nice community garden was located in back. The home was in the same block as Ambassador Joseph Kennedy's (JFK's father) had been located, during WWII. The Elder's apartment was on the top floor, the sisters on the 3rd, the President's on the 2nd and the office and living room on the main floor. It also had a basement floor with a small apartment for Brother and Sister Hoyle, who cleaned and cared for the Home. The Mission Home was just a short distance from Hyde Park and the Hyde Park Chapel. Elder Richardson showed me all of the duties and tasks. He "ran the show" in the mission home, as the mission home district leader.

I wondered how I would find my way around London, such a big and confusing intertwining boondoggle of streets. I promised the Lord that I would be humble and obedient in this new assignment. If he would help me and make me equal to my calling, I would do my best to humbly fulfill my tasks.

50 Princes Gate - Rear Garden

Exhibition Road looking towards Hyde Park

> *"I found that as time went on, my promise was verified. When I began to rely upon my own strength and my own knowledge, I started making mistakes. When I called upon the Lord for help, I found that every problem seemed to melt away as I applied my efforts and however great or terrible a task appeared, I found that there was always a pathway to overcome it as time went on."* [16]

The mission office staff consisted of the Mission Secretary (Elder Richardson), two Assistants to the President (Elders Morgan & McKay), President Robinson's secretary (Sister Diggens), Sister Robinson's secretary (Sister Ewer), the Mission Recorder (Sister Kennington), the Mission Accountant (Elder Lance), and one or two other missionaries assigned to special tasks like printing and maintenance. We frequently had missionaries who were ill or missionaries who were coming or going or in route to new assignments. These formed the mission home district. Again, the Mission Secretary served as the District Leader.

I spent a few days in the Mission Home learning from Elder Richardson who showed me all of duties of the Mission Secretary. He would arise earlier than all of the rest of the staff, at 5:30 a.m., go down the elevator and open up the door for the cleaning lady. Again, he would throw open the upstairs window and shout out over London, "Good morning, world!" He was such an enthusiastic

example to all of the mission office staff. I wondered how I would ever be able to take his place. President Robinson expressed his confidence in me and assured me that I was the man for the job.

We held our meals together, assigning rotating cooking duties. And what great food we enjoyed. I have never tasted such delicious homemade waffles! Elder Richardson was just wonderful and patient with me. Each day we sat together in the office and he explained the various procedures for the new job. I was so drowsy at times; I would droop and drop off in the middle of a detailed explanation (probably because I ate too much good food). My eye lids would sag and I would yawn and yawn and Elder Richardson would laugh and laugh.[17]

The Hyde Park Chapel

Soon it was time for Elder Richardson to go back out into the mission field and I was left on my own. The mission secretary was responsible for overseeing all of the functions of the mission office; handling all repairs and insurance of the mission vehicles, ecclesiastical record keeping and reporting for the mission branches and districts, the scheduling and arranging of missionary arrivals and departures on Cunard ocean steam liners (the Queen Elizabeth, etc.) or the various airlines, supplies, inventory and distribution, and other duties. I learned to deal with various vendors which included auto body and repair shops, airlines, and many others. I had to go out into the city frequently on various errands.

Mr. Monks, the car salesman from "Charles Richards Ltd." The huge British motor dealers was a very likable British "chap." He loved to talk! When he would come to do business, he would go on and on about this and that! He

drove a new big blue and beautiful Jaguar, and drive us occasionally around to show us different cars that he thought our senior couples might like to buy. He was not a member of the Church and was not interested, but always friendly. He had a lovely red handle-bar mustache which was immaculately trimmed. He showed us a 1923 picture of himself as a young English soccer player. He must have been a good athlete in his day. Whenever he said he would call me on the telephone, he would say, "Right! I'll give you a tinkle!" When he talked about the turn signals on the autos, he would refer to them as "Twinkles."[18]

My assigned companion was Elder Richard Olson, newly assigned mission accountant. He was the son of the founder and owner of the famous California egg farms. He was busy in his job as I was in mine. In those days, it was not expected that companions were always together. In fact, we were rarely together. I went out into the city constantly by myself, driving all over London. Today, I cringe that I was so independent and individually by myself. The city was very confusing at first, but I became quite familiar with the main avenues and accesses to important places. I obtained, with some effort, my English driver's license, of which I was very proud since few missionaries had one. I gained more and more confidence in myself and my abilities.

One late night after driving someone home, I was returning to the Mission Home. Not knowing the city well enough, I got lost and went off in the wrong direction and found myself on the south side of the Thames River. I crossed over again and found my way back to South Kensington arriving about 1:00 or 1:30 a.m. Another time, after returning from Wembly, the traffic was congested and I got confused and went off through Paddington in the wrong direction for quite a distance. I had to ask several people and after about two hours, and a tank of petrol, I found my way home. Driving and directions has never been my great strength.

All my life I had feelings of inadequacy, even inferiority. Now was a time when I had to "step up" and "measure up" to some real responsibility. I obtained a red lined spiral notebook, and each day, I would write out in cursive (which I hadn't used much in the past) my list of tasks, and then line them out at night when completed. As I look back, it was the most focused and effective habit I had ever used. Too bad, I have not consistently followed that practice during my life. There have been so many planning systems and tools on the market. For example, I was a good friend of Hyrum Smith, one of our British missionaries, and eventually the partner of Franklin Covey. I also mentioned my association with Stephen Covey, my professor, and who was the current president of our sister mission, the Ireland mission. I loved their planning tools and methods. My Brother John had an effective and unique *Sage* planning system, which he used so effectively. I have used many different kinds, but none of them work unless

one works them. A simple note card works about as well when used regularly. Now days, everybody uses a cell phone which syncs with everything else.

Continually, my prayers went before my Father in Heaven. I knew that if I was humble He would bless me. I was amazed to see as time went on, the many times he lifted me up and "saved me" from problems which I thought were unsurmountable. I felt His influence on many occasions.[19]

I worked with some wonderful elders and sisters in the Mission Home. A few were Elders Yeates and Homer—the new Assistants. Elder Olson, my companion, Elders Densley, Rasmussen (next Assistants) and Elders Felt and Marriott. Sisters Kennington, Diggens, Ewer, and Criddle, were marvelous friends. Elder Densley, Assistant to the President, came out just a month before me. We became very close friends, not only during our mission together, but for

Mission Home Staff: BR - Elders Taylor, Homer, Sister Criddle, Elder Olson; FR - Sisters Ewer, Diggens and Kennington

many years after. He and Sister Criddle married after returning from their missions. We often compared our hiking adventures. He became one of the first branch presidents at the Missionary Training Center and we associated over the years.

Sister Kennington, served as the Mission Recorder and was an older sister and a fully trained nurse, although that was not her assignment in the

mission. She was such a support and strength to me. She made me feel like I was the greatest missionary and Mission Secretary they had ever had! She was always there ready to support me with every decision I made. Her quick and alert tongue with the sarcastic humor and wit always stimulated a relaxed and easy-going, pleasant atmosphere, which pervaded the mission home and created spirit and unity in our district. After her mission, she returned to her professorship and leadership in the BYU School of Nursing. I was greatly saddened by her passing just a few years later, and I look forward to seeing her in that future world. Sister Diggens, a convert from Catford, London, was President Robinson's Personal Secretary. She radiated goodness and purity in her face. She was one of the most beautiful girls I had ever met. And her personality and sense of humor was so delightful for everyone. When first I saw her, I was smitten with awe, infatuation and admiration for her many gracious qualities. It was hard for me to keep focused on my mission. She and Elder Marriott eventually married and had a wonderful family. She died tragically of Parkinson's disease. I mourned her loss.

The days in the mission home were so full of interesting happenings; it would be too detailed to enumerate or remember the many worthwhile experiences I had during this time. One of the wonderful things we did as a staff was to take a full "diversion day" once each month. We went to plays and concerts which included Shakespeare's "Henry V" and "As You Like It." These two were held at the open air theater in Regent's Park. We saw other plays including "The Mousetrap," "Boing Boing," and "Robert and Elizabeth," the wonderful musical about Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning's romance. After seeing the Swan Lake Ballet, at the Royal Festival Hall, Elder Olson said that was "all the ballet he could take for one evening." One of the best plays I enjoyed was "Portrait of a Queen," at the Vaudeville Theater on the Strand. It featured the words from the letters and documents of Queen Victoria, from her youth to her death. It was a moving and emotional play sprinkled with humor, especially focusing on her love and relationship with Prince Albert, the Prince Consort, their marriage and their enormous family.[20]

We took the mission van and accompanied President and Sister Robinson on an excursion west, past Heathrow, Windsor, Reading and Stonehenge, to a small village known as Avebury. Here were located very ancient stone circles, larger than the Stonehenge circle. Many theories surrounded the origins of these curious edifices, including sacrificial altars, and intricate astronomical observatories. We also visited Stonehenge and the town of Salisbury where we enjoyed a nice lunch in a quaint old English Inn. We browsed through some of the old book shops and took a tour of the very large and famous Salisbury Cathedral, the church possibly featured in Anthony Trollope's novel, "The Warden," and "Barchester Towers." It featured the tallest church spire in England as well as one of the four original copies of the Magna Carta.[21]

Coventry Cathedral: Michael defeating Lucifer

We traveled north to Stratford-Upon-Avon to Shakespeare country. We saw Anne Hathaway's cottage. We toured through the ---- Castle and saw the Coventry Cathedral. It had been bombed during the War but had been reconstructed with a modern design. The remarkable sculpture of Michael stepping on and conquering Lucifer was impressive to me.

This area was near where my great-grand-mother Sarah DeGrey was born and who played on the walls of the Dudley Castle as a child.

Coventry Castle

Some of our most enjoyable outings were down to the London Temple, located at New Chapel Crossroads, in Lingfield, Surrey. With warm associations and singing of the hymns together brought comradeship and love of each other and of the gospel in our hearts. What a magnificent temple in a beautiful English setting. Receiving the ordinances and covenants once again brought great joy to my heart.

By being confined on the fourth and top floor of the Mission Home, sometimes the young elders would get pretty rowdy and rambunctious, particularly late at night. Playing practical jokes, wrestling and jesting with each other, the noise level would get pretty high. I, who liked to go to bed early, liked to sleep, and who had to get up earlier than everyone else, did not participate or enjoy in the celebrations. Elder Olson liked to flip towels, Elder Hawker and Tullis and a few other bruisers threw Elder Yeates, the Assistant to the President, into the bathtub and got water all over the floor. As time went on, things got out of hand. I did my best to put a stop to the disruptions. President Robinson gave me strict orders to see that there was none of this nonsense and I continued to do my best to dissuade and control these rogues and rascals.

I found that the missionaries had numerous accidents with the mission vehicles and I was always making arrangements for repairs. It seemed for a time, that I would get one fixed and then another would be bashed up. The Lord was always there to help me get things arranged and repaired. Much later, while serving as a mission president, many things had changed. A rule we applied was, "If you as a missionary put the slightest scratch, the smallest dent, the merest blemish on a mission vehicle, and it's your fault, you will never drive again in the mission field!"

I'm glad that we didn't have that rule while I was a missionary, because the most unfortunate accident in the mission field was my own! It was a very rainy day and I had to deliver a special film to King's Cross Railway Station, for the North British Mission. The only vehicle available to run the errand was the President's elegant British Rover. The President was in the States caring for Sister Robinson who had some surgery. It was a very slick street and I drove much too close to the car or truck in front. Guess what happened? Yup! Yikes! I had dreadfully bashed up the ornate bumper and grill of the President's car! I went immediately to get the front fixed before Friday when the President returned. When it came out of repairs, it was all shiny and new, better than before! Nobody would ever know! But, with my hyper-vigilant conscience, I told the President what happened immediately upon his return. He was so very kind and gracious about the whole thing. But I could tell that he was disappointed that his glorious English auto had been impaired. This was my greatest missionary blunder!

It was time for Elder Stone to depart for home on the "Queen Mary" with Elder Soulier. I drove them to Waterloo Station for their railway trip to Hastings. I got their baggage taken care of and was about to shout "bon voyage" when I found to my dismay that I had apparently forgotten to bring Elder Stone's rail transportation request form for travel from New York to SLC. Much to his astonishment and my fear, I did not have the form. I raced back to the Mission Office and grabbed the request form and then tore out again hoping to be on time. I got to Waterloo just as the train was ready to pull out. I reached in my pocket for the request form, but did not have Elder Stone's boat ticket! I again had sudden panic and was "in a pickle." He could not board the boat without the ticket. I knew it and he knew it. Poor Elder Stone's face was ashen; he looked like a ghost. I began to pray in earnest—for all I was worth! I had no outlets for any solution and was sunk! I prayed for some help. I once more went through all of the pockets of my coat, having done so several times before. But then, astonishment and relief flooded over me as I withdrew the tickets from the right breast pocket of my suit coat! I could swear that I did not have them before. I shoved them into Elder Stone's hands. He grasped them and ran for the train so I could not explain anything to him. He must have thought I was playing a joke on him. As I climbed back into the car, I offered a prayer and a sigh of great relief and gratitude. I offered great thanks to God for I felt sure that He had lifted me from my difficult dilemma.[22] I know that God helps us in deep trouble when called upon earnestly.

Sister Robinson's health declined; it became necessary for her to return home to SLC for an operation and recovery. I arranged for their flight and drove them to the airport. I received a kind letter a few days later indicating that all had gone well and he would be returning in about three weeks. When he returned, we noticed he was not the same without his wife. He lacked a bit of the determination, fire and enthusiasm with Sister Robinson by his side. Because of the necessity of another absence, we were to receive a new interim president, Elder Bruce R. McConkie, of the Council of the Seventy. President Robinson and I went out to the Heathrow airport at 9:00 to pick him up from Pan American Flight 57. We knew him at once; he stood out, head and shoulders above everyone. He carried a single shiny silver aluminum suitcase on his shoulders because the handle had broken off. We met him and President Robinson introduced me to him. He asked me if I was Henry Taylor's nephew and I replied in the affirmative. He mentioned that he had just left Henry in New York. Uncle Henry had mentioned that he had a nephew in the British Mission.

As we drove into London, President Robinson explained briefly a few things about the Mission. Along the way, we passed two immodestly clad women, dressed in tightfitting trousers standing along the roadway. Their faces were greased and painted up. As we passed, they stuck their thumbs out and up to us

like they did to all the other cars passing by, hoping for a pick-up. President McConkie said, "Now what do you think they're doing!?" He said it with such energy and sarcasm that I almost laughed right out loud![23]

President McConkie made friends at once in the mission office by his relaxed and drawn out manner. As was his practice, he went walking everywhere. He asked for a number of places in town which he wanted to see. I asked him if I could drive him any place where he wanted to go. The first thing he asked about was Hyde Park which was just a few rods up the street. He took right off for Hyde Park, then over to Marble Arch and down Oxford Street. After a long walk in London, he returned and said in his deep slow voice, "Well, London is just like an overgrown Melbourne!" (He had been the mission president in the Australia Melbourne Mission).

Sister Hoyle, the Housekeeper noticed and was impressed by how he lined up so carefully his shoes next to the bed. He was simple in his manner, his habits and his approach to things. Many members thought him to be austere, demanding or authoritarian, perhaps in his public image. I found him to be just the opposite. One day, I confessed to him that I traveled out into the city alone on my many errands. He just said basically, "Elder Taylor, you just do what you need to do; we trust you."

One morning, I was working down in my office and President McConkie strolled in and sprawled into a chair and said, "Well, Elder Taylor, I've got to get around England so I wonder if you can give me some help for the next hour or so. I was frightfully busy at the time but I said, "Sure." For the next while, we worked on an airline itinerary for his visits to the different British missions. It was quite fun and he was unconcerned about all the details and difficulties of putting the schedule together. The complexities were stressing me. He didn't seem to be bothered about the details; I learned a lesson on not taking things too seriously.

European Area President Mark E. Petersen was soon to arrive for the Western European Mission President's Conference. President McConkie and I drove out to meet him on the same flight that Elder McConkie had come, a few days earlier. As we left the west end of London on the way to the airport, we encountered dense fog. This slowed us down considerably and I was worried that we might be late in meeting President Petersen. When we arrived, we learned that because of the fog, the flight had overflown London and gone on to Frankfurt, Germany. I felt that President McConkie would be quite upset. On the contrary, he thought it was hilarious! He kept chuckling to himself and saying to me, "Ha! Well, so Mark is going to have to fly on to Frankfurt! Ha! Ha!

The next morning we drove back to the airport, having been informed that the diverted passengers would be returning about 9:30 a.m. We waited and waited. We were then informed that the plane had been further delayed in Frankfurt. We waited again—longer. Still no plane. We were again informed that the plane would arrive in another 45 minutes. We waited again anticipating the appointed arrival. But still no plane but we were informed that the plane would arrive in just one hour. I hadn't come with anything to read or to occupy my attention. President McConkie took out his well-worn pocket knife and cut in half the *Time* magazine he was reading. As I now sat reading, he said, "I'll be back." A few moments later, he returned with a gigantic bar of milk chocolate in his hand. He said to me, "Do you like chocolate, Elder Taylor?" With the same old well-used knife, he cut off for me a great big chunk of chocolate. We sat there together reading Time and enjoying English chocolate. I was getting squirms and worrying about the delays and what he would think. Finally the time came for the plane to arrive and the flight had been cancelled for another three to four hours, to arrive in the late afternoon. I didn't know what to do and was frustrated with the delays. President McConkie had wasted all this good time, just sitting with me in the airport reading *Time* and eating chocolate. I worried and wondered what his reaction was to the whole business. He decided that we should go back to the Mission Home and forget it all. And, I was happily surprised and relieved when he said, "Well, Elder Taylor, Mark didn't show up! If that's the way they wanna play ball, that's the way we'll play." "Mark can find his own way home!" [24] He didn't seem anxious or perturbed about anything.

On one diversion day evening, as a staff, we went to see the new movie, "The Agony and the Ecstasy," about Michelangelo, starring Charlton Heston. Who should we discover sitting up front, about five or six rows, by himself, was President McConkie? We all enjoyed the movie.

The Queen Mother

One day, we received a notice stating that we should not park any of our vans or vehicles on Exhibition Road because the Queen Mother would be visiting the college across the street from the mission home to perform some sort of dedication. I went out in the afternoon and stood next to her big Rolls Royce automobile as it drove up and parked. I had a great position to take a picture of a very gracious lady. She seemed to radiate enthusiasm and happiness with her

sweet smile and shining disposition. I stood for a few moments admiring her in her beautiful blue suit and glowing countenance. Just a few days later, I had a similar opportunity to see and photograph Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip, her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, as they came to attend the famous Veteran's concert held at the nearby Royal Albert Hall across from Hyde Park.

We held a little "home night" in the Mission Home. Of course, I planned and organized it. I decided to invite the traveling elders and have a talent show. Elders Richardson and McConkie, both of whom had beautiful voices sang, "Come, Come Ye Saints," with minor harmonies. Sister Diggens sang a lovely song. She was also a talented pianist. Elder Rolly played on his guitar. I planned to sing a little song, "The Lullaby of the Shepherd," accompanied by Elder Felt. He played a long and flourishing melodramatic introduction, and when it came time for me to sing, I began, "Baaaaaaaa!" After a moment, they caught on and roared with laughter.[25] I was embarrassed by Elder Felt's little rendition:

Elder Taylor is a happy guy,
He always does his best.
And with him, for the past six months,
The Mission Home's been blessed.

He's really quite a jolly chap.
He really tries to please.
There's only two things he does hate,
They're towel fights and T. E.'s.

We don't know how he does it,
It just does not seem right
How he gets up at half past five,
Then works past one at night.[26]

President and Sister Robinson enjoyed the evening, as we all did. After, we had delicious cake and ice cream.

I got up as usual early one Sunday morning and decided to go for an early morning stroll into Hyde Park, along the path to the Serpentine. The air was brisk and fresh with hardly any people around. The beauty, the peace, the calm on the Sabbath filled me with tranquil spiritual feelings. I spent many early Sabbath mornings in the Mission Home Blue Room, quietly singing hymns from the hymn book in praise of God. I felt the warmth of my Father's hand upon my heart-strings. "I loved life—I loved the Gospel; my testimony was vibrantly alive." I lived for the Sabbath and welcomed its dawning rays. It was a special time for

me and I learned of the peace that comes through keeping this day holy and remembering the sacraments.[27]

> *"One evening as I knelt to pray in my room, the warm assurance of the Holy Ghost filled my soul. I poured forth tears of joy and thanksgiving for all that I had and for all that I felt. I could not understand why I had been so abundantly blessed." I discovered that as I kept my daily prayers and prayed alone at least three times a day, everything went smoothly and I know a sustaining hand was giving me support."*[28]

I experienced a difficult and tragic incident when Elder Gerald Jensen had an emotional breakdown. President and Sister Robinson were in the States. President McConkie was traveling. The elder came into the mission home to be relieved. He had an obsessive complex about fulfilling the injunction of the Lord in the Doctrine and Covenants Section 4, to serve with all one's heart, might, mind and strength. He felt he could not ever measure up to this all-encompassing expectation. I felt that he had been bullied, belittled, and psychologically abused by other missionaries who were unkind and rudely ridiculed or made fun of him. I tried to work with him for a couple of days and comfort him, but he finally completely collapsed in my arms and went into a trance and then went unconscious. After President Robinson's return, we arranged for his return home with another missionary returning from Scotland with other psychological problems, accompanied by a doctor. In getting him ready, he again collapsed. He was big, extremely heavy and lifeless. I kept talking with him constantly. I told him I loved him; I put my arms around him. I lifted him up onto his feet, telling him how I was going to enjoy seeing him back at school. As I finally got him balanced, he opened his eyes, looked at me and began to sob. He wept like a child. As I tried to console and comfort him, and let him release his bottled up feelings, his eyes again fluttered and like a pillar of stone fell forward. I reached forward and caught him just before he landed hard. He had again left reality and escaped into a world of despair. He finally awoke and told me that I was his friend. President Robinson came in again and through his persuasion and a little coercion, we got him back to reality enough to get him on the plane.

When we met and joined with an elder from Scotland, I was shocked to recognize a young man I had known two or three years earlier at Boy's State. Here was the impressive young man who had become the governor of Boy's State, an outstanding boy. I was astonished to see him now, a broken and burnt out missionary, defeated and discouraged. What had once been a strong, confident intelligent youth, was now empty and alone. It was the same face but now thin and pale. His eyes seemed sunken and dull. I spoke with him briefly. Seeing and hearing these tragedies on that Sunday morning, opened my mind to several new

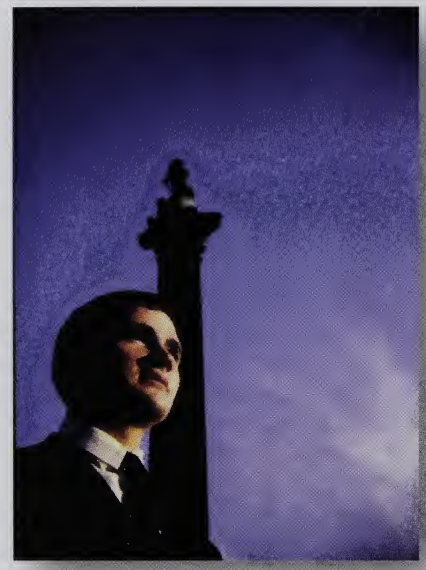
dimensions. I wondered if Elder Jensen had received more kindness, tolerance and consideration from his companions, he could have had a different mission experience.[29]

Sister Diggens, the President's Secretary was moved out to do proselyting work. She had always been such a pleasant personality in the Mission Home and had never spoken an ill or an unkind word to anyone. She had typed several quotations, stories and poems for all of our British Mission IP (Instant Preparation) books. She was replaced by Elder Leland Hansen, the transfer missionary from Germany.

My former companion, Elder Jefferies moved into the Mission Home for a time to work in the Hyde Park Chapel. He didn't make a good impression on a lot of people. One morning, he became very ill. He had pains shooting through his body, especially his stomach and side. We rushed him to the hospital and his appendix had burst. He remained in the hospital for quite a while. It was distressing to see my friend suffer with such pain.

It was soon time for me to be replaced in my Mission Secretary position. Elder Douglas Marriott from Washington, D.C. was appointed to take my position. I was happy to turn over my duties and to anticipate returning to the field. One of my last duties was to purchase and decorate the beautiful Christmas tree placed in the Blue Room of the Mission Home. On Christmas Eve, we drove over to Trafalgar Square to watch all of the celebrations around the large fountains, bright lights and beautiful decorated Norwegian Christmas tree.

We again drove down the brilliantly lit Oxford and Regent Streets. At midnight, a few of us went to the famous Brompton Oratory Catholic cathedral, just down the street, to witness midnight Mass. It was packed! I didn't get much out of the service. It was way, past my bedtime!



Elder Taylor & Lord Nelson at Trafalgar Square

During the next week, I made final preparations in helping Elder Marriott before my return to the field. On New Year's Eve, some of us went to the Royal Festival Hall to attend the "Nutcracker Suite." After, we went to Trafalgar Square once again to witness the coming of the New Year. There were many young people, many drunk, who climbed into the fountains and were splashing water all over everyone. I was sickened with the empty and hallow lives of so many who live from one day, one kick, to the next.

I was assigned to be the zone leader of the Essex Zone, to work briefly with Elder Hawker who would be returning home in a week. I felt my inadequacy as a missionary. Our first morning in January, we split and tracted in Romford with Elders Moore and Sappington. It was a cold and bleak January morning. I would no longer have the comfort and security of the Mission Home and my independent duties. We visited the local Vicar who treated us with disdain and had distributed some atrocious false publicity in the city about the Mormons. His wife told us that the Vicar had no time for the likes of us and that we should leave the premises. The next day, we worked with Elders Nielson and Murdock. Elder Nielson was considered one of the finest missionaries in the mission, the son of the great Wyoming oil magnate. We gave a wonderful lesson on Lehi's vision of the Tree of Life to a fine lady who had just joined the Church.[30]

My first night away from the Mission Home, we slept in sleeping bags in the Romford Church on the hard floor. I wondered what the next few months would bring and if I would feel as insecure as I did on that night. The next week, I was informed that Elder Ronnenkamp, my former companion was to be my new companion zone leader. We were provided with a new Morris automobile. Over time, we visited all of the elders in the zone. I got the wrath of several people and missionaries when I sensed and reported Elder Miller to the Assistants who I felt

was getting much too familiar with his young landlady. He was immediately transferred and I was a target. The woman went to the President in a rage and he had to try to soothe and straighten things out. I felt like I might have done the wrong thing, but four months later, I found out that I had undoubtedly done the right thing.

We split with Elders Shakespeare and Bunker from the Ilford district. Elder William O. Shakespeare was a good sweet missionary. It was great tracting with him as he would introduce himself as Elder William Shakespeare. We formed a wonderful friendship. He became a long-time employee in the English Department at BYU where we ran across each other's paths occasionally, remembering our happy experiences together.

Elder Ronnenkamp and I began work in our own area of Tower Hamlets in east London. This area was considered the lowest part of the slum area of all London. I don't think the area was ever really tracted. It was a lowly place filled with the poorest kind of creatures London was able to produce. We began by tracting some huge government sky flats. Being council houses and government assigned, the people were willing and anxious that the government take care of them. We made many appointments with no productivity. After a time, a new Greenwich District was created and we were moved out of Tower Hamlets, to our relief. Elder Ronnenkamp suggested that we move across the River Thames to work in a small town called Stanford-Le-Hope. We moved into "Mary's Place" in Chadewell-Saint-Mary where Elder Ronnenkamp had lived. Mary had violent fits of temper sometimes. But during this time, I made a conscientious study of the Book of Mormon. Each night between ten and eleven p.m. I sat on my bed with my red and blue pens reading and marking my scriptures. I gained a real love and testimony of the Book of Mormon.

There were many new homes with young families and we had hope for increasing success. Closely connected to Stanford-Le-Hope was a lovely small country village called Corringham. Commuting each day to Corringham proved somewhat inconvenient. We loved the beauty of the English country and the coming of spring. Working in Corringham was great. We were teaching more discussions each week than I had ever done and only in the area four days a week. When we were tired of our own area, we traveled and when we were tired of traveling, we worked our own area.

Elder Ronnenkamp and I worked well together. We were selected to represent the mission in a newspaper article on the Mormons. The photographers took a picture of us together and spent an afternoon interviewing and following us around. We had each grown and matured and appreciated our companionship. On Sundays we visited one of the branches in Essex, either Ilford, Romford,

Southend, Basildon, or Grays. These were wonderful days and I so much enjoyed working with the elders in the Essex Zone. The first time we traveled to Billericay, the landlady fed us so well that I was stuffed and could hardly move. After the meal, she took the occasion to read our palms because she claimed to be a great palm-reader. Bosh!

As we were tracting in Southend, in the evening, we called on one man who had fire in his eyes. In a harsh violent tirade, he screamed at us and told us to leave. I turned around and immediately started to walk away towards the gate. He followed directly behind and I felt that if I turned around he would hit me with something. We were able to leave without further incident.

Mary, our landlady became increasingly hostile towards us, especially me. I couldn't understand the reason. I always did everything exactly as she told us. I tried to be neat and tidy with our apartment and always respond with pleasant courtesy. She was always explaining how extremely busy she was, yet I observed how much "tellie" she watched, how late she slept in, and how little cooking she achieved. She complained about the scuffing and muddying of her floor when we only walked on it once or twice a day and with great care. She became so hostile that the great part of her day was spent in bitter railing against me. It was necessary for us to leave.[31] We moved to a nice room in a small home in Corringham, hosted by Mr. and Mrs. Hodley.

We met an older gentleman, Mr. Clark, a widower, and despairing because of the death of his wife. He was kind and we reached out to him and tried to assure him that he would see his wife again. But he said he was not interested in our message and said that he was too old to change. I bore my testimony and pleaded with him to listen to our message. I could sense his sorrow, loneliness and melancholy. My heart went out to him, but try as I would, he would not accept a return appointment. "I feel I gained a portion of that same sorrow…it seemed to tear at my heart. I felt so very sorry for the man."

We met and taught Mr. Boil, an intelligent man who had studied the mathematics of the ancient Egyptian pyramids. He believed in the Bible. We taught him about the Book of Mormon, giving him a lesson on the "Tree of Life," and introduced information about the discovery of the Stella 5, Izapa stone discovered in Mexico. Our first discussions went well and he prayed, but as time went by, he became more and more reluctant to progress. We called at his home one evening. No one was home. As we were leaving, he came roaring down the street in his old car, driving up on the pavement and crashing into a telephone pole, obviously intoxicated, having visited the local pub. He got out of the car, calmly walked over to the front of his car, examined the damage, and remorsefully

but quietly said in a very British-like manner, "Oh, dear! I've had a bit of an accident; and I just got that fixed!"[32] He didn't continue with our discussions.

After a few weeks as zone leaders, we attended the Essex District Conference in the Southend Chapel. In the Saturday night priesthood session, I was called upon to speak. I spoke of the importance of the priesthood.

Zone Leader Elder Taylor with new British Morris automobile

In Ilford, we worked with Elders Lyman Smith and Letze Miller, a new missionary from New Orleans. Sometimes, he just stared into space. He would not study and was wrapped up within himself. One night, he exploded in a hysterical outburst and climbed all over the room screaming. His hysterics scared Elder Smith. After a good letter from home and some counsel from President Robinson, he improved. We always enjoyed seeing each other.

While tracting in Corringham, we met an atheist couple. She was an artist and her home was filled with her creative work, some of which was rather bizarre. Her husband, a scientist, was as intellectual as was she. They believed they were so profound and intelligent in their thinking, that they were superior to the average lot of humanity. It was ridiculous to them to consider two very young and immature foreigners as ourselves to have any grasp on truth. They talked in such circles and on such a confused and mixed up level that I found it impossible to communicate. I left the house in tears, frustrated in my own incapacity and their stubbornness of heart.[33]

We took occasion to meet the local vicar who was out gardening and also the local Baptist minister. We avoided getting into a religious discussion. As we left the minister, we both felt a spirit of hatred and a wicked feeling emanating from him. I found that simply looking into some people's eyes is enough to set them into a rage. As my mission continued, I tried to look past the physical presence and see into a person's soul to discern the spirit inside. I found sometimes I could.[34]

My approach to people became more and more direct. Sometimes on the doorstep, I would say words like,

> *"We are ministers of the Lord; he has sent us to your door to tell you that he loves you and your family so much. We know that God lives and that Jesus is his son. We have come to tell you that his true gospel and Church have been restored to the earth. This means that you and your family can be baptized with God's proper authority. May we enter your home to share this vital message?"*[35]

Usually, I found my words falling on deaf ears.

I became more and more aware of a certain Elder James McConkie, a nephew of President McConkie. He was the zone leader of the East Anglia district. Everywhere I heard about his dynamic leadership and creative missionary service.

On Sunday morning, I made my regular telephone call and report to the Assistants in the Mission Home. Elder Densley, my pal, said he had something to tell me. He then said, "You're living with a prostitute!" "What! I beg your pardon?" He then said that President Robinson had received a call from an anonymous neighbor, that the Mormon elders living in Corringham were living with a whore—alleged Mrs. Hodley. I said that was ridiculous and that Mr. and Mrs. Hodley were the kindest of people. He said that the Mission President wanted to speak with me about it in the morning. So on Monday morning we drove into London for our usual Zone Counselor meetings. In the meeting, he turned to Elder McConkie and said that he wanted to speak with him after the meeting. As expected he turned to me and said, "Elder Taylor, I want to speak with you after we get through." I waited around for a few minutes, until he was ready to speak to me. I wondered what he was going to say. Were we going to have to move out of our digs again? After sitting down in his office, I blurted out, "I suppose you want to talk with me about some problem with my landlady?" He said, "Oh, that! Is there any problem there that you see?" I said, "No, I don't think there's any problem; the Hodley's seem like fine people" He said, "Good! Now

what I called you in about is that I wonder if you will be my first Assistant!" I'm sure my jaw dropped, my heart stopped and my face became abruptly pale. He said, "Oh, you don't have to, but I feel that you could help out here, back in the Mission Home!" I was greatly pleased and I would be working with Elder McConkie, called to be the other Assistant. My feelings jumped quite a way from being accused of living with a harlot to being called to be the new Assistant to the Mission President!

I had one week before reporting to my new assignment in the mission home. I felt humbled and honored. There were so many capable missionaries. Each day, early in the morning, I retired to a large field, to walk and think. I prayed vocally, crying to the Lord that he would continue to help and strengthen me and make me equal to this new position. He had never forsaken me before. I fasted and prayed during the week and felt prepared in entering into another new experience. My friend, Elder Densley and former Assistant, counseled me and warned me about Elder McConkie, who he had never liked much.

I greeted Elder McConkie in the Mission Home. He helped me with my bags up to the top floor. I passed my old room, now occupied by Elder Marriott. After situating myself, I went downstairs and Elder McConkie and I visited, getting better acquainted. I was a little intimidated by him, but I think he was of me as well. He was an assertive and progressive leader. I was reticent and retiring. After talking together, we drove down to Biddenden, Kent and then on down the coast. We arrived on the coast somewhere near Dover and Margate. My old SL Mission Home companion, Elder Johnnie Wade Hansen was conducting a zone diversion day gathering and testimony meeting. They had a huge bonfire going and there were many refreshments. The full bright moon shown on the waters of the ocean. It was a beautiful crisp cold night. I didn't have a coat but we had a very fine time. Elder McConkie spoke for about five minutes and then I spoke extemporaneously. I didn't know what to say, but I said something. As time went on, traveling together, Elder McConkie and I came to trust each other. He became a good sounding board and he became a true friend; he was always there to give me support and encouragement. He later became a prominent attorney in Salt Lake City and ran for public office as a Democrat.

During the next few days, we spent hours together in "idea sessions." Sometimes the weird ideas prompted huge outbursts of jovial laughter. Two of Elder McConkie's intellectual "cronies were Elder Richard Lambert (who eventually became the Los Angeles district attorney) and Elder George Durham (the general authority's son, who became a prominent Salt Lake City doctor and who married famous Christine Durham, district court judge). They served as special publicity assistants to President Robinson. They were all very smart people and I felt awkward and "out of my element."[36]

Among our responsibilities, we conducted training sessions or orientations for newly arriving missionaries, zone leader weekly meetings, and monthly district leader meetings. We also prepared the weekly mission bulletin. With Elder Durham's help, we enlarged and improved its quality. It was a chore for me to get someone to type the labels, apply the stamps, stuff the envelopes, and mail over 200 bulletins. Three days per week, we would travel out to one of the districts to teach and train the missionaries. I would usually speak for a few minutes and Elder McConkie would follow. A few of the meetings were very spiritual but others were void and lifeless. We spent our Saturdays conducting zone seminars while President Robinson interviewed the missionaries. One of my lessons was focused on "Light" from the scriptures. Some of these district meetings were great but often, there was that lifeless, deadened lack of spiritual energy on the part of some of the missionaries. One encounter in particular was in my old Rochester district. Each of the companionships were discouraged, felt defeated and had little desire to improve or move forward. They had a "who cares—so what?" attitude which the devil tries to impose. I mentioned my feelings to Elder McConkie and he felt the same. When Elder McConkie got up to speak, the fire of the Holy Ghost filled him. He spoke with a powerful voice of authority, rebuking the ill spirit and calling the missionaries to repentance. He spoke with great persuasion and motivation. He compared a typical missionary today with the likes of Parley P. Pratt who spent forty years of his life in missionary service. He spoke with energy and conviction, as I watched the elders in the room cower and shrink, not lifting their heads up, gazing and staring at the floor or the wall. He said, *"If you elders can just be a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ and feel like one for just one day, it will make your whole mission worthwhile!"* It was a privilege to be with such a companion.

With Elders Durham and Lambert, we drove down to Canterbury to be present at one of President Robinson's Dead Sea Scroll lectures. We enjoyed it. As we drove back, Elder Durham and I had a very good talk. At that time, I wrote, *"I learned to understand him better. After our talk, I can't say enough [good] for the man. He will go far."* Indeed, he did, as did Elder Lambert and McConkie!

My experience in the Mission Home this second time was very different than the first time. Elder Felt was the only one still there. Some of the personalities were not as pleasant and unified as before. I tried to keep active and busy but found the job was not as well defined and I could not get myself organized. I felt like I spent a lot of time doing nothing. I was not self-initiating in undefined situations.

President Hugh B. Brown of the First Presidency, again visited our mission to dedicate the new Norwich Chapel. Our Mission Home staff traveled

north by van to attend the Dedication. In route, our fan belt broke and we were stranded on the road side. Who should come driving past, but President Robinson and President Brown, with their wives? They stopped and asked if they could do anything to help us. We said, "Yes, you can push us to the nearest service station for repairs." I got quite a stroke realizing that here was one of the Presidents of the Church helping to tow our van with us to the nearest petrol station.

In the Dedication, President Brown related many of his early experiences, especially those in Norwich, when he first came to England. At that time, he was ridiculed as a young missionary. Now he was coming in honor to dedicate a beautiful new chapel. At the conclusion of his address, he bore again such a powerful testimony of the Savior. How could anyone in that meeting ever doubt the reality of the Father and the Son? President Brown said, *"You may not remember what I say, but you will never forget the way you felt when I said it."*

The next day, we had a missionary meeting and President Brown spoke to us. I had the privilege of conducting the meeting. President Brown called upon Elders Rasmussen, Galbraith, Huntington, Densley and Sisters Criddle and Diggens to speak and bear their testimonies. After President Robinson presented the new Challenge Program which Elder McConkie and I had developed. President Brown commended the speakers and endorsed the new Program. He then spoke with such spiritual power and authority admonishing the missionaries to not become discouraged, to never give up, to never let down. He reminisced about a meeting he once attended as a missionary where President Grant prophesied that one of his hearers would one day be called to be an apostle of the Lord. President Brown then gave a similar prophecy to us. He concluded his testimony by expressing his love and hope that one day in heaven, he could find a place to sit down with a group of British missionaries. He shook everyone's hand. After the meeting, I noticed Elder Brown in tears. He was President Brown's grandson. He felt he was not living up to the great missionary heritage of his grandfather and had to face him in a few moments. But Elder Brown was an excellent missionary, the district leader of the Norwich district. I noticed that a glowing alive testimony had affected Elder Marriott. He was greatly moved, as I had been in the first meeting with President Brown, a year earlier. Perhaps it was because I was nervous with conducting the meeting and I had to leave the meeting momentarily to have four vehicles moved off from the street.[37]

About two weeks later, traveling alone, I went by Underground to Liverpool Street Mainline Station, caught the train to Norwich and arrived three hours later. I looked forward to seeing the area in greater detail. Norwich is a beautiful city in the northern part of East Anglia with a great many historic sites. I caught the bus and attended the sacrament meeting in the Norwich Chapel. I was to speak to the missionaries in the East Anglia Zone on Sunday evening. I

had really prepared my talk for this meeting and it went over like a piece of uncooked dough landing upon a pile of dead leaves. Again, the zone of missionaries seemed listless, languishing, spiritually lifeless or lackadaisical. The zone had reached such heights in weeks previous. They were now exhausted and had plummeted statistically to the bottom of the mission. Following the meeting, I was driven around Norwich. We came back to the Chapel and camped out in the Relief Society room, with blankets or sleeping bags. Here we were, a whole zone of missionaries packed together. I went to sleep and sure enough, my old trait of talking in my sleep emerged. In the middle of the night, I raised up from my sleeping place and began some sort of verbal babbling in my sleep. I think I woke up the whole zone of elders, except for myself! In the morning, to my embarrassment I learned about my nocturnal nonsense. Everyone thought it was hilarious. I thought it was pretty funny myself and took the experience in good humor. Early that morning, before my embarrassment, I arose, slipped on my clothes and went for a long walk up the near hillside, looking over the village of Norwich. It was a beautiful day and the dawning sun beamed brightly over the landscape. It was crisp and damp and the fresh dew all over the ground made everything so clean and fresh. As I looked over the countryside, I offered prayers of gratitude for my many blessings. This early morning experience made my whole trip pleasant and worthwhile. Elders Brown and Stone, the zone leaders conducted a combined zone meeting on Monday.

Elder McConkie and I made several trips to various branch sacrament meetings. These included Sittingbourne, Dartford, Lowestoft and Colchester. President Mark E. Petersen had come to Britain to dedicate the Colchester Chapel. I had been given a clear request to bring song booklets for the dedication. In our rush upon leaving, I forgot the booklets. This and a few other mistakes made me wonder as to my reliability as the President's Assistant. He was kind to me and didn't get too upset. Speakers included Presidents Robinson, Leech, and Bryan and then President Petersen, all inspirational. President Petersen spoke on the ancient Church, the Apostles, and the Apostasy. He spoke in such clear words that there was no room for doubt.

The next day we held missionary meetings. President Petersen trained us on various finding methods. In the evening, we had a mission-wide meeting with members. It was given to me to conduct the meeting. I was so scared I could hardly speak and I fumbled a few times. President Petersen told me I had done well and thanked me once again.

In April or the first of May, Elders Densley and Jaynes invited Elder Marriott and me down to Biddenden, Kent on a beautiful spring day to proselyte in their area. We had a wonderful productive day together. Before departing, we went to a remote area to have a prayer together. We drove up an old narrow

country lane, parked the car and walked into a secluded place in the woods. We all knelt down together in prayer. As we were praying, I heard some rustling around us. As we finished, we looked up and we were surrounded by a cluster of policemen. They asked us who we were, our occupations, about our car and other questions. They thought we had stolen and "ditched" our automobile. After they departed, Elder Densley said, "Well, that's the first time I have prayed before the police!"[38]

I was invited to speak at the Beaney Institute in Canterbury by Elder Curtis. All of the members in the local branches throughout Kent were invited to come and bring their investigators. There weren't many investigators but there were about sixty members. I spoke about the Prophet Joseph Smith and his great mission. I bore my testimony about his divine calling. While in Canterbury, I visited the Cathedral again. I thought that there must have been a clerical training school of some sort for young clerics. I observed the young men going to and fro in the courtyard, attending their classes or meetings. I had an impression that I would someday be involved in some kind of religious training school.

The uneasiness and frustrations I felt in the Mission Home caused some anxiety. I desired to be able to go out into the proselyting field with my own area once again before returning home to the USA. President Robinson felt it would be good to finish my mission in the field, so I was assigned to return once again to the Rochester district and work with Elder Traci Monson. We were to do our work in Chatham where both the Herbert and Carpenter families lived. I had little respect for the missionary I was to replace. He and Elder Monson had accomplished little. I think I noted a look of relief in the eyes of Elder Monson when learning of my assignment. He was a very quiet missionary who was a follower, not an initiator. But we made friends and got along well.

As we drove down to Chatham, late in the evening, I pondered over the many months of my mission and the numerous times I had ridden along that same Old Kent Road from London to Rochester. I wondered what the next few weeks would hold for me. I determined to make these few weeks the best of my whole mission. I wanted to make our personal and companion study really consistent and meaningful. I had a real thirst for spiritual knowledge. Our study helped solidify doctrines and principles of the gospel. As I studied the Book of Mormon, I saw patterns, paradigms and principles. I was fascinated by charting and diagraming the concepts I saw in Alma 42 and many other chapters. A book which deeply touched my life during my mission was *While of These Emblems*, on the sacrament and the Atonement.[39] I outlined the entire book in my IP Book. I think Elder Monson enjoyed it as well.

We began working. My hay fever was intense but I suffered through it. Elder Monson was sick in his stomach and we had to stop and rest for a time. We had little success in starting to tract a new area. As we were working up the street in Luton, the police stopped us and made their routine check. We made a few appointments but they fell through. Our area was as difficult as everyone said it was. We did a great deal of tracting but found little reception. I had faith that we could meet someone soon that we could teach. We met many people, taught a few but could not get any progressing investigators. Brother Carpenter had become inactive, partly because of the actions of the former branch president. Brother Herbert was now the new branch president, after just a year as a member. He did much to help Brother Carpenter become active again. Brother and Sister Laney were still as solid and active as ever but would soon be immigrating to Canada.

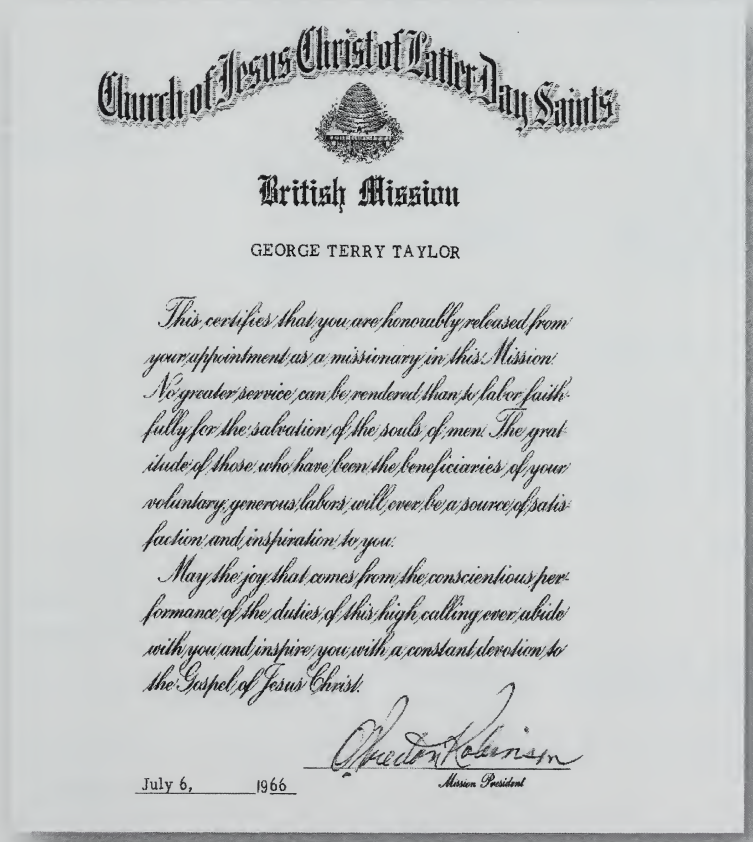
The last few weeks, were difficult. My hay fever got so bad, I could barely endure it. I took several allergy pills to keep me going, but I had an inner warmth of satisfaction because of the diligence of my efforts. Because of my parents coming to pick me up from my mission and going on a European tour, my mission was extended for three weeks. I knew that I was doing my best in spite of our hardships. I was grateful that I had this opportunity to work hard ending my mission. I felt reconciled that I could make up the lost two or three weeks I had when I was very sick in Sittingbourne, a year and a half earlier.

In the last district meeting I attended, I was invited to give a lesson on the distinctions between acting by the Spirit and acting because of the flesh. This was the last time that I taught missionaries while in the mission field. On the last Sunday of my mission, I arose at 5:00 a.m., told Elder Monson I would be back shortly, jumped on my bicycle and rode out to a grove of trees, parked my bike and began walking. When I found a quiet place, I stopped and pondered over the last few weeks.

> *"I fell upon my knees and offered up my thanks to God for the past two years; for the people who had befriended me; for my companions and Mission Parents; for the opportunities I had to teach and for leadership; for the help I received when I felt so helplessly lost; for the constant hand of protection which I felt many times and which literally had saved my life twice; for the health and strength I received; and for the personal growth and knowledge I had gleaned. Above all, I thanked my Father in Heaven for my burning vibrant living testimony of his Beloved Son and of his gospel. I thanked God for these and many other blessings; I poured out my heart to him. I felt now that I was not ending my mission in life but just ready to begin. I felt the need to*

sacrifice all that I was and possessed to that hand which had so swiftly brought me over these two years. I prayed for a long time, there on my knees...alone in the woods...and I felt the presence of the Divine."[40]

Before traveling to London to meet my parents, the last afternoon, I tracted in the rain hoping to find a wonderful family. Thus ended my British Mission.



Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

British Mission

GEORGE TERRY TAYLOR

This certifies that you are honorably released from your appointment as a missionary in this Mission. No greater service can be rendered than to labor faithfully for the salvation of the souls of men. The gratitude of those who have been the beneficiaries of your voluntary, generous labors will ever be a source of satisfaction and inspiration to you.

May the joy that comes from the conscientious performance of the duties of this high calling ever abide with you and inspire you with a constant devotion to the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

July 6, 1966

Mission President

Companionships

Name	Where From	District and County	Major Cities
Johnny Wade Hanson		SLC Mission Home	
Roy Lee Richardson	Salt Lake City, Utah	Rochester Kent, England	Rainham, Chatham, Gillingham, Rochester
David E. Payne	Provo, Utah	Rochester	
Peter Van Orman	Provo, Utah	Rochester	
David Lauper	California	Rochester	
Elder Foster		Rochester	Sheerness, Minster, Sittingbourne
StephenFlint Ronnenkamp	Layton, Utah	Rochester	
Wesley Jefferies	Utah		
Val Thompson		London	Chiswick, Shepherd's Bush
Roy Lee Richardson	SLC	British Mission Home	London
Richard Olson	California	Mission Home	
Douglas Felt		Mission Home	
Douglas G. Marriott	Washington, D.C.	Mission Home	
Hawker		Essex	Ipswich, Ilford, Romford, Southend
Stephen Ronnenkamp	Layton, Utah	Essex	
James W. McConkie	London, & SLC	Mission Home	London
Traci Monson	SLC, Utah	Rochester	Rochester, Chatham

[1] *Missionary Journal, British Mission*, George Terry Taylor, page 7.
[2] Ibid, page 24.
[3] P. 22.
[4] P. 23.
[5] P. 10.
[6] P. 21.
[7] P. 27.
[8] P. 35.
[9] P. 29.
[10] P. 33-34.
[11] P. 40-41.
[12] P. 41.
[13] P. 42.
[14] P. 47.
[15] P. 52-54.
[16] P. 55.
[17] P. 57.
[18] P. 57.
[19] P. 59.
[20] P. 77.
[21] P. 61.
[22] P. 69.
[23] P. 70.
[24] P. 72-73.
[25] P. 73-74.
[26] P. 78.
[27] P. 79.
[28] P. 80.
[29] P. 80-85.
[30] P. 90-91.
[31] P. 99-100.
[32] P. 110-111.
[33] P. 105.
[34] P. 106.
[35] P. 112-113.
[36] P. 116-119.
[37] P. 126-127.
[38] P. 132.
[39] Jacob, Carl H., *While of These Emblems*, Deseret Book Company, 1962.
[40] P. 145.

FOURTEEN

Education

As a small boy, there were many books on the shelves of our home. There was a set of very old brown World Books, which I looked through, over and over again, mainly at the pictures. Old drawings and images still come back in my mind to me, like the one with "Puss n' Boots." I had this old set in my possession when I was married, but it has long been disposed of, to my regret.

Other books, like *Poems of Childhood*, by Eugene Field, and *The Arabian Nights*, both illustrated by Maxfield Parrish.[1] These books flood my mind with memories of my early childhood. Mother would read to us from the two volume set of Grimm and Anderson Fairy Tales.[2] The illustrations from these was a frequent source of interest and examination, especially the inside cover pages. I later purchased this set new, but they are now in the possession of my daughter Anna.

One book, which I have inherited from my parents is the *The Bible in Art, Twenty Centuries of Famous Bible Paintings*.[3] It has many pictures, reproductions of all the great master painters. All of these books and pictures had an influence on my mind growing up and some of my religious feeling.

Well, it came time for me to go to school. At five, I was taken to Kindergarten at the Wasatch Elementary school, about two miles south of our home on the hill. I have only a couple of memories of my first day. I was full of fear, as I am with starting anything new.

I remember the big huge wooden blocks out of which we could make castles and forts. Mom made for me an Indian blanket upon which I could take my daily nap at the school, during nap time. I remember it as being sort of plaid, with brown, red, yellow, with some white in it. Of course, my blanket was a great comfort, and replacements have always been the same for me. That reminds me of George Washington's axe. Over the years, it had 5 new handles and 2 heads, but it's still George Washington's axe!

But, sometime after starting Kindergarten, I was pulled out because I got Rheumatic Fever. I went to Kindergarten again after my recovery a whole year later. So I was one of the older kids instead of one of the younger. That is probably one of the best things that could have ever happened to me, educationally.

My first teacher was Mrs. Naomi Rowan. She had dark hair and reminded me a little of my Sister Janice. She was a wonderful teacher. I think she read some books to us, maybe *Curious George*, *The Little House*, and *Mike Mulligan and His Steam Shovel*. I can't recall anything else about Kindergarten.

My First and Second Grade Teacher was Miss Bennett. She was an older lady, had never been married and was a very strict disciplinarian. She had a great big yard stick and she wasn't afraid to use in on the back, the hand or the head of any unruly student. I think she had thick glasses and filled the typical image of an "old maid" teacher. One of her hands was deformed because she was missing a thumb. But, I believe that of all my early teachers, she was the best I could possibly have in those formative years. She taught me about rules, about discipline and decorum. She taught me to read and write, although I don't remember anything about doing so in her class. I know that she loved us students but it was a "tough" love; she wanted to train our minds to become something. I greatly look forward to meeting and thanking her (and all my teachers) in the next world.

My Third Grade Teacher again was Mrs. Rowan. I think that it was in her class that I read *Cubby Bear*. I was learning to read a little better, but my arithmetic was not so good. They were expanding the size of the school and making a large construction area to the west and south of the wing where we currently had our classes. We were warned not to go over to that area or we would get into big trouble! I can't recall how or why but I found myself over there, and I got into big Trouble! I was chastised by somebody and told that I was expelled from school and I had to go home. I was mortified, ashamed, embarrassed. Nothing like that had ever happened to me. I cried at home and crawled under the bed. My Mother's reaction? "Oh, Hi, Terry. Never mind. You're fine." What a relief to have such an understanding mother.

I think that it was in this year, I started to show some interest in some of the girls, but I dared not venture to speak to any of them!

Somewhere along the way, the boys began to polarize, form teams, then troops, then gangs? We went out east of the school during recess and lunch time and played war games. There were huge rolling and rising hills and ditches east of the school. The two sides were the North and the South, the Union and the Rebels! At that time, you could buy flags and hats representing each side. I think I became a Union soldier, but I can't remember for sure. We had secret signals and signs. There were often traitors among us. I remember some of the fear that came from engaging in our warfare play. I was never one of the leaders. We did nothing really harmful or dangerous. It was just the thoughts and feelings we engendered in our creative youthful games. I think that the school administration finally put a stop to our war antics.

My Fourth Grade Teacher was Mr. Lincoln Card. I learned he was a Canadian. He was tall and had a good voice. I mentioned earlier some of the wonderful books he read to us, like Laura Engels Wilder's *Little House in the Big Woods*. He had a form of corporal punishment for one particular student, Dennis ----- who created a lot of problems in the class. Dennis had very short hair, like a very short bull-dog hair cut. Mr. Card would grab a few of the hairs with his thumb and index finger and pull. It was excruciating and Dennis would scream. Classroom discipline has sure changed from those days!

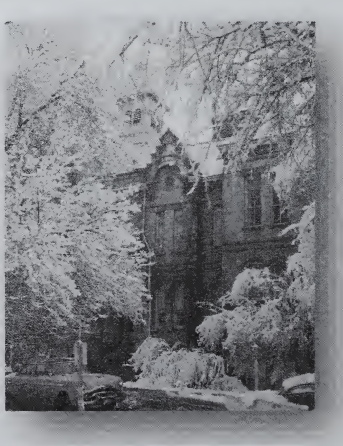
Many years later, I welcomed Mr. Card and his wife in the Missionary Training Center, as senior missionaries. He didn't seem to remember me very well. But I sure remember him. I had him as a teacher both in Fourth Grade and in the Sixth Grade. I had great respect for him as I eventually did for all of my teachers.

Fifth Grade was an important year for me. My teacher was Mr. Sheldon Scofield. None of the students seemed to like him very much and made efforts with their parents to get into a different class. But, I was stuck! Yet, as the year progressed, I came to like Mr. Scofield very much. Again, as I grew older, I came to realize what an excellent person he was and how he had to serve and sacrifice as an elementary school teacher.

BY Academy & High School

In 6th Grade, I liked a couple of girls in the class. I dreamed of going on a date with one of them. In those days, dating was Ok before age 16. We had a few dances in the school. But I never went on any date.

The next year, Mom was assigned by BYU to go to teach English in the BYU High Lab School. I don't recall how or why, but I was enrolled to go to the 7th Grade at BY Junior High School, along with several other Wasatch class mates. We went to a big orientation meeting presented by Don L. McConkie. It was scary for me to make changes and to start growing up. The school buildings consisted of the Education Building, the Arts Building (the two connected with an overhead skyway) and the elementary education building with the Men's Gym on the top floor. I really appreciated that I could go up to my Mother's office in the Arts Building at lunch time. She would give me a dollar or two and I would get some lunch down at the make-shift lunch room in the building, or eat peanut butter and honey sandwiches which she fixed for me.



In the Winter

Mother had to really put up with a lot with a few of the students. She taught with Anna B. Hart, a truly celestial person who lived in an idealistic world, but who received a lot of ridicule, wise cracks, and pranks. Mother and Anna, along with Alice Wilkinson remained dear friends the rest of their lives. They served

together on the General Board of the Relief Society for the whole Church. In later years, Mom invited Anna up to the canyon to spend an afternoon and evening. They were kind to each other. I know that some of Mom's students, including President Wilkinson's son, Douglas really appreciated Mother's teaching and praised her for years afterward.

Well, I think Mom was able to get out of the hornet's nest and return to her teaching Freshman English at the BY University. I went on to 8th Grade.

Our BY High school mascot was a "wildcat!" The school colors were gold and gray. The secondary school colors were light blue and white. I came to love school, liked most of the girls and I made a lot of friends. Like most schools, it became "cliquish" but I never thought about that. I suppose I was in the good "clicks" so I didn't ever worry about it.

My science teachers were Verl Allman and Omar Hansen. The six boys and five girls who went with Brother Allman out west of Utah Lake to a snake pit will never forget our experience. He loved snakes! We had snakes crawling all over us!

BY Junior High Science Class at the Snake Pit

My industrial arts (shop) teacher was Ross Hilton. He was bald and had a deep bass voice. I wish I had a deep base voice. He was a good man. But I'm glad for my hair. My core and Utah history teacher was Faye Buttle. I did my first research paper on American Indians. My civics, social studies and American History teachers were Don L. McConkie and Grant Bendixsen. I remember sitting in class gazing at a beautiful calendar on the wall with a pristine mountain scene of a gorgeous lake and aspiring pine trees reaching to heaven. My mind would wander and I would gaze for long moments wishing I was there, instead of sitting in class. I did one of my first written papers on the erosion of the soils in America.

My math teachers were Wallace Allred and Jed Gibson, the football coach. I learned some algebra, but I learned as little as possible. I started seminary in 7th Grade so I took it for 6 years. My first seminary teacher was Alan Anderson, a saintly man who taught me Old Testament and died early on. Other seminary teachers were Marshall Burton, (Church History) who later was a member of our Grandview ward and a good friend, and Wallace Montague (Book of Mormon), and Hal Taylor (New Testament). Hal's son Fred, was my roommate for the summer at the Grand Canyon. Hal also became the mission president in the Indian Navajo Mission for my pal Francis Rogers. We all respected him as a goodly saint. Upon graduation, I was selected as the Outstanding Seminary Graduate.

The Librarian was June Barry. I liked her because I liked going into the library and reading. My art teacher was Ray Hellberg who did the best calligraphic writing I had ever seen. My psychology teacher and school counselor was Richard Wooton, Years later, he lived in my stake and we became reacquainted. My English teachers were June Whitehead, Daryl Anderson, and Addie Jean Fuhriman. My music teachers were Fred Webb, chorus, and James Mason, band.

My last year, I was made chorus president. We performed a lot of concerts both in band and in chorus. I wanted to have a deep bass voice, but it never happened, even though I tried to sing bass. Our school did well in competition with other high schools. Brother Webb, a real disciplinarian but with a great sense of humor, occasionally bowing before us throwing his long loose hair way down over his eyes. Funny!

Mom rented a new clarinet for me to begin reading and practicing music. As mentioned earlier, Brother Mason soon had me change to playing the oboe. He liked my embouchure and the tone I was able to create. I practiced over the years and became pretty good, playing in both the All-state Band and All-state Orchestra. I also played oboe in the BYU Concert Band, my first year at BYU, outlined in my Chapter on Music. But I was never very good with rhythms, probably because of my shortcomings in arithmetic!

My drama and debate teachers were Max Golightly and Lynn Benson. Wow, did we all give Brother Benson a hard time in class! He was so patient with us! My debate partner was Francis Rogers and we went to the state tournament. I won an award in the state tournament for my oration on the moral deterioration of America! Now, all of my elementary and high school teachers have gone to the other side.

So I took music and drama, debate and forensics. I loved the sports! I played clarinet at all the games in the band or the tenor drum in the marching band. I avoided any business classes, science and math classes or anything that was hard and scary!

I served as 7th Grade vice president. I served as 9th Grade class president. As a sophomore student, I noticed all the hoopla and campaigning going on for student offices. So I decided as a junior, to run for the student body office of 1st Vice President for my senior year. And I won!

The student body president was my old elementary school chum, and debate partner Francis. The 2nd Vice President was another friend, Les Brown. So, during my senior year, I was responsible for organizing,

George, Francis and Les

scheduling and putting on the school assemblies. It was a lot of fun, a little work; we had some really fun and funny assemblies.

President and Vice Presidents

I made an acquaintance with David Garn Clark, son of prominent local orthodontist Dacosta Clark. In high school, he became both my best friend and biggest rival. His shot between the foul line and the basket was so

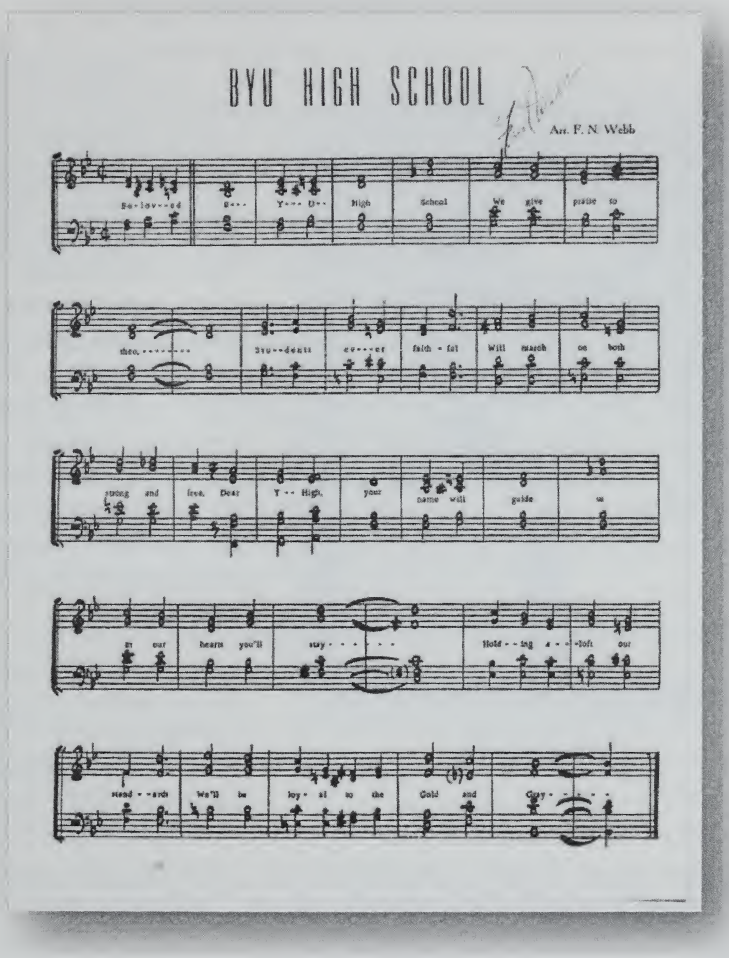
consistent it irked me! He was a better musician, better scout, better student, almost better everything, I competed with him in my mind. He became our senior class president. Francis, David and I went out into the mission field together, he to Brazil and I to England, Francis to the American Indians (now Native Americans). David's regular correspondence to me in the mission field came to mean much to me in later years. I selected him to be the "best man" at my wedding. He became a successful surgeon in Denver, Colorado. Unfortunately, he died of an acute cancer early in his medical career. David's older brother Cecil, a high school friend of my brother-in-law Brent Brockbank, became a professor of teacher training in the education department at BYU. We formed a good friendship many years later when he did some consulting with me in the MTC. Cecil and I both miss David.

In my senior year, our school took the 1st place state awards in forensics, drama, and basketball. We took 3rd place, I think in baseball. As a school, we received many awards in music. What a rich choice time I had through my junior high and high school years. Such fond memories and friendships I experienced. I collected each of the six year books for my six years at the Brigham Young University Laboratory High School. My graduating class was composed of 63 students! I took all of those career interest and aptitude tests that are supposed to tell you what you should or could do. The counselor told me that if I went to college, I would probably have a hard time with the academics. I pressed on with my school ignoring the tests and the scores.

State Forensics Champions

Drama and Debate Students

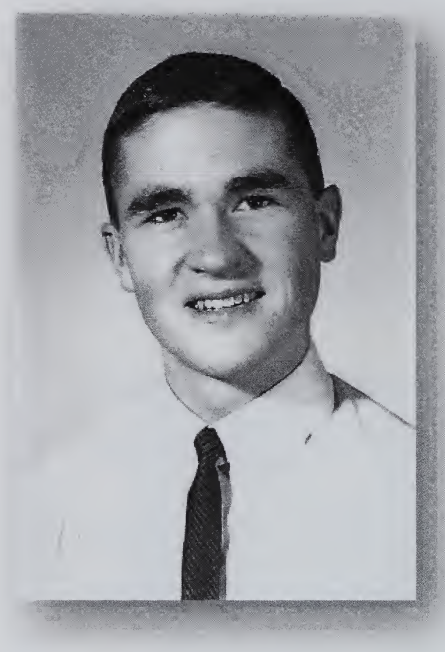
BY High Debate Champs



BY High School Song

Again, I am grateful to my teachers who sacrificed for us youngsters. I was not the smartest student among my peers, but I think I enjoyed and valued my educational experience as much as any student. I received several honors my last year. I was amazed and shocked to be selected as the Outstanding Male

Graduate! It was gratifying to me to not have failed as I anticipated, but to have achieved some success in my early education.



BY High Student

Well, I applied to and was accepted at the Brigham Young University. I received the Seminary Scholarship of about $500.00. Being the child of a faculty member, a substantial portion of my tuition was covered. I was very fortunate to receive this financial boost. I lived at home with Mom and Dad so my room and board were also covered. I worked at the Grand Canyon National Park North Rim between high school and college and saved a small amount.

So I began my college career as a freshman in the fall of 1963. The great dread of all students was entering the registration gauntlet at the George Albert Smith Fieldhouse. Getting the right cards for the classes one wanted to take, was the challenge. I went through it achieving my first success in college by registering for my first term for the following classes: Comprehension and Reading (Freshman English), American Heritage (History), Concert Band, Handball, General Psychology, Introduction to the Book of Mormon, and Missionary Preparation. I have no recollection of my second term, except for my Chemistry 100 which was both baffling and bewildering!

I followed the family pattern and program of joining the Gold Bricker fraternity (started years ago by my Dad and his buddies), now called the

"Samuel Hall Society." I got a little bit of hazing with the paddle on my back side but it wasn't too bad. I bought my Bricker pin with its nice jeweled opals. I learned to sing the Bricker chugalug songs and join in the party atmosphere (drinking only apple cider). My Cousin, Tony (Anthony Hansen Taylor) was one of the solid bricks of the society at the time. I attended with a date, Kathy Eastman, a distant cousin from American Fork, to the annual Clam Bake—a real nice meal and extravaganza with fresh clams and lobster, especially flown in. We rented tuxedos, bought orchids for the girls and put on a show. I played the role and the part of a new Gold Bricker quite well.

Every day between classes, I went up to the second floor above ground of the new BYU Harold B. Library, found a table or a carrel and began my studies, looking out the window. I enjoyed at least one daily nap sitting in a carrel or at the table. I was really worried that I wouldn't be able to do well in college. Getting good grades and performing well motivated me to study some. But, I couldn't focus very intently. I found out that mental work is pretty hard work and I wasn't the hardest worker. My young hormones were raging like all young men. My mind kept wandering here and there, always with an eye out for some cute girl I could spy in the Library.

I met one girl at a Sam Hall activity and thought I really liked her—but then I was called on a mission!

When I came back from my mission, I had to start school all over again, picking up with the Samuel Hall Society and looking at the girls in the library. Over the next three years, I took all my required classes and those of my major and minor areas.

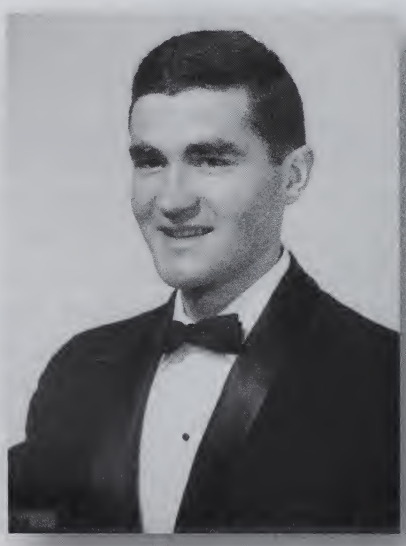
Again, I lived at home, drove my Dad's car, ate my mother's meals and had my tuition partly paid for by the University. My Dad generously offered to give me an allowance to help with my personal expenses, etc. But I declined his offer and went out and got a part-time job selling shoes at J.C. Penney Co. The next summer 1967, my father had a sudden heart attack and passed away. I worked at Penney's for the next 2 or 3 summers and part-time during the year. I think that I worked pretty diligently. I acquired some nice shoes. But selling shoes, was not my greatest ambition. After graduation, my bishop, Bishop Norman Creer, helped me get a job at Geneva Steel for the next

two summers. That was a lot more money! This helped me save a bit for my time in graduate school.

School was a challenge for me and I was always worried about performing well. I took two semesters of French and was failing many of the tests. I thought I was going to fail the classes. But I learned a new principle. I learned, that at least in school, for me, things are not usually as bad as they seem. Things often turn out much better than I thought. The principle of "just showing up" seems to have carried the day for me in the long run. I think that I have exaggerated my expectations of failure over the years.

During my first year back from my mission, I just couldn't play the social scene with Sam Hall Society. For me, it was a sham and I didn't feel comfortable playing the social games. I was disgusted with one or two of the meetings. So I dropped out. I found my social life adequately taken care of in the BYU student ward I attended.

Well, everything comes to an end and I found that I was a senior in college and didn't know what I was going to do after graduation. I had had a vague notion that I would teach something someday. I had taken the seminary preparation courses for teaching in the Seminaries and Institute program. But for some reason, I didn't think that was for me. During this time in 1969, the future outlook for finding teaching jobs was grim. I hadn't even thought about needing additional education certification classes. I graduated in spring of 1969 with a Bachelor of Arts Degree, majoring in History.



While attending my BYU ward, I noticed one of the ward members was the son of my former bishop, Bishop Creer. I learned that he was a student in the Master of Administration Program (MBA) at BYU. He told me that in the MBA Program, they teach "decision-making skills." I thought, "I need decision-making skills!" It came to me that I was pretty narrow and myopic searching in the tombs of my misty, dusty history study. I thought that I should do more, become more! I thought that I should learn some logic and leadership skills. Heretofore, analytical thinking was never much of my inclination.

I went to the testing or career center and took a new battery of aptitude tests. The only things I can remember about the tests were that I should become a minister and that I should not go into business! After receiving my scores, I had a mental rebellion swell up inside of me which said, "Nuts to you and to the test! I will do exactly opposite to the test results."

I made an appointment with Merrill Bateman, a business professor (later BYU President, Presiding Bishop and Provo Temple President) who gave me information about the Program. I also visited with Robert Daines, the Program Director (later as a mission president and then Provo Temple President) and he did likewise. I determined that I would apply to become an MBA student. I would have to take the Graduate Management Admission Test (GMAT) and make application for the program. I was told to take some preparatory courses to see if I would like the subjects. My last semester, I took an economics class and a business math class. Gosh! They were awful. I didn't like it! I didn't know how I would survive. But I finished them with passing scores. I applied and took the GMAT. I didn't study at all for it other than take those two classes. Of course, I received a pretty low score. But my marginal performances didn't stop me! I applied for the BYU, University of Utah and Northwestern University's MBA programs. To my amazement, I was accepted at all three! In today's world, I doubt that I could have been accepted in any of them.

I hadn't been anywhere to live in the world except for my mission. Dad was gone. I was now alone with Mother in our home on the hill. I didn't really want to go to another school and wanted to stay at home. It was beneficial to me financially, socially, spiritually and emotionally. So I began my MBA career in September of 1969.

It was a gorgeous summer in 1969. Mother had been remodeling the Canyon cabin, putting on a new bedroom, opening up to wider taller windows, looking out over the creek, putting an expansive deck and bridge and a gravel entry path with rocks and decorative stone. I helped in its construction. I worked hard on some of these, and the last day was fasting and praying for my future. After some roofing on the new room, fasting, I went down to 5th West Street (my origins) to Uncle Art Taylor's house, formerly Grandpa and Grandpa Taylor's home. I was weak from working and fasting. Uncle Art was a great patriarch in this original stake. He gave me a splendid priesthood blessing providing comfort and assurance that the Lord would be with me during my MBA ordeal. I became much closer to Uncle Art and appreciated his kind support.

In the beautiful autumn of 1969, I met with some of the faculty and the entering class at Aspen Grove, for a three-day orientation in the mountains. I became acquainted with my class mates. Golly, there were students who were engineers, accountants, economists, statisticians, English and other language majors. There was one student, Martin Brooks, handsome, blond, and very personable who was a Russian language graduate. A couple of the engineers had master's degrees. I was the only history major. Wow, did I feel intimidated!

We spent the orientation days in small discussion groups discussing concepts and questions about interpersonal communications and relationships, organizational behavior and ethics, and leadership principles. My group consisted of four individuals: myself, Norman Wright, Denis Hawkins, and Ronald Gunn. These other three were really bright boys, all of whom were married. I was the only single person in the group. I found myself talking, sharing, expressing (rather articulately), and surprising myself. I developed a bit of confidence that maybe I could contribute to the discussions.

I had my new MBA pals stay at our Brickerhaven home overnight during the Fall Retreat. They, like everybody else loved the place and we made good friendships. We learned that these study groups would participate together through the two-year program using the Harvard case study method, where we would study, learn and work together in solving various business case studies in all of our classes.

The leader of our orientation and retreat was Dr. William G. Dyer, a respected and well-recognized professor of Organizational Behavior. He directed and processed our discussions. We came to like and respect him during the retreat.

Our classes began. I took two classes from Stephen R. Covey, former Assistant to BYU President Wilkinson, former President of the Ireland Mission, during the same time I was a missionary in the British Mission. He was now a new professor of Organizational Behavior. He was a major contributor in organizing BYU's new MBA Program. He also happened to be a member of my Oak Hills Ward and a nearby neighbor, although I was not well acquainted with him at the time.

Brother Covey's lectures and classes were an inspiration to me. His concepts and principles lodged deeply within my mind and heart. I liked the way he spoke and the ideas he presented. I liked the way he used the chalkboard showing diagrams and the relationships of principles. I was greatly affected and motivated by them throughout my life. His book, *Spiritual Roots of Human Relations* became a best seller for Bookcraft which published many church related publications. In our first class, I was selected to be his assistant for the class and to prepare things before the class. I was to cover for him if he didn't show up. I did cover for him for about 15 minutes in one class. We read from the New Testament!

I took two business policy classes; one from Brother Covey and the other from Clinton Oaks, who attended about half of the time because of ill health. I remember him saying (probably to me) "It's not good enough to just be good. You have to be good at what you are to do!"

Two new teachers were Howard W. Barnes and Gary F. McKinnon, both professors of marketing. Dr. Barnes gave me (and just about everybody else, an "F" on our first papers). That did not encourage us to be charitable towards his approach. But he did teach us about planning and attacking problems. First, clearly diagnose the problem, second, set alternatives or options for action, third, --I can't remember the other steps but they were important! During the marketing course, I was paired with another student, Dennis Heiner and we did a research study on the use and popularity of the

three main credit cards, BankAmericard, Walker Bankard, and MasterCard. We got an A on the project. I think Dr. Barnes was working on healing some of the wounds he had inflicted on the students at the beginning of the class.

Dr. McKinnon was a very young professor, recently receiving his doctorate degree from Indiana University and starting at BYU. He didn't look any older than the rest of us. In fact, he looked younger than a lot of the rest of us. He was very personable and I enjoyed his class very much. One day, I sat through his class reminiscing and trying to remember every detail of my mission in England. I don't remember much of the class but I sure remembered my missionary experiences. There I go again, day-dreaming through some of my classes. Years later, serving on our stake high council, and supervising the stake relief society, I worked closely with Sister Linda McKinnon, his wife and the stake relief society president. Gary also served on the High Council and we formed a good friendship. He became an associate dean in the Marriott School of Management.

Well, I took classes in Quantitative Analysis (math and statistics), Management Control (accounting), Interpersonal Competence and Organizational Effectiveness, Macro and Micro Economics, Systems Analysis and Design (computers), Written Analysis, Research and Writing, Marketing Strategy and Research, Business Policy, Government Policy, Financial Management, and a bunch of others. Golly, we wrote a whole bunch of papers and projects. I was pretty good with the written reports. I always did well on the papers. But when it came to taking the exams and reporting results, I was in constant fear and trepidation. I took 6-8 hours in the BYU Testing Center taking just one of my math tests!

My finance professor was Dr. Robert Daines. He was the Program Director and he put fear into our hearts. He was so erudite, scholarly and articulate. For each class, we were assigned a case to analyze and make recommendations. Our class was in one of those theater-round classrooms. I would sit on the very edge of the first row. I hoped that I would not be noticeable. He would come into class with a deck of cards with the name of each student on each card. Then, to my horror, he would flip out and spread his deck and point to me and say, "Pick a card—any card!" Whoever's name I drew (mine included) would have to stand up before the class and make the

case presentation for the next 15 minutes. The students, having been trained to be tough minded with critical thinking skills would then ask questions and take shots at the presenter. It was mortifying to me to know that I would be called upon to "make the case!" I sat with mortal fear and deep anxiety. He would sit back on the last row of the class and when all of the students were done with their slings and arrows, he would take his intellectual club and beat down the student! He selected me nearly every day to pick the card. I don't recall any of my classmates resenting my calling. It was random so one could get called on anytime and more than once. I think I got selected a time or two, but I must have blotted out the memory forever! Yet, Professor Daines was personally always kind, gentle and supportive of me and of all the students. Later, while I was serving as the MTC Director of Training (English) he was called to serve as a mission president in Pennsylvania Harrisburg and we had a nice visit about his call and our experiences. He later strongly recommended one of his missionary assistants to work in the MTC, and I had the pleasure of hiring him. I also had occasion after our mission in the Philippines, to visit President Daines, the Provo Temple President, in his office. Again, we chatted about our experiences in the MBA. He was actually quite apologetic for his academic "brutality." But I am grateful for the lessons and experiences I had under his masterful tutelage.

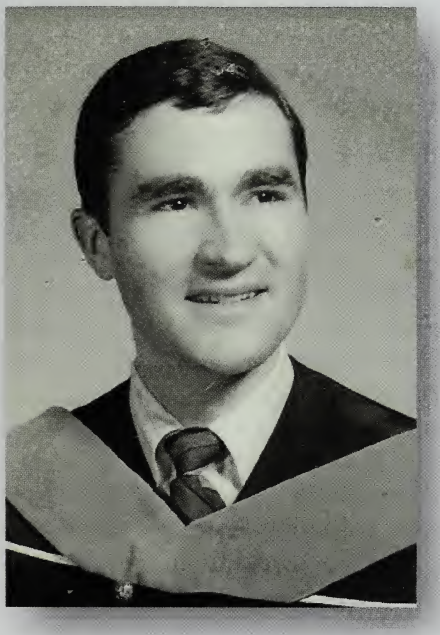
I took two merciless accounting classes from Professor Ray Garrison. What an extraordinary teacher. Every class and lesson was meticulously presented with his tight bright writing on the chalk board showing the numbers and principles of accounting. We had a huge textbook to read. His explanations were clear and precise, but I didn't understand any of it. Anyone who would go into accounting must have been either smarter or dumber than 99% of most people. His tests were a monument to behold. No matter what developed, he would always have a perfect bell-shaped curve on the score results. I was always near, but not the bottom, of the class in accounting. And there—was Martin Brooks, our friendly, pleasant classmate—right at the top! In every class, in every subject. His performance unnerved the other students. Always, there was an array of scores for each class, from bottom to top. But there was Brook's score, a whole echelon above everybody else. It was uncanny but expected. He loved numbers; he could spend hours moving and

manipulating numbers around. But then, he was so well rounded in everything else. It was exasperating.

One time, on our mission in Nevada, I was speaking at a stake conference in Reno. I noticed a nice-looking rounded heavy set face with a bald head smiling at me from the congregation. I wondered why he kept smiling. After the conference, he came up and introduced himself. Sure enough, it was Martin. He had so changed, I didn't recognize him. He had been a very successful and prosperous businessman, had undergone a divorce, had been out of the Church for a time, had remarried and was coming back into activity. The next time I was in Reno, I stayed in his beautiful house, located on the golf course. I don't know what has happened to him since. One never knows, where we take and follow our various routes and pathways in life.

Denis, Norman, Ron and I became very close working together. They were so intelligent and worked out the cases and problems. I would sit and watch and listen, rarely contributing to the analysis and solutions. I was truly a "bump on a log," or a "fly on the wall." Sometimes Denis and Ron would go at each other, actually having a heated wrestle in our little case study room. They would disagree often and verbally spar, sometimes sarcastically, sometimes more seriously. Norm would watch and referee and try to calm emotions. His deep rich calming voice and demeanor were soothing to us. But, each of them were so kind and supportive of me. They helped me and shared all of their work so that I could survive. Sharing was part of the program. We have kept contact with each other over many years. I have observed some of the challenges, triumphs and tragedies of their lives and families. Comparing my life and history with theirs, I am surprised and humbled by the direction and course it has taken.

Every morning, I would arise early and run about a mile, around the hill where we lived. I was dedicated to my ritual. It's the only time in my life, where I kept a consistent journal. While pursuing my MBA degree, the program and classes were located in the Jesse Knight business building annex. On the west side of the adjacent BYU Administration building on the second or third floor, near the west exit, was my Mother's office. She was approaching retirement but still teaching English classes. During breaks, seeking relief and solace, I would often visit her in her office. There I would have lunch. She fixed me peanut butter and honey sandwiches, just as she once did back in the old Arts Building in my 7th Grade at Academy Square. There, I would pour out my heart expressing my feelings of despair and failure. For two years, I would sometimes say, "I can't do this." "I don't like this." "This isn't worth it." "This is not what I'm cut out for." "I'm a failure." She would respond, "Well, Terry, just keep trying and going to class tomorrow." Her faith and encouragement brought me over many gulfs and chasms of despair. My brother John was also supportive and encouraging even a great distance away.



New MBA Graduate

Sure enough, the days came to an end. My last semester's performance was the most enjoyable ever. I met my bride Debra and we had our courtship at the same time. Both of our semesters were the best we had. I know the Lord blessed me and us during that rigorous academic period of my

life. I am grateful for what I learned and accomplished and for the people I worked with. So much of my future was dependent on my decision to enter the MBA program and to endure its rigors.

During the last semester, we were interviewing with different companies. I interviewed with Xerox, Procter and Gamble and several other big companies. None of them seemed to pan out for me. I sent out a lot of resumes, but no results. One day, Wayne Hansen, the director of the BYU Placement Center asked my colleague Norman Wright if there might be a student who would be interested in coming to work at BYU and serve in the Placement Center. He mentioned my name and I was called into an interview.

So after graduation, I was employed at BYU in the Placement Center, counseling college graduating and graduate students on obtaining professional employment. I also worked for a year in Personnel Services. I moved to the Missionary Training Center for my work. After about two years, I learned about the BYU Education Department offering doctoral degrees in Education. I investigated and learned that I could pursue an advanced degree in Educational Administration part-time. The name of the program was later changed to Educational Leadership. My MBA credits would cover many of the initial credit requirements. I submitted my application and transcripts. I was required to take a graduate test called the Millers Analogy Test rather than the Graduate Records Examination (GRE). The test was geared to accumulated knowledge in various fields and not so much in mathematical concepts. I studied pretty well for the test and to my surprise, passed it with high marks. I didn't know I knew that much. So I was accepted into the program. Five other MTC friends were pursuing similar paths (Jay E. Jensen, Richard I. Heaton, Norman White, Stephen Graham and Lane Ward). I could take two classes each semester or term so I could chip away at obtaining the degree over a period of years. I began my journey and picked up my tasks and enrolled in my first class, "Concepts of Stewardship," fall semester 1981.

The operative word for the program in Educational Administration was "stewardship." The term is used for principles and practices of leadership in educational and business institutions. The application of the principles of stewardship was called "servant leadership." My first textbook was *Organizational Behavior in Education*.[4] I thrived! I loved what I was learning

about leadership theory. I took other similar classes, *Leadership Theory in Educational Administration, and Business Administration in Education*. I also enjoyed *Advanced Educational Psychology, Counseling and Guidance, Educational Philosophy, Social Foundations of Education, The Law and Education, Advanced Administration in Corporations and Government,* and *Independent Reading in Leadership Theory*. I also took *Statistical Methods in Education*—my second statistics class. Wow! I enjoyed even taking it and seeing the value of statistics in everything!

I was deeply impressed by the leadership paradigms presented in my classes, particularly those illustrated in Paul Hersey and Kenneth Blanchard's classic *Management of Organizational Behavior: Utilizing Human Resources*.[5] The book provides a great summary of the development of leadership theory from the beginning. I was intrigued, fascinated, stimulated in all that I was learning.

I had the perfect laboratory in the MTC to observe and apply principles of leadership, organizational and interpersonal behaviors, educational psychology, and statistics. I found that I was not quite as dumb as I thought for all those years. I learned that while my left brain's analytical thinking was a slow processor, my right brain had been turned on! I felt myself becoming gratified and satisfied in my new educational learning. I worked at taking one or two classes each semester for six years. Again, time goes by quickly and my course of study came to an end, with the last portion devoted to completing my dissertation.

I was required to pass rigorous oral and written comprehensive examinations. I went up to "Our Mountain Home So Dear," in the Canyon, during one week in the summer. I studied, memorized, reflected, synthesized, synchronized, synergized all that I had learned. My mind was stimulated to see relationships, models, and diagrams. I was able to intellectually integrate so many theories, principles and historical developments. I memorized the essence of scores of legal and judicial cases relating to education. It was an important learning process and educational product in my life.

Well, I had my oral comprehensive examinations. I can't remember much about them. But my written exams—I had several questions I was to

answer by writing in depth. I had taken my big, heavy, IBM computer and printer into the exam room. I wrote and typed and wrote and typed, spewing everything I knew about the questions. The words just flowed out of my hands into the computer. It was the most satisfying educational experience I had ever had in my life! I knew that I had done well--even exceptional. I had no doubt about my performance. It didn't really matter what my professors thought about my responses. I knew I had done my very best!

I began working on my dissertation. I wanted to do a study on something relating to my work in the MTC. I had been interested in the use of role-playing for the practice activities of missionaries. I developed a series of scenarios in which missionaries might find themselves. I had the various scenes printed on various colored note cards, using the current training model and what was then called the Commitment Pattern. This Pattern included key activities missionaries were to follow to teach their investigators. I wanted to find out the effect or impact teacher feedback, or "coaching" had upon improving missionary skill performance.

So I set up essentially 3 treatments of missionaries practicing, one of which was to have no feedback and one was to have extensive coaching. Well, not very many significant results [6]came from the study. But it was a good endeavor and learning experience for me. The best part of my study was the historical review I made of the development of missionary training curriculum which consisted of two historical summaries: 1) The Missionary Discussions, and 2) Missionary Teaching Skills Program.

My Committee consisted of four members: three education professors— Del Wasden, my committee chairman, and the department Chairman, Keith Rogers (my friend Francis' uncle) and Curtiss Hungerford, a charismatic brilliant teacher. The other member, was my friend and colleague, C. Eric Ott, the MTC Director of Research and Development. My defense of my dissertation went fine. One professor said that my Coaching Model of Training was one of the best things in the treatise.

So I finished my formal education. My chairman said, "Congratulations, George. Now that you have your doctor's degree, you know

that you don't know anything." I went through the line and was hooded with the appropriate academic and scholarly vestige garments in April 1987.

Sometime during or after I had finished my graduate schooling, I discovered a remarkable book in the BYU Library. I ordered it from New Delhi, India where it was printed. To my surprise, I did receive it after several weeks. The book is entitled, *Glorious Thoughts on Education* compiled by N. B. Sen, a real Indian living in New Delhi. It contains a "Treasury of several thousand inspiring and invaluable Thoughts on Education by eminent Personalities, Educationalists, Scholars, Poets, Writers, Philosophers and Reformers of the East and the West."[7] The book, printed in New Delhi in a flimsy light-green cloth binding with poor quality paper. Seeing my appreciation for the book, my brother John took it from me and sent it to a special bookbinding company he used and had the book rebound in a beautiful maroon leather binding, using beautiful hand marbled inside and outside covers. It sits prominently on my desk today.

While I do know that the acquisition of knowledge is demanding and humbling, I know that my life has been blessed and enriched through the pursuit of knowledge and truth. As the Lord said to Hyrum,

> *"Seek not for riches but for wisdom; and, behold the mysteries of God shall be unfolded unto you, and then shall you be made rich. Behold, he that hath eternal life is rich."* (Doctrine and Covenants 11:7).

Academic Notes

Wasatch Elementary School

Years	Grade	Teacher
1950-1951	Kindergarten	Naoma Rowan; George Miller, Principal
1951-1952	First Grade	Miss Bennett
1952- 1953	Second Grade	Miss Bennett
1953-1954	Third Grade	Naoma Rowan
1954-1955	Fourth Grade	Lincoln Card; Ross Denham, Principal
1955-1956	Fifth Grade	Sheldon Schofield
1956-1957	Sixth Grade	Lincoln Card

Brigham Young University Laboratory School

1957-1958	Seventh Grade
1958-1959	Eighth Grade
1959-1960	Ninth Grade
1960-1961	Tenth Grade
1961-1962	Eleventh Grade
1962-1963	Twelfth Grade

Awards and Achievements

- 9th Grade Class President
- National Thespian Society, Membership
- All-State Orchestra, Award of Merit, 1962; All-State Band 1961.
- BY High First Place, B Division of the Utah High School Activities Association, Annual Debate Tournament, 1962 & 1963.
- Utah Boys State, Delegate, 1962
- John Philips Sousa Band Award
- Danforth Foundation "I Dare You" Award for future Leadership
- Student body First Vice President, 1962-1963, Member of BY High Student Council

- Seminary Graduation, 1962; Honor Certificate- Outstanding Seminary Student
- Seminary 4th Year Certificate, 1963
- Selected Seminary Graduation Speaker
- Graduation Honor Panel, Selected Speaker, High School Graduation
- Outstanding Male Student Award, 12th Grade
- Utah High School Activities Association:
  - Certificate of Award, March 17, 1962, Lehi, Oratory, Superior
  - Certificate of Award, March 31, 1962, Salt Lake City, Oratory, Excellent
  - Certificate of Award, March 13, 1963, Provo, Pantomime: Superior
  - Certificate of Award, March 14, 1963, American Fork, Oratory: Superior
  - Certificate of Award, March 30, 1963, Salt Lake City, Oratory: Excellent
  - Certificate of Award, April 13, 1963, Provo, Pantomime: Excellent

Brigham Young University

- Samuel Hall Society, 1963 Phi Eta Sigma National Honor Society, inducted, April 29, 1964.
- Phi Alpha Theta National History Honor Council, Beta-Iota Chapter, December 19, 1968.
- Blue Key National Honor Society, Fall 1968.
- Graduation, Bachelor of Arts, Major: History, May 1969.
- Master of Business Administration (MBA), Graduation, May 1971
- Doctor of Educational Administration (Ed.D), Graduation, May 1987.

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[1] *Poems of Childhood*, Eugene Field, Illustrated by Maxfield Parrish, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1904, 1932.; *The Arabian Nights*, Barnes & Noble Books, 1993.

[2] *Grimms' Fairy Tales*, By the Brothers Grimm, Illustrated by Fritz Kredel, Grosset & Dunlap Publishers, New York, 1945.
Andersen's Fairy Tales, Hans Christian Andersen, Grosset & Dunlap Publishers, New York, 1945.

[3] *The Bible in Art, Twenty Centuries of Famous Bible Paintings*, Garden City Publishing Company, Inc., 1936.

[4] *Organizational Behavior in Education*, Robert G. Owens, 2nd Edition, Prentice Hall, Inc. 1981.
[5] *Management of Organizational Behavior: Utilizing Human Resources*, Paul Hersey, Kenneth Blanchard, Prentice- Hall, Inc., New Jersey, 1977.
[6] *Effects of Coaching on the Development of Proselyting Skills Used By the Missionary Training Center, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, George T. Taylor, Brigham Young University, April 1986l, 60. ,
[7] *Glorious Thoughts on Education*, Edited by N. B. Sen, New Book Society of India, New Delhi, India.

FIFTEEN

Boy Scouting

I don't ever remember having a Cub Scout program in our ward when I became of age. At least, I was never invited to join or participate as a cub scout. In Primary, we had the Boy Trail Builder program and I became a Boy Trail Builder. I got my green primary bandalo and glued on my primary emblems. The only things I can remember from being a Boy Trail Builder was learning to build the rock cairn trail markers and the song, *"We Are the Boy Trail Builders."*

Oh we are the boy trail builders
Out west where the sunsets glow.
Where the brooks flow down like silver
From the heights of the virgin snow.
We build our trails through the valleys
Where the heart beats light and free
Out here in the west from the pine clad crest
To the shores of the rolling sea.

Our light is the light of virtue;
Our strength is the strength of youth,
Our trails are the trails of honor,
For we build with the stones of truth.
Our course is straight as the arrow
With a faith that's firm and true,
Our guide is the rod of the word of God
As revealed to the world anew.

Theodore E. Curtis

I also remember hearing a familiar song, by Evan Stephens which my father learned when he was a boy. Here is the chorus:

A Mormon boy, a Mormon boy,
I am a Mormon boy;
I might be envied by a king,
For I am a Mormon boy.

My brother John had an early 1939 edition of the blue Handbook for Boys, printed by the Boy Scouts of America. I was fascinated by all of the pages.

I especially liked page 140 which provided a visual formula for learning the Morse code. I spent a lot of time learning the code. I also inherited, or somehow acquired John's pearl handled hunting knife, which I really liked.

When I turned 12, I joined the Boy Scouts of America and Troop #37 in the Oak Hills 1st ward, July 1956. My mother took me down, I think to Penney's and bought me a new scout uniform, with hat, neckerchief, emblems, belt and scout handbook. I sure liked going into Penney's occasionally and looking at all the neat scout stuff, especially the knives they had on the displays and under the glass cabinets. The first campout I ever remembered was when we went up to Mirror Lake in the Uintah Mountains. It was so enchanting to be in such a beautiful place, different than I had ever seen. We climbed up Mt. Baldy towering above the Lake, my first time, and I was really exhausted when we got down.

When I went to my first scout camp at Camp Maple Dell in Payson Canyon for six days, Mother bought me a new scout rucksack pack and a Boy Scout knife. Wow, was I proud of my equipment. I eventually got a scout compass and a first aid kit (both of which I still have in my possession). At camp, we sang fun camp and scout songs. We had campfires, boating, canoeing contests, and a lot of other activities I can't remember. I was sure homesick at first. One day, we took a bus ride down the canyon to "Park Ro Shay" in Springville to go swimming. The thing I remember the most about the camp was a hike that Jimmy Calder, my pal and neighbor and I undertook. We hiked a mile or two further up the west side of the Canyon before returning.

I became a Tenderfoot (7-10-56), Second Class (10-19-56) and then First Class Scout 8-28-57). The hardest part of my First Class was passing off the requirement of communicating with the Morse Code. I finally passed it off at Maple Dell using the Morse code flag system. At troop meetings, our scout master, Les Liecthy, helped us build a wooden frame and a white canvas back pack to hook on to the frame. It was really a nice pack, but mine was too small to hold much. I kept the frame for years.

As an older scout, I was recruited and appointed by Betty Ashworth to be a Den Chief to her newly formed Cub Scout den. I worked with several younger boys who grew up to be prominent leaders in the Church or in scouting (e.g. Greg Clark, John Payne). I got to wear a shoulder braid on my scout uniform. We met every week. Wow! Betty Ashworth was one of the most conscientious, organized and well prepared persons I ever met. She also became the consummate ward choir director (see Music Chapter).

After achieving my First Class rank, I was supposed to earn merit badges. Our troop went on a 20 mile hike from Saratoga Resort across the lake to Provo. I was totally exhausted after the trek, but I got my Hiking merit badge. I also received my Reading, First Aid, Firemanship, Home Repairs, Music, Scholarship, Athletics, Citizenship in the Home, Art, Swimming, and Cooking merit badges. I still have their emblems on my old scout shoulder sash to this day. But earning other badges required initiative and effort on my part, and I couldn't seem to muster enough on my own to do much. So after I received my Star Rank (1-29-58), I never went any farther. I never received or achieved the Eagle Scout award, but I would have liked to have earned the "Life Scout" award. After I turned 14 or 15, it was all over for my formal boy scouting achievement.

In my 16th year, I signed up to go for a 10-day scouting trip to traverse 140 miles down the Colorado River in rubber river rafts. I was accompanied by my Cousin Ken Kartchner and our mutual friend, David Clark. In those days, there was no Lake Powell, so we saw incredible sights of the River and red rocks which are no longer available to view. We met at the Provo Scout Office at 4 a.m. Monday, June 1, 1959 with all of our equipment and dried food. The rubber boats, life jackets and duffle bags were loaded onto the truck.

On the first day, Ken, David and I got to ride with Mr. Jennings in the equipment truck rather than in the bus with all of the other scouts. I liked being separated and felt important driving in the truck. Our group didn't get out of Utah Valley before we had to change a tire on the bus. We ate lunch at Hanksville. I was already homesick! We drove down to Hite where we embarked on the River at about 4:00 p.m.

It was such an incredible outdoor experience for me that I signed up the next year and took my school chums Francis Rogers and Dave Beck along with me. I was elected to be one of the 6 boat captains on the second trip because of my experience.

Complete logs and journals of the trips were taken and are part of my personal files. Here is part of a newspaper article summarizing the amazing expedition:

HITE, Garfield County—It was "bon voyage" for a party of 55 explorers and scouters here this week and it will be "land ahoy: when they come off the Colorado River at Crossing of the Fathers on June 5. The Crossing is just a few miles above the Glen Canyon Dam site and about 180 miles downstream from Hite.

In the days they spend on the river, the travelers will not only gain a deep tan, but will also acquire a lot of information about geology, archeology, safety and general river lore. And they'll sniff the heady scent of danger and learn some of the values of cooperation.

This expedition is the 19th that John Cross, Orem assistant executive of the Utah National Parks Council, Boy Scouts of America, has guided down the river and he feels about as familiar with the stretch between Hite and Glen Canyon as Mark Twain did with the Mississippi.

In the 14 years that Mr. Cross has been conducting the trips for the council, 1,252 boys and leaders have made the journey with no more serious accidents that ordinary bumps, bruises and blisters.

On the way to the Crossing of the Fathers, the voyagers will visit the Indian ruins in White Canyon, Red Canyon and Lake Canyon. They'll view the pictograph sites along the river, see Hole in the Rock and Music Temple, take the 12 mile mike to Rainbow Bridge, make short trips into some of the side canyons and visit the Glen Canyon dam site.

On the first trip we were camped at Lake Canyon where the River backed up into the mouth of canyon and provided a good place to anchor the boats. Some of the boys got into the nearby bay and were using silver salutes and cherry bombs to blow up fish in the water. What they were doing disgusted me. One of the boys, stepped on a saw-tooth sharp fin bone of one of the dead fish. The spike went clear up into the bottom of his foot and was so serious that he needed surgery. The leaders tried to perform the surgery on the boy without anesthesia. They gave him a priesthood blessing and the excruciating pain subsided. But they were unable to extract a piece of the bone from his foot. John Cross' young son John, experienced in running the River, took the boy and one or two leaders and left the group to gain medical services down the river.

One night, we camped at Aztec Canyon, a sacred place for the former Native Americans. The next morning, we hiked six miles up the canyon to Rainbow Bridge. We could see at a distance, Navajo Mountain, the sacred Indian place. The boys climbed a couple of the surrounding pinnacles around the Bridge but could not access the top of the gigantic and famous bridge. On the way back it was very hot. We stopped at numerous pools of captured clear blue water along the way to swim. It was both refreshing and draining. I stopped occasionally to

rest and to sleep for a few minutes. It was an exhausting hike, a total of 12 miles in the heat.

One of the most humbling and impressive experiences and sights was our substantial hike from the River up to the top of the Canyon at Hole in the Rock. What those pioneers did in maneuvering their wagons down that small crack in the canyon wall, down to the River, is a monumental feat that is not only remarkable but miraculous. No longer can one see the full measure of the ordeal since the Lake now covers much of the area.

I had a big white western hat which shielded me somewhat from the sun, but I was foolish in not covering my upper arms adequately. On the first trip I received a terrible second degree sunburn which bubbled up in horrible blisters, then later caked and cracked. It was miserable suffering. I had the scars on my arms for years afterwards and was told to keep them out of the sun forever!

Another foolish thing I did. The heat and dehydration were horrendous. I was so thirsty! So at times, I scooped out of the mighty Colorado, with my little cup, huge drafts of water to refresh and assuage my enormous thirst. It tasted so good, sand and all! I knew that all kinds of stuff was part of the river. But I never got sick with anything from the water. Praise to the powers that be!

On Sunday, we had a very spiritual fast and testimony meeting. In the afternoon, one of the leaders cooked some breaded catfish, caught from the River. It was delicious—the best fish I have ever eaten! That afternoon and evening, I slept sweetly and deeply on my sleeping bag on the hard red sandstone. That sleep was heaven!

After beaching our boats, getting out of the River, and packing up all of our equipment, we headed to see the construction of the new Glen Canyon Dam. It was such a sight from the bridge crossing the Canyon. We camped at Wahweap Campground and visited a nearby restaurant where we enjoyed a huge chef's salad. Wow, I never knew that a salad with lettuce and other fresh food could taste so good! For our final night of camping, we headed toward Bryce Canyon, moving from a lot of heat to real cool, bordering on cold.

On the second trip, at Bryce Canyon, there was one scout, who was blond, taller and better lookin' and probably smarter than me. But he was a bully; he was unkind, made fun of me and tried to humiliate me. In college, he married a really cute girl I had met. Years later, we eventually ended up in the same stake and we had cordial relations. But he never apologized to me. I don't suppose he ever even remembered those early encounters, like I did.

Those Colorado River expeditions changed my life, built my confidence and helped me appreciate the beauty of the desert and all of God's creations. I am so grateful for my experiences along the no-longer Colorado River.

On another excursion, as an Explorer scout, we went down to Nellis Air Force Base in Las Vegas. We ate air force grub which was good in the cafeteria. We got to see all of the F100 fighter jets lined up. We got a ride in a C130 transport plane. They strapped on a parachute on each of us and I thought for sure that something would go wrong on our flight and I would have to jump out of the plane! I got scared—so panicked! We went up and flew around, over the Hoover Dam, over the Grand Canyon, over the city. I got so sick—completely nauseated! I had once been in a small plane flying over Provo, but never in a big ugly closed-in cargo plane. It was a terrible experience. I was so relieved to be on the ground once again.

On one evening, all the leaders and boys arranged to go to one of the Vegas shows. I decided that I didn't want to go for some reason, so I stayed in the dorm and read the Book of Mormon. My goal was to read the whole thing before we went home. And I did it!

Well, I can't remember many other scouting outings after that. I got a nice green/blue explorer shirt and went to Mutual for meetings, but as a boy, scouting and I were done.

So I grew up and older. After several years passed and I was married, Debra and I moved into our new rambler home on the Grandview hill. Bishop George Barrus and his counselor, Ferrin Orton came to visit us in our home. It was shortly after, that I was called to be the Webelos Leader in the Cub Scout Pack. I had nine 10-year old boys. It was a hard job. Little did I know that I would be working with these boys for several years as they grew older. I had difficulty in relating to and communicating well with small and young boys. I struggled in what I could do to teach them and have them listen to me. I felt deeply my inadequacy and lack of confidence in myself to relate to them But I attended my leadership roundtable sessions and tried to learn about my calling.

After a few months, the Bishop called me to be the new Scoutmaster, along with Joe Abegglen as the Assistant Scoutmaster. Joe was brilliant, a language officiant, and a "secret government agent." We never did find out exactly what he did for a living. He told us that he couldn't tell us anything because he was undercover and would have to kill us if he divulged all of his important missions. Nothing seemed to bother him. He could relate to the boys and handle any situation. I was totally intimidated by his apparent intelligence and his manner. I think there were about 15 to 20 boys in the Troop. I was

jumping from the frying pan into the fire! We held our weekly Scout Troop #192 meetings. Sometimes Joe was there and sometimes not. I felt like I had to take all of the responsibility.

Our ward had an amazing tradition of super scouting. Bishop Barrus was a Silver Beaver, Silver Buffalo, Silver everything! Each of his 6 sons became Eagle Scouts. He was a prominent BYU professor of communications, He was a principal initiator of "Habitat for Humanity," in the local community. "He was Mr. Scouting!" Other former adult scout leaders in the ward included Doug Jorgensen, Richard Christlieb, Doug Phillips and many other outstanding scouters. Both Doug and Richard had boys in the Troop.

One of our first camps was a trip to the Sand Dunes in the Utah west desert. Upon arrival, the boys scattered. How was I to help them get organized, set up their tents, and get their food going? I hardly knew how to set up my own tent. As a great former scoutmaster, Brother Christlieb just knew exactly what to do. Again, I felt so inadequate in the leadership of the boys. That night, the boys went running around, playing around, fooling around until all hours of the night, screaming, laughing and hollering! I just wanted to go to bed and sleep in my tent. They wanted to run and riot! Well, we got through the night. The next day, we practiced running and jumping off of the dunes to see how high in the air and how far we could jump. I could beat all of the boys. It was fun.

We had to tell the boys not to dig tunnels and dug-outs. It was so easy and fun to dig. That very day, a boy in another troop had tunneled into a hill; the hill collapsed and he died. It was a real tragedy. I vowed we would not ever come back to the sand dunes again. Other than the jumping, I hated it! The next year, we came back to the sand dunes again.

Our first winter camp, we went to Camp Jeremiah Johnson in Hobble Creek Canyon. We arrived when it was dark. We tried to set up our tents in the dark and in the snow. It was really cold. It was hard, and as usual, I had trouble setting up my own tent. I had never camped out in the snow before and didn't know what I was doing other than freezing! The next morning, after arising out of a cold night, I was out of my element. Brother Christlieb, father of one of the boys, took over. He showed us how to take an axe, a small log, make chips and strips and start a fire in the middle of the new fallen snow. He got things really going. I again felt so humiliated and intimidated. I even resented Brother Christlieb for taking over and showing how inept I was and felt. But after this experience, I made a conscious decision to swallow my pride and have love and appreciation for him. Years later, he and his wife Della had gone to Africa as senior missionaries. I recruited and called them to serve and teach culture training in the Senior Missionary Training Center. They became a strong team, made a

wonderful contribution and were a solid part of MTC culture training for many years. He became a dear and precious friend and loyal support to me in my MTC position as the Director. Our friendship lasted for many years until his death in 2014.

We took a backpacking trip up to the plateau above Stewart Falls. Again, I didn't know what I was doing. Bishop Barrus told me that for every outing, there should be a scouting or priesthood purpose. He came with us for the evening and noticed the challenging and difficult complaining attitude of some of the boys. He was very supportive of my efforts. He gave them a real good lecture on their demeanor. But it was hard for me. My fried pancakes the next morning were the worst I have ever eaten!

Another time, we took the boys up to the meadows near the road leading to the Rock Canyon Campground and just west of Cascade Mountain. It was a perfect camping place. I organized some games and skits for the boys that night and they worked reasonably well. The next morning, we hiked up to the knoll above and just north of Squaw Peak. I believe it was a successful camp.

One time in the winter, we went out towards Murcur and Ophir and camped in the desert area. As usual the boys went out roaming over the territory. I discovered that the area was full of mine-shafts going straight down into the an abyss in ground. Some of the boys were jumping across one of them which had creaky, rickety, rotten planks over the top. The shaft went down, down, down, into total blackness. When I discovered what was happening, it scared me to the core and I had some blistering words for the boys. Even now, it puts horror into my soul to think about what catastrophe or disaster might have happened.

I took the boys on a hike up the southern ridge of West Mountain overlooking Utah Lake. I intended to traverse the entire ridge from north to south, but we ran out of energy and went down one of the canyons and hiked back to our vehicle.

Brother Barrus signed our troop up for summer camp at the Boy Scout Camp Steiner in the Uintah mountains just north of Mirror Lake. We had about 19 boys. We bought a lot of food for a week, made our menu, packed up the Troop trailer, and off we went to camp. After arriving in the camp, we parked our trailer and settled into our open-ended cabins. I began to prepare for preparing the dinner. I went out to where the trailer was parked; I reached into my pocket for the key to open the trailer. No key. I searched again, all the pockets. No key. All the other adults who had helped transport us were gone. Here I was all alone with 19 boys up in the Uintah's with a week of food with no accessibility. I began to panic! I searched all around the immense surroundings for a tiny single key. I

looked and looked. I didn't know what to do! I knelt down in an isolated spot and prayed fervently for help. I opened my eyes and there was the key at my feet!

During the night times, I read to them a mystery story called, "The Problem of Cell 13" which was about how a brilliant genius was able to escape from a high security prison. I edited and shortened the story. They seemed entranced by the intriguing tale.

In those days, there didn't seem to be the same requirements for 2-3-deep adult leadership. Also, there weren't the same expectations about discipline. So I made strong use of strong-arming some of the belligerent boys who did not want to keep the rules of good behavior. I spent the days, setting up and cooking breakfast, taking down and cleaning up breakfast, setting up and cooking lunch, taking down and cleaning up lunch, setting up and cooking dinner, and then cleaning up dinner. I couldn't seem to get the boys to take responsibility the way I wanted them to. My delegation and accountability skills were pretty limited. A year or two later, we went to the same camp and went through the same routine. But this time, we had improved our expectations, discipline and accountability. I still strong-armed some of the boys. We were selected as the outstanding troop for the whole camp for the week. We got a wooden plaque and it sat among all of the other awards which the troop had achieved over the years.

One night for troop meeting, we had a big pizza party at our house and played some games. Debra fixed about 10 big pizzas and we bought a whole lot of root bear. The boys devoured everything. Some of our games were pretty physical and one of the young boys got really mad and started to fight me. He was proud and rebellious. So we sidled off and began a boxing match. I tried to just play with him but he got more and more angry and started to attack me, so I really "beat him up!" After that fight, he and I became the best of friends. He grew into a big physical 250 lb. good-hearted man with a big family. He never forgot his shellacking and was grateful for his humbling experience, as well as his dad and mom.

So I matured in my understanding, and love for young boys scouts. I learned a little more about how to work with and relate to young men. After a time, I was called to work with the varsity scouts, 14-16 years old. My son David was among this group. I liked working with these boys much more than the 12-13 age group. We signed up to attend the Beaver High Adventure Base east of Beaver City, Utah. This was a great experience and adventure for me. The setting was absolutely breathtaking. We enjoyed riding on the huge zip line, attacking and running through the various obstacle courses, testing how long we could stand submerging in the ice cold mountain stream and pool, knife and axe throwing, backpacking each day to a different camping spot, and pushing down dead trees

and shouting "timber!" The boys were gleeful when I would yell at them, "What are ya doin?!" After a week of these activities, we returned home happily. I took the boys another year with all the same feelings.

Every time we went on a camp, I was filled with dread and anxious fear because I was taken out of my comfort zones. I was always homesick whenever I left home for a few days. It was always difficult for me to face new challenges, new faces and unknown places. But, in every case, after running the gauntlets or surviving the ordeals, I came home with great feelings of relief, accomplishment and even triumph.

I also arranged and took the boys to another high adventure camp, called Entrada down in south eastern Utah near Moab, Dead Horse Point, Arches and Canyonlands National Parks. Here we were taught rope and mountain climbing skills. We repelled down steep cliffs. We went on a long mountain biking route and visited a couple of sandstone arches. One of the days, we went over to Moab and went river running on the section of the Colorado River running about 20 or thirty miles. On the river, we had water fights and dunkings in the river. We went to this camp two different years.

With my BYU free tuition benefit, I signed up for Rulon Skinner's Youth Leadership class on scouting skills. Rulon, older than me, was a noted professor steeped in scouting who had been involved in national scouting leadership for many years. He provided the most thorough, meticulous and detailed instruction on scouting methods that could be provided anywhere. I learned that there are three ways to do things: 1) the "Right Way," 2) the "Wrong Way," and 3) the "Rulon Skinner way!" I never knew that there were so many different kinds of camp fires and so many different ways to build them. I could hardly even start a fire! I watched a few ingenious scout leaders use gasoline!

I went with and helped my son Douglas with his Eagle Scout project, to build a substantial section of the Great Western Trail in the vicinity of the South Fork of Provo Canyon, up near the Windy Pass section of the mountain ridge. A couple of years later, I went with my son David to build a similar section of the trail.

In Las Vegas, I attended David's Eagle Court of Honor where he had an Air Force general make his Eagle presentation. When my son Allen was a scout in the Greater Nevada Council in Las Vegas, I went and spoke to his camp in the mountains as the invited speaker.

When my son Terry ("T) was a scout, I went with him a couple of years to the BYU Merit Badge PowWow. I helped and pushed him with getting some

of the badges. I also attended with him summer camps at Beaver High Adventure Base, Entrada, Thunder Ridge Camp near Cedar City, and High Uintah Adventure Base. At Thunderridge, it was a cold time even in the summer; it snowed one night and most of the scout troops went home. Our boys and some played football in the snow. Later, T and I went a mile down to the lake for him to pass off his canoeing and row-boating merit badges. I pressured him to stick to the task and endure the cold water and persist with finishing the requirements. It was cold and hard. I was very proud of his efforts to finish. This was a foretoken of his future scout achievements.

I went with Terry when he was older with the varsity and venture scouts up to the Uintah mountains for a 50 mile hike, part of which was to climb up King's Peak, the highest mountain in Utah. It was a glorious 4 days in the beautiful mountain stretches and wilderness.

Debra and I helped Allen with his Eagle Project which was to construct a new and wonderful sand box and play area for the Children's Center at the Utah Valley Community College (now University). I helped Terry with his Project to purchase, install and erect a new flag pole at Provo City's water treatment plant. The celebration, program and acknowledgement by the city representatives of T and the project was impressive.

Debra had two full neck bandalos to wear to courts of honor and other scouting events featuring the emblems and badges her four sons scouting achievements: Wolf, Bear, Webelos, Arrow of Light, Scout, Second Class, First Class, Star, Life and Eagle. I received a wonderful eagle statue with engravings of my four Eagle son's recognitions.

One night, we were attending a court of honor in our ward. Terry was in his full uniform with his shoulder sash completely filled with merit badge emblems, his Arrow of Light Award, his Eagle badge, his Order of the Arrow sash, his Mile Swim, Fifty-Miler Award, and his National Camping awards, along with four or five Eagle Palm awards. Someone asked him, "T, how did you accomplish and achieve so much in scouting. Each of your older brothers were Eagle Scouts, but you have done so much more?" T replied, "Oh, I don't really like scouting so much; I just like camping!" He was always there—at every camp, every outing, and every activity.

I was called to serve as the ward's scout committee chairman. I read thoroughly the scout committee guidebook. The committee was to consist of about 5 or 6 volunteers. I tried to follow my brother's thorough and meticulous organization and communication example. I prepared detailed rosters of all of the boys from cub scouting, 11-year olds and scouts, to varsity and venture age young

men. I updated and printed these rosters every month. I prepared similar rosters for all of the scouting leaders for each of the age groups.

I also prepared a roster of the scout committee which I hoped to expand. I set some principles or guidelines for my service, some of which may appear silly or ridiculous. But, they helped guide me in my approaches of delegation:

1. Many hands make work light
2. Don't do anything you can get somebody else to do
3. Do as little as possible, if someone else is can do it better
4. Everybody can help with something

So with these principles I suggested to the Bishopric that scouting was not necessarily a "church" calling, but a volunteer program. That meant that everyone no matter what their church responsibilities were, could help with scouting. I ordered (or encouraged) the Bishopric to purchase scout uniforms. I suggested to them that anyone, if they were once a boy scout, a former scout leader, a parent of a scout, or a lover of scouting, could be invited to serve on the scout committee. It would require not very much work, but a lot of fun. They would be required to attend one meeting a month—the scout committee meeting, which would last absolutely no longer than 1 hour!

I set forth the following committee assignments: 1) Chairman, 2) Registration, 3) Advancements, 4) Tour Permits, 5) Courts of Honor, 6) Equipment, 7) Leader Training, 8) Scribe & Records, and 9) Merit Badge counselors.

As mentioned, we met every month at 8:30 p.m. following the youth activity night. I spent a lot of time preparing the room in a conference room setting. I set up the tables in a conference arrangement with about 30 chairs surrounding to include all scout leaders including primary, committee members and the Charter Organization Representative (COR - counselor in the bishopric). I laid table cloths out, scout displays, scout literature. I have two nice afghan quilts with Norman Rockwell scout images which I would sometimes hang. I laid out bowls of peanuts and Hersey's chocolate. We always had plenty of wonderful refreshments at the end of the meeting. I played patriotic music as the members assembled. We displayed the U.S. Flag, the Utah State Flag, and the Scout Troop Flag. Just before beginning, I would read a few of the corny scout jokes in the most recent Scout magazine. I think the members enjoyed my ridiculous attempts at humor more than the humor itself.

We began each meeting with recitation of the scout oath, law, motto and slogan. I prepared a detailed calendar of all scouting events, a list of assignments and their completion, leader training progress for each leader, and a thorough

agenda for all scout age groupings. I invited the senior patrol leader to make a report of the most recent campout, and make an effort to recognize anybody and everybody for any good events or accomplishments of the past month. We began every meeting precisely on time and ended the same whether all of the items on the agenda were done. It was more important to me to build relationships than to accomplish any particular tasks. Communication was more important than accomplishment. We could always follow up with tasks later.

We had some fun and fantastic meetings. Our annual re-chartering night was a major event. We had presentations, scout displays, music, artifacts, etc. The event was one of the proud moments of my life. So I took great pride in directing the scouting program in our ward for a couple of years, and received great satisfaction, in having done my best.

Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell

In 2007 I signed up for the ultimate adult leader training called "Wood Badge." The camp was held in the beautiful new Heber Valley Girl's Camp in April. It was cold! What a beautiful location in the mountains east of Heber, Utah. I and 50 other adult leaders spent the week running around like boys scouts and learning leadership skills. The food was great! I made some great friends and we had a lot of fun singing scout songs, performing skits, shooting off hand-made water bottle rockets, and playing a lot of games and other scouting activities. I learned to appreciate the signs, symbols, signals, and insignia of the scouting program. We each had to select 5 personal goals, called "Tickets." One that I picked was to read the complete biography of Lord Baden Powell, the founder of boy scouting, and write a substantial report. From that, I prepared a script, a presentation with photographs of Baden Powell. I

received as a gift the original scout broad-rimmed hat. I bought a mustache and prepared a uniform similar to what he would have worn. I presented several performances at courts of honor, other wood badge camps, and other scout camp firesides.

I have had many spiritual experiences in my life, but none were more emotionally powerful and significant than the feelings of patriotism, the love of country, and appreciation for the world-wide movement of boy scouting. As the Book of Mormon declared, this is a holy land, a land preserved for good and righteous people. As we gathered each day for the flag ceremony, we pledged our allegiance and sang the famous Wood Badge song. I had deep spiritual and emotional feelings.

My WoodBadge Buddies

The next two years, I attended again, not as a participant but as a Wood Badge leader and trainer. My brother John gave me a stuffed animal—"badger." My associates were delighted and they tied the badger on one of the rockets and shot it off; it came whizzing past me, narrowing missing. They got a huge ridiculing laugh at my near catastrophe! It is difficult to describe the hilarity and fun-filled week of instruction and inspiration.

And so, my scouting career came to an end. It is meaningful to realize that the Boy Scouts of America, arm in arm with the Aaronic priesthood, provides preparation for receiving the Melchizedek priesthood and entering into the holy temple. Where else, does a young man make solemn oaths, learn about important laws, receive emblems and symbols signifying true principles and lift their arms squarely to make life-long promises to God, country and service to others. I am grateful for the influence that Scouting has had in my life over many years.

The Scout Oath
On my honor, I will do my best--
To do my duty to God and my country,
And to obey the Scout Law.
To help other people at all times,
To keep myself physically strong,
Mentally awake, and morally straight.

SIXTEEN

Work

During the hot summers, I was not in school but at home. The afternoons were long and dull. I was listless and lethargic. My afternoon nap was pretty important. Now, my dad was raised in a very work-oriented home. He had to work on the farm. My grandfather Arthur N. Taylor, had taught his boys to work. I think Dad wanted to make sure I followed the work pattern of growing up so he gave me some tasks to do while he was at work at the store.

First, he took me out to the yard, showed me the hose, the dry ivy ground cover underneath the junipers next to the garage, and the iris' and other dried up flowers. He turned on the water and said, "Water all of these really well!" So I stood there in the hot sun running the water and spraying the dry plants. Oh, it was tedious! I watered and watered but couldn't wait to be done with it. It was so boring! I had to do it several days during the summer. It was not fun; I did not enjoy it! It seemed like the hour he required stretched out in my mind to 4 hours! I think he was satisfied with my daily dew duties but he never said much in feedback.

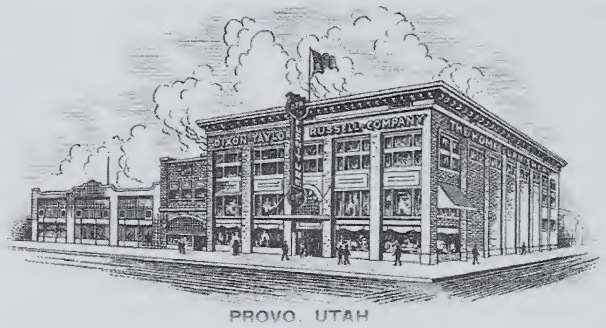
The next job Dad gave me was to go all around the lawn and yard and pick up sticks! These are all of the twigs and branches that had fallen from the Poplar and other trees. The twigs were everywhere! It seemed like a million of them and my job would never end. He had bought a new green lawnmower and began to entrust me in mowing the big lawns. But what I soon discovered was that if I mowed the lawn with all the twigs around, the mower mowed up and broke up all of the twigs and distributed them evenly around. It looked to me like all of the twigs had been picked up! Yeah! Dad complimented me on my picking up the sticks so well. I never told him of my deception.

Beyond the garage to the north, my dad had piled a lot of boards and old wooden planks. I must have a fetish or compulsive impulses to order or organize stuff. I spent a couple of hours straightening up and lining up all the boards very neatly and parallel to each other by length and by size. Dad didn't say much about it, but I think he was pleased. He hadn't asked me to do it.

He asked me to dig a long trench through very rocky terrain from the northeast corner of our lot down to the lawn south of our house. It was tough digging and it had to be deep enough to bury a good pipe to put in a sprinkling system for the lawn. I gained important digging experience! He also had me level an area on the west side of the house, get some sand, and build a nice brick patio.

Again, I was proud that he would trust me to do a good job. I don't know that it was a very good job but it looked Okay and Dad was satisfied.

In about 5th and 6th Grade, I got a job at DTR sweeping up the upholstery shop after school. I would spend 10 cents to ride the bus down to work. Other times, I would ride my bike. Every day, there were scraps of fabric, papers, dust, dirt and other debris lying around the floor. I was to get a big broom and sweep the floor from one end to the other, then use a dust pan and put the stuff into a big bin. Underneath some of the work benches and cupboards along the wall, were empty spaces. I found a very big cardboard box, cut a door into it and made me a hut underneath one of the cupboards. I thought I could hide or play in there sometimes.



My first wage was $.25 per hour. I got a time card and I was supposed to check in and out for my time working each day. But most days, I forgot to either check in or out or both. I wasn't making a lot of money! Dad took me across the street to Farmers & Merchants Bank, run by Uncle Ham Calder and helped me set up a bank account with a little bank book. Hamilton and Mertle Calder were not my real relatives; we just called them that because we were neighbors on the hill. We called all of our neighbors "aunt" and "uncle." I also got my social security card.

Well, I saved my money. Little by little, my bank balance climbed, mainly because I never spent on anything. I didn't know what I could spend money on. I'm sure I used the small sum eventually for some good purpose but I don't remember what it was.

Growing older, my job of sweeping expanded dramatically. I swept the sidewalk in front of the store about every week. I swept out the warehouse in the back of the store also about once a week. I washed all of the store windows with a bucket, brush and squeegee every week. Sometimes I was very diligent; other

times, I was negligent. After reporting at work for a little while, I would get weary and want to take off for a little while, I would love to hop on my bike and ride uphill all the way home, about 5 miles. Or, I would walk all the way home in the afternoon. I loved to walk—much more than sweeping. Dad was tolerant and never criticized me for taking off from work. Uncle Art, the DTR Manager was also always kind and overlooked my employment shortcomings.

As I grew older, my job expanded further. I was commissioned to drive one of the trucks over to the Post Office and pick up and deliver the mail. I was proud that I was trusted to drive the pick-ups and cars owned by the company. I was also charged to deliver all of the wedding gifts from the store to the receptions centers. I was assigned to create and decorate all of the store displays in the store windows. Dad was my supervisor on this. I think I made a few really nice displays of which I took pride.

I was also given the job of being the blind boy! I measured, cut, sewed, stapled and rolled all of the window shades. I learned how to prepare hundreds of shades for homes and businesses. I also did the same for creating and renewing venetian blinds. I did several big jobs, including all of the blinds for the windows at the Grandview Elementary School. I became expert on the industrial sewing machine and the cutting machines I used. I gained a little confidence in my ability to do something. My mentor and supervisor was Horace E. Peay, a master upholsterer and craftsman. He was mild mannered and very kind—another one of those celestial people one meets.

After my junior year in high school, Dad encouraged me to leave home and find work at Bryce Canyon National Park at the Lodge. My two sisters had worked at the national parks, Janice at the Grand Canyon and Lynn Anne at Bryce Canyon. My brother-in-law Monte DeGraw's Brother Cliff, was the manager at Bryce Canyon Lodge. I called and applied. Sure enough—I got a job. So early in June, Dad drove me down to Bryce in his brand new Volkswagen Bug. We stopped at a restaurant and had a nice breakfast. Then we checked in, I was shown my room in the dorm, and Dad left me alone. Then it hit me! I was all alone, away from home for the first time in my life. Home sickness immediately set in. I was shown my new job washing dishes! My dad called it "pearl diving." They had a big dish washing machine where you would stack the dishes and send them through the machine on a conveyer belt. We had to wash all the pots and pans by hand. The job was not fun but I applied myself diligently to the tasks, keeping very busy every minute. I did not allow myself to be idle for a single second. I wanted to be a good employee and was afraid I would not measure up to expectations. I was so homesick!

My Bryce Canyon Lodge Staff

A New Bryce Canyon Lodge Employee

I had the opportunity to move into a small cabin with two other roommates, both likable fellows. One was Fred Taylor, my seminary teacher, Hal Taylor's son. Fred was the baker for the Lodge, baking all of the rolls and bread for the dining room. The other, a young man younger than myself. I liked him but it wasn't long before he began associating with kids

with lesser values, some drinking and other bad things. We went down different paths.

Every day after work, I would go out on the porch of the Lodge and relax and visit with the other kids. I loved to just sit there and watch the beauty of the surroundings and the sun going down. Each pay period, I would send a money order home for savings. I enjoyed walking near the rim of the canyon and sometimes going down into the canyon and wandering around.

Bryce Soda Fountain "Jerks"

It wasn't long before I was given another job as a "soda fountain jerk," and a short order cook. I cooked cheese sandwiches, fried eggs and prepared milkshakes and malts at the Lodge's soda fountain. I worked with four beautiful girls, all a little older than me. In the evenings, all the employees put on a live show with the visitors and guests. Occasionally, I acted as the MC. They laughed at the corny canned jokes I would tell.

The next summer, I gained similar employment at the Grand Canyon Lodge on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. I and a couple of friends went down early before the Lodge opened. Cliff and Judy DeGraw were again the managers of the Lodge. We cleaned the chimneys of each of the guest's cabins. It was a dirty job, but it only lasted a couple of days. My next job was to be the garbage collector. I got to drive the big garbage truck and throw all of the garbage cans into the truck. I loved the job! I built my muscles; I felt strong and independent in my job. I would drive the truck all over the area and down a dirt road into the woods where they had a garbage dump area. But the job didn't last long. I was made the Night Porter. I was to clean the Lodge Kitchen, mopping the floor and straightening up everything in the Kitchen. I was given a comfortable cabin to live in – all to myself. I prepared a nightly meal for all of the other late workers who worked part of the night to clean up. I could take any of the left-over food from the dining of the guests held in the large refrigerators. Great food!

The Grand Canyon Lodge Crew

While mopping up and cleaning the kitchen, I would sing the hymns. It was a growing and spiritual time. After work, about 5 or 6 a.m., I would take off and jog along the canyon rim from the Lodge over to the Grand Canyon Inn, about a mile to the north. In returning along the main road, I would stop and watch the sun rise over the east rim of the Canyon. It was a daily magnificent sight and a regular spiritual awakening.

Then I would shower and go to bed and sleep all day long. On Sundays, I helped with the sacrament and the leadership of the little gathering of Church

members. I did a great deal of sleeping that summer. I had feelings of guilt and some shame for my lack of industry and personal productivity. I read an interesting book, called *Man Against Himself*, by the great American psychologist Karl Menninger. The book reviewed and demonstrated the tendencies and proclivities that humans have towards personal destruction.

In the evenings, I participated in all of the live shows the staff put on for the "dudes." One of the shows was the "States" show where we would sing and dance a lot of the songs of the states like, "California, Here I Come," Arizona's "Ragtime Cowboy Joe," "Wyoming," "Tennessee Waltz," "Utah Man," etc. For other shows, I sometimes took the part of the MC with my corny jokes again. I welcomed and conducted a fireside for President Joseph Fielding Smith and his wife, Jesse Evans Smith. They spoke and performed a musical duet for us, which they called a "do it!" On Friday nights, a movie was shown to the staff. One of those movies starred Charlton Heston and Eleanor Parker in *The Naked Jungle*. It had a deep romantic and emotional impression on me because of the strong moral value it conveyed in relation to the virtue of "chastity." Later, I really liked watching her and Robert Taylor in *Many Rivers to Cross*.

I was invited to hike over the Grand Canyon from the north rim to the south rim, a distance of about 27 miles, but 10 miles as the crow flies. I left one afternoon in the accompaniment of four nice girls. We hiked down to Roaring Springs, then down the long trail to Phantom Ranch, arriving about midnight. Then after taking a brief rest, we began the ordeal and trek across suspension bridge over the Colorado River and up the long trail to Indian Gardens. We rested and slept there for about 1-2 hours at 3 a.m. Then upwards on the west side of the Canyon, we climbed as the sun rose in the east becoming warmer and then hot. We finally arrived about 9 or 10 a.m. I can't remember ever having been so exhausted and sleepy. I slept on a couch in the lobby of the South Rim lodge for a couple of hours. I was out cold! We then transported to the south rim airport nearby and arranged for a flight over the Canyon back to the north rim airstrip located on the Kiabab Forest plateau several miles from the North Rim. We hitched a ride back to the Lodge, just in time to go back to work! It was one of the grand adventures of my life!

About this time, DTR's had liquidated and I had no job to return to. My next job occurred after my mission. Dad offered to give me an allowance to help me but I decided that I would get a job in retailing at J. C. Penney. I went in and applied. They had no job. I told them that I would be back soon. I made it clear that I would work for them and persist until I got a job. Yes, I was finally offered a job selling shoes. I worked there during summers and sometimes part-time during the school year when called upon. My boss was Kent Collins. I liked him a lot. I met a lot of people, children with dirty smelly socks and old shoes and

moms who were getting their kiddies ready for school, and a lot of others. I became expert in measuring feet and fitting shoes. During this time, Dad passed away and I continued my job.

I knew I needed more money! Bishop Creer, an executive at U.S. Steel, Geneva Works, enabled and arranged for me to work for the summer. I was given a job typing up bills of laden for the truck drivers and trains bearing loads of chemicals, steel beams, coils and other stuff leaving from the plant. I worked different shifts, mornings, afternoons, evenings, or graveyard shifts. I was alone in a small shack on the outskirts of the Plant. Wow! Did I have an education!? The truck drivers who came in and out had a bright blue language with which I was not at first familiar. They had a limited vocabulary with just a few words, repeated over and over before and after any other sentence they could emit. Yet, they were interesting fellows and I acquired a friendliness to them as they swore, profaned and blasphemed in every other phrase they uttered.

Stashed and strewn around the cluttered and dirty office were various magazines, a few of which were very colorful filled with photographs of women who didn't have any clothes on! What a shock to my simple soul! As a young man filled full of hormonal desires, I was faced with an important decision. Should I examine and partake of the fleshy caldron of the world's pursuits? Or should I refrain and avoid looking at these. Ah, temptation comes to all here or there. After lingering on the views for a few moments, I said to myself, "No, this is not good for me. I'd better not get involved with this! So I set it aside and never looked again! That decision was probably the most important decision of my young life!

Instead, when I had free moments, alone in the shack, I began reading Uncle Bud's Volume I of *My Folks the Dixons.* It was in that lonely place that I became acquainted with my great grandfather and grandmother, Henry Aldous and Sarah Degrey. What an inspiration they are and what an important and significant impact their lives have had upon mine. What a great summer I had working and reading alone in that dirty little shack! And, I stashed away a good amount of money to pay for my education.

The next hot summer, I worked again at Geneva, but this time my job was much different. I worked every day with Brent Ashworth, Betty Ashworth's son, and Larry Gardner, who lived in the Grandview area. We spent every day, doing inventory for the company. In a large dingy warehouse, we counted, nuts, bolts, beams, bricks, planks, springs, washers, and a hundred other types of items. We must have cumulatively fingered, lifted and moved several tons each day. It was a dusty dirty job, but our mutual conversations about every subject under the sun, was interesting and instructional. Brent became a successful lawyer and

collector of valuable historical documents and memorabilia. Larry became a good friend over the years because after our marriage, Debra and I moved into his Grandview ward. The thing that I remember the most during that very warm summer and circumstance, was the wonderful cold clear water from the drinking fountain. I drank gallons of delicious water. It was wet and free!

Living at home with mother, I now had enough money to pay for my MBA graduate school tuition and did not have to work while in school. That was good because I never could have made it if I had to do more than school.

At home on the hill, I continued to live with my wonderful widowed mother. I tried to help her in various tasks. I often vacuumed the house and took pride in cleaning. I cleaned and waxed the kitchen floor many times. I spent a lot of time, weeding the large patch of weeds to the east of our house along the driveway. I would review and type up all of her relief society lessons which she would submit for publication in the Church's Relief Society magazine. Sometimes, she would have me cut her hair and shave the back of her neck.

Well, after graduate school, I got my first real full-time job. Norm Wright suggested my name to Wayne Hansen, the manager of the BYU Placement Center to be considered for an entry level position as a "Placement Assistant." The job was to help graduating college students find career employment. I was invited to work part-time before graduation to see if I liked the job.

BYU Placement Assistant

My initial salary was $7700 for the rest of the year, June to December. I was to counsel, advise and teach students and alumni how to find a good job. How ironic! Here I am, not able to find a big-time business job with a big-time company. I didn't really feel qualified to do anything significant! Now I was the expert on helping students put their "best foot forward" in their professional employment search. I began teaching workshops on interviewing, resume writing, application writing, etc.

I studied many books and articles on how to find a good job. I became knowledgeable and articulate in telling everybody the principles and keys of a good job search! I learned about all of the types of jobs available for graduating students. I gained knowledge about government, business, and industrial and education fields. I met and coordinated with faculty and staff in all of the departments and colleges of the University. I had numerous speaking and teaching assignments to small groups and classes of students. For a few months, I filled in as the Placement educational specialist who helped all of the elementary and secondary teachers find placement with the various Utah and other school districts. I worked with many alumni who came in for counseling. It was a good job.

My boss, R. Wayne Hansen was great! His spontaneous humor rolled out of him constantly. One day, we were down playing racquetball at the Richards PE Building and noticed BYU College of Business Dean Weldon Taylor sitting in the sauna. Wayne said, "Hey, there's Weldon. He looks well done!"

Wayne was always kind and accepting of my efforts. He was always open to conversation and I would spend a lot of time in his office just visiting. It seemed like he was never in a hurry for anything but to visit about anything or everything. He was so much fun. Regularly, we would take visiting recruiters from the big companies out to lunch at some nice restaurant or to the BYU Skyroom. He loved to dine and the recruiters really loved him and his humorous accepting personality. One day, after a very sumptuous feast, he exclaimed, "Oh that was a good meal! I feel just awful!"

He was very prominent in several national associations, like the Rocky Mountain Placement Association. Debra and I traveled a few times with Wayne and his wife, Marsha to several placement conventions, one at Grand Teton National Park, another at Estes Park Colorado, one in Sun Valley Idaho, and another in Las Vegas and another great conference in Salt Lake City. In the Salt Lake Conference, Wayne was the president of the association and I helped him arrange many of the details of the event. The Conference was held in the Hotel Utah. For some reason, my room was changed and we stayed in the hotel suite,

formerly occupied as the residence of President David O. McKay. It was very posh, at least for us. During the conference, it was announced that Richard M. Nixon had resigned and stepped down as U. S. President because of Watergate. In the Las Vegas conference, I gave a workshop on how to create the perfect resume. I had created several slide presentations, doing the art work myself. In those days, we didn't use videos or DVDs. I worked hard to prepare and make my presentation. I think it was OK, but not spectacular. Wow! Was it hot in Vegas! We took Douglas with us that year.

I spent six years as the Placement Assistant. I wanted to do more and be more than what I was doing. One of my colleagues in a similar placement position, Jon Larson had been promoted to be the assistant to Brother B. Keith Duffin, the Director of Personnel Services, to whom we all reported. After about a year, he took a position at Ricks College (now BYU Idaho) as the director of personnel. I went in to Brother Duffin and asked to be considered. Actually, I was quite adamant and persistent in my request to obtain the position. He paid me a compliment saying that he had noticed my efforts to research all of the various types of jobs in the economy. So, I became his new assistant to Personnel Services. I was to keep and write university policy, review and research national and local legal developments and requirements. I had to become knowledgeable in all of the governmental regulations relating to human resources. My files were full of articles and documents relating to all facets of university and governmental policies. My job also included being the University's Equal Opportunity Officer. It was during a period of change and the promotion of equal rights for women and affirmative action for minority groups. I became the sole male member of a BYU women's council. It was most intimidating to me, being of a rather reticent and reclusive shy nature. I also served on the BYU Administrative Advisory Council and became the chairman of the Council.

I went around and visited with each University dean and requested information and statistics on the faculty. I gathered and computed numbers for our annual report on hiring of minorities and women. I was given the task to write the University's handicapped policy and report to the U.S. Government's Office of Equal Opportunity (EEOC). The lengthy multi-page report required answering a million questions. After I had made exhaustive efforts to fill out the report, I took it to Hal Visick, the University's general counsel. He had some neat model sports cars on the bookshelf in his office. He looked through the report and acknowledged that it was a lot of necessary and unnecessary "boiler plate!" Hal had been good friends with my sisters and family and had done legal work for Aunt Violet. We became friendly associates after that.

After a year of this, one day a job vacancy came across my desk. It was my job to monitor all University openings to make sure they were properly posted, advertised and opened for a designated time. The position was a new position created at the Language Training Mission (LTM) for an Assistant Director of Instruction – English-speaking. It required the candidate to be a returned missionary from an English-speaking mission. I was filled with excitement and anxiety. I have described in greater detail my application and acceptance of this position in my chapter on The Missionary Training Center.

So, over many years, I have worked, shirked, employed, deployed, laughed and lived. I have appreciated the example of my brother John who has been busily engaged in many worthwhile endeavors since his retirement from the Procter and Gamble Corporation. I am grateful for the principle of labor. It is one of the great keys for a happy and full life. Now that I am retired, I find my work quite changed but still fulfilling and satisfying.

SEVENTEEN

Sweet Religion

As an infant, I was blessed by my father Lynn. Golly, I can't remember anything he said. I don't think there was any record of his words. But, I have been enormously blessed throughout my life. I have enjoyed good health. I have been richly endowed by my family, home, friends, education and Church. I have been active in the gospel and enjoyed the magnificent blessings of the holy priesthood. I have married a wonderful woman and we have had our family together.

From my earliest memories, I have believed in Jesus, in the Church, in Joseph Smith and all of the succeeding prophets. At first I didn't understand the difference between the Bible and the Book of Mormon. I didn't understand the difference between Joseph Smith and Brigham Young. They were all the same.

I don't remember our family having family home evenings. At that time, it was not a common practice in families. Occasionally, we had a "family night." I don't remember reading the scriptures as a family. But, we had regular prayer at meals and family prayers together. I remember the words, "nourish and strengthen," the "poor and needy," "the honest in heart," and other familiar phrases.

We had religious books among many others in our home. I mentioned the impact of *The Bible in Art* on my early understanding of religious ideas. I remember seeing the paintings of Michelangelo and the Father touching Adam. I remember seeing the big snake with a piece of fruit in its mouth offering it to Adam and Eve who were naked. I couldn't understand why anybody would ever be naked!

I went to Primary, Junior Sunday School and all of my church meetings from earliest childhood. I remember that as a young boy, we went up to the Salt Lake Temple and did baptisms for the dead. I was awe-struck with the temple and with the baptisms I performed as a young lad. As mentioned, I was set apart as the deacon's quorum president, my first calling in the Church!

When I got to 9th Grade, I began my seminary study. My first class topic was the *Old Testament.* I mentioned my teacher, Alan Anderson. He was a young devout and good man! I bought me a new bible from the small in-school bookstore. It was a black hard cover edition with all of the Savior's words printed in red lettering. I got me a red and a blue pencil and began marking the text. I

developed a unique marking technique where I would box around all of the verses or passages, but not boxing in the verse numbers. I thought it was a neat way to mark up the book.

Our class assignment was to prepare a card file containing notes and information on all the stories and topics we were learning about the *Old Testament*. I got a metal 3 x 5" card file box with alphabetical dividers and started filling out and stuffing the box with the cards. I worked very hard to prepare many topics.

As a boy, of all the stories I learned from the Old Testament which deeply impressed me was the story of Father Abraham and his family. I was fascinated with all that I learned about Abraham, Sarah, their sons, and grandsons. For some reason, I was very much impressed and moved by these particular stories. Since that time, I have been greatly interested in the patriarchal order of the priesthood and the lineage of the Lord's family from father to son, down to our present day. The understanding of a "birthright" is intriguing to me. It is a great honor for me to have been ordained in May 2013 as a patriarch in the Church.

I continued throughout high school in my study of the gospel. One time we went down to the Manti Temple as a seminary group. We actually went into the Temple chapel and had a testimony meeting. I bore my testimony so I know I had a testimony. It was really a great spiritual experience to have gone into the temple and seen how beautiful it was.

I think the next calling I had in the Church was to be called as the Young Men's Secretary in our Oak Hills First Ward, by John Swindle. I must have been about 17 years old. I was given a big green loose-leaf binder with all of the rolls and records of the youth in the ward. I was to keep attendance and prepare a monthly report. About this time, I went to work at the north rim of the Grand Canyon for the summer. I don't know why I was so afraid and reticent to get in and do a good job and make reports. I was negligent, neglectful and a failure on this assignment. I learned what it means to feel guilt and shame in not performing one's duties. I slept through a lot of the summer hiding my shame. John was never upset with me and always supportive. Years later, his son, Jeremy and my son Douglas became fast friends and took a bicycle tour together down the west coast Washington or Oregon and were drenched in rain.

I mentioned the spiritual experiences I had as the Kitchen Night Porter at the Grand Canyon Lodge, singing hymns to myself at night. These evenings provided wonderful spiritual growing experiences. My testimony of the gospel, of the Church and of Joseph Smith continued to swell and solidify within my soul.

My next service in the Church came when I was called to be a missionary for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I was thrilled as I opened my letter of call to the British Mission, signed by President David O. McKay. I think Mom and Dad were present during the opening and they were pleased as well. I have written about my mission to England in Chapter Thirteen.

After returning home from my mission, I gave what I thought was a wonderful homecoming speech in sacrament meeting. Somebody told me it was the best returned missionary talk they had ever heard. I entered my second year of school at BYU and began attending the BYU 32nd Ward with Leland Anderson, as my bishop. I was called to teach an MIA class on Tuesday night's each week. I was soon called to teach Sunday School; our subject was "The Book of Mormon, A Book for Our Time." Every Saturday night, I studied hard and prepared in detail for my class on Sunday.

In the summer, I was called to teach Sunday school and I spent the summer teaching doctrine and principles from the Lord's Sermon on the Mount. I spent the summer memorizing the entire Sermon. The ward or stake was soon changed so I was now attending the BYU 96th Ward with Dr. Robert Hales as the bishop. I was called to serve as the ward's Elder's Quorum President. I had two great counselors, and we had a great quorum. I loved teaching the brethren of the priesthood.

I was then called to be a counselor to Fred White in the BYU Second Stake Sunday School. I visited all of the wards and observed the Sunday schools. Fred was a fairly young BYU Professor of Microbiology with a large family of young children. His wife was a beautiful and gracious lady, Patricia Moody, a former friend of my sister Lynn Anne.

Fred was soon made a bishop over the 96th ward and I was called to be his first counselor in the bishopric. The second counselor was Rod Davies, a close relative of Anne Romney, Mitt Romney's wife. I was now in my second year in graduate school. In those days, BYU students called to serve in a bishopric were to be ordained high priests. So at age 26, I was ordained a high priest by President Clyde D. Sandgren, my stake president.

I soon became married and served for a year in the bishopric with Bishop White. The three of us, Fred, Ron and I and our wives and Fred's family became friendly although each of us were very different in our abilities and interests. Our ward covered two apartment complexes near BYU. It also included the new Cedar Crest Apartments up on the hill overlooking the city, near where the old Easter Cross was located. This apartment had many young married couples. I was

married in August 1971 and we became well acquainted with several of the young marrieds in our ward. It was a new experience for me to sit in a few disciplinary councils. It was sad that Fred developed cancer and passed away at a young age a few years later.

Fred was called to another assignment, and Ray Clements, the Deputy Director of the BYU Development Office was called to be the new bishop. I was retained as his first counselor in the bishopric.

After a year, Debra and I purchased a new home on the Grandview hill, very near where my grandfather Taylor's farm was located. It was a new subdivision, although our home was one year old with an unfinished basement. Our new bishop, George Barrus and his counselor, Ferrin Orton, from the Grandview 21st Ward, came to visit us in our home and get acquainted. It was not long before I was called to be the Webelos Cub Scout leader. I had a group of about 10 boys, all rowdy and rambunctious. I did not have much experience in dealing with such ruffians! This was the most difficult church calling I had ever had! After a few months of this challenging assignment, I was called to be the Scoutmaster! Oh, no! Why me? I had never achieved success as a boy scout.

After three years as the scoutmaster, I was called to serve as the high priest group leader. I moved from young boys to old boys! Our HP group consisted of about 60 to 70 seasoned high priests. I was in my early 30's. I called Brother John Adams, a BYU Financial Officer and Bradford Hatch, a retired government worker to be my counselors. John had been the first counselor in the former Grand View stake presidency. These two mature great men were so supportive and helpful in our high priest group. I am always grateful to the inspiration and leadership they provided to me. Brad passed away several years ago. At the time of this writing, John, in his late 90's is still active in our high priest group.

After a time, I was called to serve as the stake mission president. The fact that I was now employed as a leader in the Missionary Training Center, may have had something to do with my call. It was intimidating to me to begin actual member-missionary work. Part of my feelings of inadequacy came from the way, my predecessor in the stake, Harry Ogden, was extolled and praised publicly by my stake president, Bryce B. Orton.

I held a missionary correlation meeting faithfully every Sunday morning at 7:00 a.m. Attending were the locally assigned missionaries and 2 or 3 of the Seventy's in the stake. We held great meetings but didn't really do a lot of great missionary work. I did go with the missionaries a few times, mainly teaching a new investigator in our ward named Roger Frank. He joined the Church and has

been very active in our ward ever since and currently serves is an ordinance worker in the temple, and is one of my dear friends in my ward.

I was next called to serve in the Grandview ward bishopric as second counselor to my mentor and friend Emory Sonderegger who had encouraged me to apply to the MTC. After a time, I was assigned to be the first counselor. Emory was so efficient and did everything well. My recollections of my time in the bishopric are very foggy and limited.

My next calling came when I was called by President Joe J. Christensen to serve as a branch president in the Missionary Training Center. I served a wonderful year presiding over an English-speaking branch. My first counselor was a zone coordinator, an MTC employee, who was very capable, faithful, and supportive. The second counselor was always a new MTC missionary, called for only a 3-week period, and then released. Called at the same time as a branch president, was my friend and MTC associate, Richard Heaton, who eventually became my boss.

I was released as a branch president but called to serve in the MTC Mission Presidency as the Executive Secretary. I served under 3 great MTC presidents: Joe J. Christensen, Joseph L. Bishop, and George D. Durrant. This calling provided wonderful, growing experiences where I met and worked closely with many marvelous leaders of the Church.

After being released from my calling in the MTC, I was back in the ward and called to again serve in Boy Scouting as the Varsity Scout Coach. My own sons Douglas and David were growing up. Once more, this was a great challenge to me. Some of my experiences are reviewed in my Scouting chapter.

My Stake President, Bryce B. Orton was called to serve as the president of the New York Rochester Mission. President Orton was a professor of accounting at BYU, along with Bishop Sonderegger. I later called Bryce to serve as a teacher/presenter in the Senior MTC. His First Counselor, Rulon S. Francis was called to serve as the new stake president. President Francis was a BYU professor of physical therapy, an expert on the use of tobacco for bruises. He was a very strong-minded man and very direct in his approach to living the gospel.

After a time, President Francis called me to serve as the stake executive secretary. It was a time of transition and division in our stake. We worked on completely rearranging the boundaries in each of the wards on the top of the south part of the Grandview Hill. President Francis later became our stake patriarch and gave my daughter Anna, her blessing. He also became a counselor in the Provo Temple Presidency to several temple presidents. He is currently serving as a

sealer in the new Provo City Center Temple. He has been a great mentor to me over many years.

In November 1989, I and Debra were invited to visit with Elder M. Russell Ballard while he was visiting the MTC. He asked us about serving as a mission president. We of course, answered in the affirmative. Our six children's health was a concern. He told us that we might receive an invitation to visit further in a month or two, a year or two, or never.

In early December, we were invited to go to the Church Administration Building in Salt Lake City and meet with President Gordon B. Hinckley, First Counselor in the First Presidency. He visited with us and I remember him only asking one question, "What debts do you have?" He called us to serve and told us that we would receive our mission assignment sometime in February, March or April. We were assigned to preside over the Nevada Las Vegas Mission. We were thrilled! And, what a terrific spiritual and religious experience we had. Chapter Twenty-one details our time in Las Vegas. While we had many family challenges with our children's health, and were put through a "grinder" many times, I have said among friends, that it was the easiest calling I ever had. I had been prepared for many years, I knew my work, I knew how to work with missionaries, and the mantle of the Lord fell upon me always guiding and buoying me up. It was as if the Lord was always there to help. I learned again, that this was the Lord's work, not mine!

After our release from our mission in Nevada, we returned to our home ward in Grandview. I was called to be the 11-year old scout leader again. They did not realize that this was the hardest church job challenge I could have. Again, I struggled with how to approach the assignment and dreaded each week when the boys came to my home. What would I do to teach them? After a short period, I was called to be an assistant scoutmaster to Brent Davis, our neighbor and the current scoutmaster. He was a superb SM and related well to the boys. He was so thorough and deliberate in all that he did. I just followed his guidance and tried to support.

Well, after another short period, Brother Braithwaite, a counselor in the bishopric asked me what I would like to do in the ward. After all that we had experienced in our mission, I was subdued and not anxious to be in spotlights or leadership positions. I just wanted to retreat from everything. Our bishop, Bishop Bryan called me to be the Ward Clerk. Other than attend meetings, take minutes on disciplinary courts, and counsel the bishop a little bit, I settled in to the ward clerk's office. As is my nature, I went through all the files and shelves and tried to reorganize everything. I must have an obsessive compulsive disorder!

I remember one Saturday afternoon, right before or after Christmas, I went to the clerk's office and did some organizing work. There was a big bowl of assorted mini Hersey's chocolate bars. I must have eaten a thousand of them or all of them, whichever came first! My craving was resulting from a chocolate drug addiction and going to satiate my stress and fleshy appetites! But, I did very much enjoy my time as the ward clerk, but it was short-lived.

Our stake president, President Brent Hafen, a BYU professor of Health Science, and who had been a counselor to President Francis, called me in and asked me to join the stake high council. What choice did I have? But it was a "choice" experience. I loved working with our stake presidency and the other members of the high council. I grew particularly close to the councilor I sat next to, David Dalton, BYU professor of music and a renowned cellist. What a refined, dignified, and cultured man he was with a delightful dry sense of humor! I also developed a good friendship with Gary McKinnon, my former BYU professor of Marketing. Our high council had several social activities together and I thoroughly enjoyed our association.

Our stake president, President Hafen was a tall athletic strongly built man. Yet, he was cut down early with a debilitating disease and passed away. His replacement was Douglas Gale, who had a completely different personality and style of leadership. President Gale had recently been appointed the Director of the ScenicView Academy, a beautiful new school built and funded by the widow of Ray Norda, the founder of Novell Corporation. ScenicView was located near a beautiful business park at the mouth of the Provo Canyon. It was a school formed to help support men who had learning and social disabilities; men who had difficulty finding work and fitting in with society. With my MTC background in working with missionaries, particularly those with learning disabilities, Doug wanted me to assist on the newly formed board of advisors. We were privileged to have Thomas S. Monson give the dedication for the school. I was touched by his interaction and love of the troubled disabled students and their families. He stayed for hours after the dedication just visiting with people.

Among other assignments, President Gale had me direct the priesthood committee, providing training to new elder's quorum presidents, group leaders and their counselors. I was also assigned to the Grandview 17th Ward. I must note my interaction with Rulon Skinner, a former MTC branch president, a former BYU professor of Youth Leadership. Rulon was nationally known as the "scouter of all scouters!" He taught scouting to BYU students who were planning to go into professional scouting. I make note of him in my chapter on Scouting. Rulon was the high priest group leader for the ward. Every month, in season, out of season, his home teaching record for the ward was 100%. He provided no coercion, no replacement teaching for slackers, no gimmicks. He and his

counselors simply had a personal priesthood interview (PPI) with every group member every month before or after church. It was simply a matter of regular accountability and follow-up. In every priesthood executive committee meeting in the ward, I noted that he knew every member under his charge and every difficulty anyone faced. I came to understand what the Lord said about not running too fast but being "diligent" to the end.

I really enjoyed my high council assignment. I was now second to the senior high councilor, Brother Dalton, and then, Wham! I had been hijacked by our good bishop, Terry Harward. He noted that my son "T" was a teacher in the Aaronic priesthood. He thought that I needed to be with the youth and with my son. So I was released from the high council and was called to be the First counselor in the Young Men and the Varsity Scout Coach! Back into scouting again!

So I picked up my little cross, girded up my loins and began again to work with the boys. I bought my scout uniform with all of the decals and emblems. After beginning, my first week, my son Terry turned 16 and moved into the priest's quorum! So much for working with my son!

But I dived in and loved the boys. I really enjoyed teaching them in priesthood meeting. I met each one as they came in and out, shook their hands each time, following the pattern shown in the Doctrine and Covenants 88:128-136. After we got started, I always asked each boy what great or fun thing, or event they had experienced during the week. We spent half the class just "jaw-boning" with each other. We spent a lot of time in pairs just reading or practicing. I had learned a little about boys over the years.

Things were going Ok in the teacher's quorum and I was mentoring a few other men in the ward who were being groomed for young men leadership. I noted that our scout committee was non-functional and pretty non-existent. I went to a member of the bishopric and said, "Do you need a scout committee chairman?" Well, he noted my question and I was called to the position. It was the only time in my life that I asked for a position in the Church. My belief is that you neither seek nor decline a calling from the Lord, or His priesthood leaders. I decided that I would put together a scouting program in the ward that could not be equaled. While I did not achieve the goal of the perfect scout program, we developed a scout committee that could not be equaled!

During the last part of this period, our stake president, President David T. Warner called Debra and me to teach the stake missionary preparation class. We would meet each Sunday morning at 7:30 a.m. with all of the young men and women who would be going on missions within the next six months. We would

sing, pray and then practice lessons and material from the missionary guide, Preach My Gospel. We enjoyed our assignment immensely.

After 2 or 3 fun and glorious years as the committee chairman, and teaching the stake missionary preparation class, I and Debra received a great change come into our lives. One Sunday afternoon, President Warner came to visit with us in our home, on the pretense of talking to us about something I can't remember. He must have spent well over an hour just visiting. After he left, I said to Debra, "What was that!!"

One day, at my desk in the MTC, I received a call from Elder Jeffery R. Holland's secretary. She wondered if I and my wife could come and visit with Elder Holland in his office in the Church Administration Building. "Yes, I said. "I think we could arrange to come." I have described this new call to serve in the Philippines in detail in Chapter Twenty-Five.

Well, after returning home from the Philippines, immediately after sacrament meeting, Brother William Black, a counselor in the bishopric hauled us in to the bishop's office and called me to be the ward mission leader! Again, I guess they figured since I knew something about missionary work that I would be a good missionary leader. Again, it was a challenging and stressful calling. I was expected to set up appointments for the missionaries every week and make arrangements for the ward missionaries and myself to go out regularly with the missionaries. Every Sunday afternoon, we had a stake correlation meeting with the other mission leaders, the missionaries, the high councilor over missionary work, and usually President Barnes, a counselor in the stake presidency. In our meeting, we were to give a report on all of the people we were working with in the ward. I prepared a little weekly written report and did the best that I could in my calling, but I had trouble giving all of my heart to the job. I made this effort for about 4 months, when—

Debra and I were called into President Warner's office and I was called to be the stake patriarch. President Warner was gracious and told me he had prayed much about who the Lord was to call to this very vital responsibility in the stake. He said that he had deliberated much in making his choice before sending my name into the Brethren. I told him of the feeling I had recently and so many years earlier about how much I would love to serve the Lord as a patriarch in the Church. I mentioned that I had had a strong feeling that this calling would come to me. He was pleased and gratified in my response.

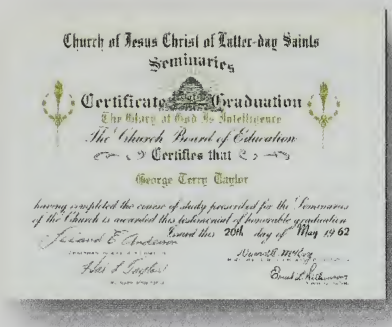
After two years serving as patriarch, I put my name forward to my bishopric to serve as an ordinance worker in the Provo Temple. After several weeks, I was called up to the temple and set apart by my good acquaintance and

friend, President Ronald Stone, a counselor to President Ashton. President Stone had been my wife's parent's bishop. He had worked for a time in the Development Office in the MTC so we were well acquainted. He is one of the most inspirational speakers I have ever heard in the Church. He gave me the most warm and beautiful blessing in my setting apart.

In May 2016, following the example of my brother John, I applied and was called to be a Family History missionary in the BYU Family History Library for ten hours each week. I have had much to learn. I feel inadequate in my knowledge and ability to pursue research and assist others in their quest to discover and serve their families.

And so, I am currently serving as an evangelist (patriarch) in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, a crowning point in my service. I am so grateful for the privilege of blessing the members, especially the youth through the priesthood. The patriarchal priesthood is upon the earth today; I have no doubt!

What meager and paltry efforts I make to serve the Lord in response for his overwhelming goodness and support. I can never repay or approach Him in giving enough thanks and gratitude for His omnipotent love and forgiveness!



Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
Seminaries

Certificate of Graduation

The Glory of God Is Intelligence

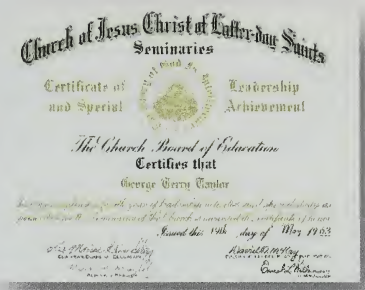
The Church Board of Education

Certifies that

George Terry Taylor

having completed the course of study prescribed for the Seminaries of the Church is awarded this testimonial of honorable graduation

Dated this 20th day of May 1962



Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
Seminaries

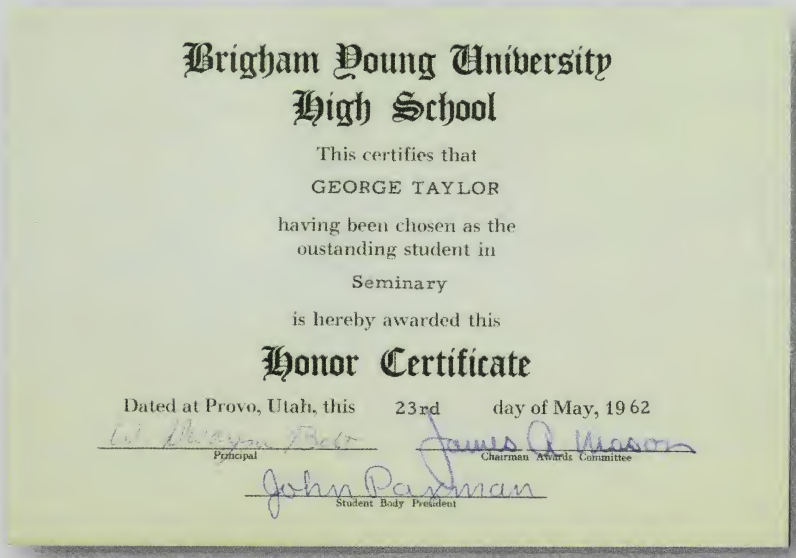
Certificate of Leadership
and Special Achievement

The Church Board of Education

Certifies that

George Terry Taylor

Dated this 19th day of May 1963



Brigham Young University
High School

This certifies that

GEORGE TAYLOR

having been chosen as the
outstanding student in

Seminary

is hereby awarded this

Honor Certificate

Dated at Provo, Utah, this 23rd day of May, 1962

Principal

James A. Mason
Chairman Awards Committee

John Parkman
Student Body President

Priesthood Callings
Settings Apart

Position & Organization	Date Sustained or Set Apart	Ward, Stake or Mission	By Whom	Office
YMMIA Secretary	Spring 1962	Oak Hills 4, East Sharon	John Swindle	Superintendent
Missionary	June 1964-July 1966	The British Mission	Henry D. Taylor	Assistant to the Twelve
YMMIA Instructor	1966	BYU 32nd Ward, BYU 2nd	Robert Hales	Bishop
Sunday School Teacher	1966-1967	BYU 32nd Ward, BYU 2nd	Robert Hales	Bishop
Elder's Quorum President	Sept 1967	BYU 32nd Ward, BYU 2nd	David Schultess	High Council
Stake Sunday School	Sept 1968	BYU 2nd Stake	Nephi K. Kezarian	Stake Presidency
Elder's Quorum Instructor	Sept 1970	BYU 78th Ward	Robert Millett	EQ President
Bishopric – 1st Counselor	6 June 1971	BYU 96th Ward	Clyde D. Sandgren	Stake President
Webelos Cub Scout Leader	16 Sept 1973	Provo 21st Ward	Ferrin L. Orton	Bishopric
Scout Master/Deacon Adv.	4 Nov 1973	Provo 21st Ward	Ferrin L. Orton	Bishop

High Priest Group Leader	28 Mar 1976	Provo 21st Ward	Wayne A. Mineer	Stake President
Stake Mission President		Grandview North Stake	Bryce B. Orton	Stake President
Bishopric – 2nd Counselor	8 Apr 1979	Provo 29th Ward	Bryce B. Orton	Stake President
Bishopric – 1st Counselor	21 Oct 1979	Provo 29th Ward	Bryce B. Orton	Stake President
Branch President – MTC		Missionary Training Center	Joe Christensen	MTC President
Executive Secretary – MTC		Missionary Training Center	Joe Christensen	MTC President
Executive Secretary – MTC		Missionary Training Center	Joseph L. Bishop	MTC President
Executive Secretary – MTC		Missionary Training Center	George D. Durrant	MTC President
Varsity Scout Coach		Grandview 16th Ward		
Stake Executive Secretary		Provo Utah Grandview So.	Rulon S. Francis	Stake President
Mission President	July 1990	Nevada Las Vegas Mission	Dallin H. Oaks	Apostle
11-Year Old Scout Leader	Aug 1993	Grandview 16th Ward	Brian Braithwaite	Bishopric

Assistant Scout Master	Nov 1993	Grandview 16th Ward	Brian Braithwaite	Bishopric
Ward Clerk	Dec 1993	Grandview 16th Ward	Bruce Brian	Bishop
Stake High Councilor	Spring 1994	Grandview South Stake	Brent L. Hafen	Stake President
YM First Counselor and Varsity Scout Coach		Grandview 16th Ward	Terry Harward	Bishop
Scout Committee Chairman		Grandview 16th Ward	Brent Edgington	Bishop
Stake Missionary Prep Instr		Grandview South Stake	David T. Warner	Stake President
PMTC President	Jan 2011 - 2013	Philippines MTC	Jeffery R. Holland	Apostle
Ward Mission Leader	Feb 2013- Apr 2013	Grandview 16th Ward	William Black	Bishopric
Stake Patriarch	May 26 2013	Grandview South Stake	David T. Warner	Stake President
Temple Ordinance Worker	Jun 25 2015	Provo Utah Temple	Ronald Stone	Provo Temple 2nd Counselor
Family History Missionary	May 2016	BYU Family History Center	Richard Petersen	Bishop

EIGHTEEN

The Missionary Training Center

I came to enter the new buildings of the Language Training Center in about 1976. I was invited by a branch president to speak in the sacrament meeting. One of the first branch presidents called in the new facility, Randy Densley, was a missionary companion in the British Mission.

At that time, I was employed in BYU Personnel Services. I had worked for six years in the Placement Center as a Placement Assistant, helping graduating college students find career employment.

In 1977, I received a promotion, advancing to a position of Personnel Specialist and assistant reporting to B. Keith Duffin, Director of BYU Personnel Services. My job was to write University policy, to serve as the University's equal opportunity officer and to promote non-discrimination throughout the University. I participated as the only male member of a 20-woman team of very progressive women pushing for better opportunities in all job vacancies. I also served as the Chairman of the University's Administrative Advisory Council and reported to Executive Vice President Ben E. Lewis, my former stake president. I became acquainted with President Dallin H. Oaks. Both of us started working at the University the same summer of 1971. He was forty. I was twenty-six.

I did enjoy my work somewhat. I was grateful for my employment, but I felt a yearning to participate more deeply and directly in the work of the Lord. I had prayed and fasted for several years for a greater opportunity to be something more. This desire festered within my heart; I couldn't shut it out.

I was awed as I walked down the expansive main hallway of the new Wilford Woodruff Administration building, this large training facility for the missionaries learning new languages. The lingering image of that hallway and this amber brick building is awesome to me even today.

I had grown up just a mile up the hill from the Language Training Mission (LTM). Members of my Oak Hills ward included Ernest Wilkins, Terrence Hansen, former LTM presidents, and other prominent figures of the community. I went to high school with Alan Wilkins, President Wilkins' oldest son, who later was appointed BYU Academic Vice President. I remember a Sunday afternoon, when President Harold B. Lee, visited his daughter, Maureen, Ernest Wilkin's wife. He strolled down the lane past our house for a walk for

time to think, ponder, pray—to refresh his spirit. I had a dream one night when President Lee came to me in a vision and enveloped me with love.

It was sad for our ward when Sister Wilkins passed away so untimely in her sleep. There was sadness in their household. President Wilkins set a standard of excellence in the LTM which lingered as a model for language learning for many years afterward. Much later, I had the great pleasure of welcoming Elder Wilkins and his new wife as senior missionaries into the Senior MTC and to oversee his missionary training in the Senior MTC. President Wilkins became a friendly acquaintance during that brief time.

President Hansen, who was the next LTM President lived just a stone's throw away to the south of our house; his family were also members of our Oak Hills ward.

My cousin James Taylor, a professor of Spanish at BYU, had done much work in language learning and translation and establishing language methodologies in the LTM. He served as a counselor in the LTM presidency.

One Tuesday morning back in the 1970's, President Neal Schaerrer, General Young Men's President came to speak at a BYU Devotional. He was a young, charismatic, inspiring speaker. Neil's younger step-brother Tom, was a classmate of mine through Wasatch Elementary School, and junior and senior high in the BY High School. Neal's other brother Doug and his young family were in our ward when we lived in the Grandview area.

Brother Schaerrer shared some research on the projected growth of missionary work. His presentation was given shortly before President Kimball's prophetic inspiring address in General Conference on the expansion of worldwide missionary service. His remarks about future exponential growth of missionary work deeply impressed me. I was dismayed when Brother Schaerrer passed away unexpectedly a short time later.

So again, my heart swelled; I wanted to do more and be more. I had interviewed with a few companies locally. I was offered a position at Utah State University to become the Director of Cooperative Education. Deciding to take the position, I paced up and down all night, still doubting. I couldn't bring myself to make the change from BYU. As I look back, the Lord was saying, "Be patient, wait."

In early 1978, a new job position came to my desk for my review. One of my assignments was to monitor all job vacancies to assure non-discrimination. A new position was opening at the LTM for an Assistant Director of Instruction. The job was for training missionaries assigned to English-speaking missions. The name of the Language Training Mission was to be changed to the Missionary Training Center (MTC). The job description stipulated that the incumbent must be a returned missionary from an English-speaking mission.

The New Missionary Training Center 1978

I gasped with wide-open eyes! My mind turned to curb my emotions and directed me to cast out the idea that I should apply for such a position. I had a good job and had been advanced. This job would be not be a promotion in level or salary. I turned the notion over in my mind for several days, each time casting out the opportunity. Being a member of our ward's bishopric, I had a brief occasion to mention the opening to my good bishop, Emory Sonderegger, a BYU Professor of Accounting. He immediately said that I should apply for it because if I didn't apply, I would always regret not making at least a try.

So with his encouragement and the support of Debra, I ventured to inquire. I called Allen Ostergar, whom I had admired from a distance but had little acquaintance. He asked me about my education and a few other details about my qualifications for the position. He then said, "Well, send me a resume!" Now, I prided myself on writing resumes; I had spent six years working with hundreds of career seeking college students to help them create the perfect resume and job approach; I taught many workshops at various conferences and settings on developing job procurement tools and skills.

Well, without going into the details of how I obtained my position, I can only express my gratitude to Allen and to LTM President Max Pinegar, who offered me the post. I was the second choice, but the first turned it down. Allen suggested that I visit with Stephen L. Graham to learn more about the details of the job. I appreciated my visit with Steve who has been a friend, mentor and associate all of these years. I was to think over the offer over the October 1978 Conference weekend. I went up the canyon to our family cabin and walked in the autumn sunshine looking up at the forested and mountain peaks. It was in that glorious Conference that President Kimball spoke of the Lord's spirit brooding over the nations of the earth. I felt the peace and encouragement of the Lord and believed that I could make a change of employment direction in my life. I and Lane Ward were hired to work together with the rest of the LTM team. It was quite frightening to me to know that I needed to learn many new things and to gain new skills.

I was first assigned to direct the missionary discussion memorization program for missionaries. The missionary discussions were called, "The Uniform System for Teaching Families" often referred to as the "Rainbow Discussions," since each of the six "discussions" was printed on a different color of paper. These discussions, or I should say, recitations, consisted of having missionaries memorize 18,000 words of memorized dialogue. I later learned that the language level of the discussions was about 11th or 12th grade reading level. Normal conversation is on about a 3rd grade reading level. English missionaries were called to spend four weeks, eight-plus hours per day in the newly called, "Missionary Training Center," memorizing the prepared doctrinal messages. I wondered, why should missionaries learn to teach others in language levels that they themselves did not always comprehend?

Church research on the "Conversion Process" later suggested that it is not so much the presentation of doctrinal messages that initially help convert people to the gospel, but it is the feelings, the relationship, and the interacting skills that make a real difference in helping people "come unto Christ." I used the term, "It's the massage, not the message!" Our leaders, sensing this principle, directed that a new "Teaching Skills for Missionaries" manual be developed and

tested at the MTC. Later, I made a full summary of the historical development of missionary teaching skills and missionary discussions in my Dissertation.[1]

We used repetitive verbal recitation using "forward build-up" and "backward build-up" techniques. This word memorization process was rigorous and demanding for missionaries. Some missionaries were very quick—adept at learning the dialogues, but others found it very challenging, especially for those learning a foreign language. For one who found it difficult to memorize quickly, I was struck with amazement at the irony of how I was now responsible for directing the learning program for missionaries going to missions throughout the wide world! It was even more ironic that I was responsible for implementing a learning program for which I did not fully adhere.

With the help of President Gordon B. Hinckley, it took over 30 years to break the mindset of mission presidents and other leaders to understand that a successful missionary is one who follows the Spirit, teaches using the passion of his or her own words and is not limited to or required to adhere to a strict dialogue of doctrine. The newer missionary guide, Preach My Gospel teaches missionaries to "teach to the needs" of the investigator, not to the programmed needs of the missionary.

I became acquainted with Brother C. Eric Ott, the new director of research and evaluation at the MTC. His role was to find out the keys for helping missionaries become more effective in helping investigators in their conversion process. I was impressed with his knowledge and insight in the changing approaches to missionary preparation. He became a wonderful associate and friend.

I felt so overwhelmed with matching up to the duties and requirements of my new job. I certainly identified with the adage of "fake it until you make it!" I tried to "act well my part," realizing my inadequacies and short-comings. Yet, I remember the time when I had to make a presentation and training session with MTC teachers on some teaching skills used to train missionaries. I was amazed to sense the power, the coherence, the articulation and apparent eloquence of my presentation. Truly, the Spirit of the Lord was with me. He helped and assisted me in magnifying my early responsibility and throughout 32 years of training. Early on, I remember the time when I was to demonstrate memorization techniques in front of visiting general authorities with over 2,000 MTC missionaries participating. Again, the Lord helped me and lifted me up. I remember His help through numerous years of training new mission presidents in the annual New Mission President's Seminar assisting general authorities, members of the Seventy, Missionary Department officials, and members of the

Twelve. I became acquainted with nearly all of the Twelve and friends with a few.

Most of these sessions occurred before I ever had my own experience as a mission president. In every case, the Lord was there and aided and assisted me with spiritual power and professional expertise. After our mission experience in Nevada, I tutored many great mission presidents and their wives on the new Preach My Gospel missionary manual. These were times never to be forgotten because of the love and spirit which we felt together in our weekly tutoring sessions.

Over the years, I was assigned to supervise several different missionary training programs. Allen, Brother Ostergar, also assigned me early on to direct the missionary sister refinement program which meant for me to supervise the training given by several prominent, professional or "sophisticated" women in the community. These gave instruction on topics of grooming, such as hair care, sister missionary clothing, make-up and other demeanors. Wow! Imagine me trying to direct women on keeping within the bounds of proper sister missionary appearances! Imagine me in the middle of sensitive topics and women who had very strong opinions on exactly how and what should be taught to the sisters. The program was stopped to my relief after a while but remnants in various forms continued to be resurrected for all the years I was employed at the MTC. I guess there is a need for missionary sisters to be instructed in such matters.

Years ago, a couple of young missionaries in one of the Asian countries on preparation day, sat in the arms of a giant Buddha statue for picture taking. They were immediately arrested and thrown into jail. Boy! Did the Brethren have to work hard to get them released! The offense caused by the missionaries did irreparable harm to themselves, their families, to missionary work in the area, and to the image of the Church.

Thus, a new missionary Ambassadorship" training program was developed to instruct missionaries on proper sensitivity and etiquette in foreign countries. There were two basic components of this program: 1) Culture Specific held on Sunday evenings where a returned missionary or native from the country would instruct missionaries on the nuances and details of a particular culture. 2) Culture General where employed specialized teachers would instruct missionaries during the week in larger group meetings on general principles of effective communication skills and human relationships. I was placed over this program for about two or three years. It was a great joy for me to monitor the training, particularly the six Ambassadorship teachers and their instruction. We would meet weekly and collaborate and train each other. We became very close. They were young men and women of superb teaching ability.

I held a few social activities with them and their wives up the Canyon at our Brickerhaven home. I became a member of the Society for International Education, Training and Research (SIETAR). I became well acquainted with Brother Lynn Tyler, a BYU professor, who worked with us as a consultant. His small 1-page Culturegrams," were used internationally, because of their brevity and useful content. I proposed and was accepted in making a presentation on the MTC's cultural training model at the annual SIETAR meeting held in Vancouver, British Columbia. I took my family--my wife and children. My little son Allen, called it "VanCooCoo!" I loved jogging around Vancouver Island to the north of the city. We loved looking at the ducks in the pond. There was a garbage strike in the city at the time. During the conference, Lynn had a heart attack. I went to the hospital and gave him a priesthood blessing.

After a time in the MTC, I was given responsibility for the training of all missionaries assigned to English-speaking missions. The missionaries were divided into English branches for ecclesiastical purposes and then corresponding training units called "zones" were established. There were twelve of these. I was responsible for selecting and employing skilled and exemplary MTC Teachers. The teachers had to be a returned missionaries and BYU students) to serve as "zone coordinators." They were also expected to serve as the second counselor in the MTC branch presidency. This worked really well in providing an effective link and liaison between ecclesiastical and training units. But, I felt and knew this was not a correct principle—to select for the branch president, his branch counselor. This was eventually changed. We later began to choose the first sister teachers to serve in the zone coordinator capacity. The name was changed to "supervising teacher."

I mentioned earlier, the assignment of Mark Jarman, the MTC Gym Instructor to become an Assistant Director to me, and later as an associate. Each week we would meet in the MTC Conference Room, A-112. I gave and shared instruction on principles of leadership, communication and relationship skills, doctrinal topics and scriptural and spiritual development attributes. What happy and glorious times we had together! What love and brotherhood existed among all of us. Brother Jarman and I had such fun in these weekly sessions. Each summer, we went up to our Brickerhaven cabin and instructed and practiced together many fun training activities and gospel instructions. I have seen several of these marvelous young leaders go on to fill successfully important positions in the Church and other organizations. One became the Director of Development at the MTC, and then the Director of Proselyting in the Missionary Department. He was the prime developer in creating Preach My Gospel. Another became the Director of Media in the Missionary Department and is the major leader in the latest media messages at Christmas time and Easter. I have prided myself on the mentoring I did with so many young people over so many years.

The MTC training program for missionaries assigned to English missions began as a 4 ½ week program. It was soon cut down to 3 ½ weeks. It was later cut to 2 ½ weeks, then again moved back to 3 ½ weeks, then back to 2 ½ weeks. Finally, because of the reduction in age for both young men and young men in 2012, the surge in the number of missionaries, and perhaps other important reasons, the training time was again reduced, but this time to 1 ½ weeks! Training leaders were asked to reduce the time, but maintain the same level of missionary preparation. In 2016, after the surge, the time was moved back to 2 ½ weeks.

There were several other training programs over which I was assigned over the years. I supervised the Missionary Gospel Study Program which consisted of several large group instruction sessions of about 80 – 100 missionaries each. Later, I was assigned to oversee a new LGM program with specially selected key presenters on important missionary training topics, like planning and goal setting, finding people to teach, various teaching skills, and others. At one point, I directed and supervised the American Sign Language (ASL) program for deaf missionaries and for missionaries assigned to serve the hearing impaired. This assignment coincided with the ASL MTC ecclesiastical Branch over which I presided as Branch President for a time.

In the early 1980's, I began to pursue a doctor's degree in Educational Leadership at BYU. I did my dissertation on the history of the development of the various versions of missionary discussions over the years along with a review of the development of missionary skills. Specifically, my research focused on "coaching," and giving feedback on performance.

After four years of service, President Max Pinegar was released as MTC President. Joe J. Christensen and his wife Barbara were called to preside. After a time, in serving in my professional position, President Christensen called me to be a new branch president over one of the English speaking branches. I have talked and worked with many priesthood leaders over many years. They all uniformly express their joy in being able to serve in a branch in the MTC. I served for a year or so while I was simultaneously working on my doctorate, so I was a very busy boy!

After serving for a time, President Christensen called me in and gave me a new calling—to serve in the MTC Presidency as the Executive Secretary. At that time, it was advantageous for the Executive Secretary to be "around" and since I was employed full-time, I was "around." I served very briefly with President Christensen, but I served for the full term of his successor, President Joseph L. Bishop and his wife Carolyn. President Bishop's administration, was a stressful time. The roles of the ecclesiastical leaders and MTC administrative

staff were not well defined. Brother Ostergar had been called to preside over the Kentucky Louisville Mission. Our new boss as the MTC Administrative Director was Brother Jay E. Jensen, a Church Education leader. He was also called to be a Counselor in the MTC Presidency to President Bishop. He was later called into the First Quorum of the Seventy and served as one of the Seven Presidents. Brother Jensen's great leadership and warmth smoothed many frictions among MTC leaders. I found myself caught in the middle of some of these frictions. Furthermore, for various reasons, I found that I had to help administer many of the ecclesiastical operations and organizational details of the Presidency. It was a growing and stimulating time for me because I was simultaneously pursuing my doctorate in Educational Leadership. I learned many practical things about leadership theory and styles of leadership.

George and Debra in England

I was called to visit England and to help set up the new London Missionary Training Center and to implement a new set of training curriculum. I met and tutored the new London MTC President and Sister Talmadge Jones in the Provo MTC before they were sent to England. I traveled to London and began the training of the first district of missionaries. The Center was located in the old Manor House on the grounds of the London Temple, an old Tudor mansion where the Temple President lived previously.

It was a beautiful traditional old home with a huge stone English fireplace, a music and ballroom and large English tapestries hanging on the walls. A quaint warm office adjacent to the training classroom. I had a marvelous time training and role-playing with the missionaries. They held a dedication meeting with Elder Joseph Wirthlin of the Twelve and Elder Russell Taylor of the Seventy. I was called upon to speak briefly.

The Old Manor House and the New London MTC

I followed up a year later to tutor the next London MTC President, President and Sister Van McKay and train the teachers. After each of the visits, Debra flew to England and joined me where we toured the London, Canterbury, and Dover areas. On another visit, we toured Manchester, Liverpool and the Lake District.

The Taylor's on Tour

After the full tenure of this stormy period within the Provo MTC, a new President was called, President George D. Durrant and his wife Marilyn. His two counselors were Brothers Paul E. Felt and James E. Mangum. I continued to serve in the Presidency for the next two years. We became very close. President Durrant was a continual inspiration to me. He's the only man I know who could have me crying and laughing outrageously at the same time! I believe that it was he who was influential in presenting my name to the Brethren to be called as a new mission president in 1989. Brother Mangum and I were called together to missions in the same area: President Mangum to open a new mission, The New Mexico Albuquerque mission and I to preside over the Nevada Las Vegas Mission. We were warm friends during our administrations together.

During this period, every week on Tuesday evening, Debra and I, would have dinner with the Presidency and the visiting General Authority guest and his wife who would speak in the weekly MTC Devotional. These were special times in our lives. We made so many wonderful acquaintances with members of the Quorums of the 70 and of the Twelve Apostles. Surrounding the dinner table, President Durrant would have each of us tell something unique or our favorite thing about a chosen subject. He loved to hear my story about my father homesteading up on the hills above the temple and MTC. Dad remarked to farmer Liechty who owned the land he purchased, "what a beautiful view!" Liechty responded, "Oh, well, it is nice! I never noticed it before!"

I would stand up before each Devotional began and announce the protocol to be used during the evening. We sat on the stand behind the podium. I would raise and lower the pulpit and have access to the telephone in case of emergency. We listened to so many inspirational sermons and grew close to the Brethren, and the branch presidents and other leaders of the MTC.

After President Durrant, I served for a time with the new MTC President, Ed J. Pinegar, who had recently returned from presiding in the England London South Mission. So, I had the opportunity of serving very closely with four great MTC mission presidents. Later the position of Executive Secretary was changed to a full-time calling and expanded to two or three more brethren. In addition, the counselors and 4 new district presidents were to become full-time callings. This expansion took a great deal of stress and direct responsibility from the President and changed his administrative role.

In the early and mid-1980's the Church developed a media campaign, called, "Our Heavenly Father's Plan." A beautiful music video and accompanying literature was developed which could be mailed out or directly delivered by missionaries to interesting investigators throughout the United States and Canada. Some of the MTC leaders were sent out to various missions to train the mission presidents and missionaries on how to apply the program. I was sent to the Michigan Lansing, and the Canada Toronto missions on one assignment. On another, I was sent to the Canada Calgary Mission and to the Missouri St. Louis Mission with Elder Robert B. Harbertson, a member of the Quorum of the Seventy who had been my Brother-in-law, Craig Wagstaff's mission president. I was also sent to visit the mission in North Carolina for this training. I had some remarkable spiritual experiences in each of these assignments. I felt the power of the Lord's spirit in these training settings.

In visiting the St. Louis mission after the training, the mission president, Elder Harbertson, a member of the 70 and director in the Missionary Department, and I went out to dinner at a very nice restaurant. Elder Harbertson had been a basketball star guard at Utah State University and had been designated as an all-American basketball champion. He scored the winning basket in the National Invitation Tournament, I believe. He was handsome, well-groomed, and immaculate in his appearance, formerly in the military. His shoes were spit-polished and he had a deep bass voice. After he had consumed a huge T-bone steak, baked potato loaded with cheese and sour cream, an enormous dessert covered with ice cream, we were checking out of the restaurant and paying the bill, he bought a large-size *Snickers* bar. He said, "Brethren, you are witnessing the destruction of the perfect body!"

When I was assigned along with one of the Seventy, a General Authority, to train all of the missionaries in the Idaho mission, I found that he did not come on time. I was requested by the mission president to proceed with the training. Rarely, had I felt the power of the spirit in my instruction and training for powerfully. As is the protocol whenever one of the Brethren arrives or joins the group, we immediate turn the meeting over to him. I did so. After his arrival, the Elder spoke for several minutes. After he completed his message, the balance of the meeting was again turned to me. Never had I felt a feeling so empty, dark and void of any spiritual life or enthusiasm. I wondered what had happened. I learned a few days or weeks after that this wonderful general authority leader had become disaffected and had left the Church.

After returning from his mission in Kentucky, Allen assumed his former position as the Administrative Director. Jay Jensen was assigned to work in the Curriculum Department of the Church, and later to be called to the First Quorum of the Seventy. He eventually became one of the seven presidents of the Quorum.

A special and wonderful part of my MTC experience was to help train and tutor new mission presidents and their wives. For several years I, along with my colleagues, were assigned to help in the Annual New Mission President's Seminar, held the last week of June each year. I worked with several of the Brethren, members of the Seventy, assigned to work in the Missionary Department, Particularly, I worked with Elder Robert L. Backman, Executive Director, Elder Glen L. Rudd (who called me "Georgie"), Elder Robert Harbertson, and others culminating with Elder H. Bryan Richards (my Brother-in-Law). I have had more than one Apostle congratulate, thank, even praise me for my contributions over many years.

In 1990, we were called to preside over the Nevada Las Vegas Mission. The leaders and staff were so kind and extolling in sending me off to the mission field. They gave me a beautiful statuette and other nice gifts. Chapter Twenty-one goes into detail on our call to serve in Nevada. Mark Jarman was to take my position as Director of English Training.

After a quick 3 years, I returned home to assume my former position. In the meanwhile, Mark had been called to preside over one of the missions in the Dominican Republic. Taking his (my former place) was Krist McFarland, a former teacher under my direction. He was an excellent leader and trainer and we were to share the position over English training. But, so many things had changed including myself. I felt quite inadequate in starting over in my former position and sharing with another gifted leader. As usual, I acquiesced to Krist and followed his leadership. But having two heads is an awkward leadership position.

I was also assigned to direct the operation of the Church's Referral Center now located at the MTC. English speaking missionaries were assigned to spend a significant portion of their MTC time serving in the Center receiving in-bound calls from persons having observed a Church television advertisement. Also missionaries made outbound calls to people to invite them to receive a gift and media message from missionaries out in the field. I worked closely with leaders in the Missionary Department. I felt way over my head and felt that I had reached a level of incompetence.

Some months later, Allen called me in and assigned me to direct and lead the training of all the senior missionaries. Their residence and training was conducted in the old "Royal Inn," near the entrance of BYU, located on what is now "Bulldog Boulevard," just up the street from Provo High School and north of the Smith Fieldhouse. Here was another major challenge and adjustment for me. I was pleased and excited. Senior missionaries were called to serve in various assignments including areas of Leadership and Proselyting, Welfare, Visitor Centers, Mission Office, Temple and others. Many of them were to learn foreign or second languages. It was a multi-faceted training assignment.

I had a secretary and a small staff of BYU returned missionary students, but very capable. I had a lot to learn. This staff were so supportive of me coming on newly as the director. While it was an old building, I had a good sized office where we held all of our staff meetings. The food prepared by BYU Dining Services was excellent. I gained some weight eating lunch there every day.

I knew so very little about second language principles and methodologies. A key position which was essential in the operation of the Senior MTC was the Senior MTC Training Coordinator I relied, trusted and delegated the administration of language learning to the two outstanding Training Coordinators I worked with over a four-year period. The first was Kenneth Plummer. He spoke Spanish fluently and his wife was from South America. He entered the Church's seminary and institute program and later became a leader and consultant in the BYU Center for Learning, a Center designed to help all BYU teachers become better.

The second was Tobias Bradford, a brilliant BYU student. He was tall, blond, blue-eyed, handsome, very athletic. His mother was native German. His father had been a U.S. Diplomat in Europe. He was raised in Germany and other surrounding countries. He served his mission in Russia. He spoke fluently English, German, French, Italian, Spanish and Russian. Later in BYU graduate school he obtained a dual MBA and Law degree. He then became a foreign service officer in the U. S. Department of State, serving in Moscow, Russia and then in the Dominican Republic. We became very close; I depended upon him

and his leadership. He was always loyal, faithful and friendly to me. The Lord always provides the people and resources needed to train His missionaries!

With the help of the MTC Development Office, we developed and implemented an office training program to train senior missionaries on serving in mission offices. This training included financial control, computer training, and other administrative training curriculum to manage mission office functions.

We were required by the Missionary Department to cut the training time from 2 ½ weeks to 1 ½ weeks. It was a major overhaul of curriculum and methodology. This was a great opportunity because we changed the training approach from primarily classroom instruction to role-playing and practice. We recruited and trained many local senior couples and members of the Church to come in to the Center and take the part of investigators. Such practice put fear into the hearts of the senior missionaries, taking them out of "comfort zones." But it enlivened and stimulated the fun and effectiveness of training. I made some dear friends of those many volunteers. My wife Debra's parents participated. One man, Steve Lenker, was a young but retired motorcycle cop in Los Angeles. Wow, did he have interesting stories to tell! He and his wife were outstanding in the leadership and training of these many volunteers. He was called to serve as the first mission president in Croatia. He later became a full-time district president in the Provo MTC. Another significant Senior MTC teacher and trainer was Brother Hugh Baird, a former BYU professor of Education. He became a dear friend and made a significant contribution to senior missionary training. How much fun we had! I loved my job at the Senior MTC and all of my associates.

The MTC had recently developed a pre-language training program to give newly called senior missionaries a six-month jumpstart on learning a second language. Tutor teachers were hired to tutor these missionaries daily or weekly in their homes via telephone. Because of the program's success, with Maria Johnson's leadership and support, we started a new telephone tutoring program for newly called mission presidents. This grew rapidly and became very successful and an annual event. I, along with all of the MTC leaders tutored many mission presidents and their wives over the years. I tutored some great church leaders who became wonderful friends from those experiences.

In later years, I was assigned each year to tutor two or three newly called mission presidents and their wives on the new Preach My Gospel missionary training guide. It was remarkable to me to see this tutoring program flourish inasmuch as it started as an offshoot from our pre-mission language tutoring program in the Senior MTC while I was serving as Director. Tutoring for new presidents became a great success and I, along with many others loved working

with these humble new leaders. They were so appreciative of the tutoring and praised the value of the program in their preparation.

After about four years of happy work helping with the training of the senior missionaries, I was returned back to the MTC and was made an Associate Administrative Director to Allen. I was to again help direct the training of the younger missionaries assigned to English-speaking missionaries. I was also assigned to direct the training of the Visitors' Centers and Historic Site missionaries. These missionaries were mostly young single sisters but also many senior couples assigned to visitors centers or historic sites. I employed and trained the sister teachers for the MTC program. I made brief trips to the Salt Lake City Visitors' Center and Historic Site, Idaho Falls Visitors' Center, Cove Fort, St. George and surrounding sites for training the missionaries.

Brother Ostergar welcomed each new weekly incoming group of missionaries in an Overview of Missionary Work. It was not long before he turned the welcoming meeting and instruction to me because of his many other responsibilities and duties. What a thrill it was for me to welcome and teach each new group of missionaries, about 500, more or less, every week for several years.

I received the assignment from Allen to provide guidance and training to three of the English-speaking MTC's: The Philippines, Preston England, and New Zealand. I met each month by video conference with the teachers and leaders in these three centers. I became acquainted with the presidents, their wives, the managers of training and the teachers. I had to come up with training topics and activities each month for our sessions. I really enjoyed and came to love these teachers in England, New Zealand and the Philippines.

I was called upon to travel to New Zealand and to the Philippines MTCs to conduct onsite training to the teachers and leaders for two weeks. In New Zealand, I would get up very early each morning and jog around the NZ Temple and college grounds. I spent a couple of sessions training the NZ Visitor Center sister missionaries in how to conduct tours, etc. The President and his wife took us on a tour of local attractions. What a beautiful country with delightful people. The missionaries being trained in New Zealand were from Australia, New Zealand, Papua New Guinea, and some of the Polynesian islands, including Tonga for the first time. I helped orient and provide training for the first group of Tongan missionaries to enter the MTC.

I realized that two families from England had immigrated and now resided in the Hamilton area. I had the great pleasure of taking out to dinner the Cobbett's and the Herbert's from Sittingbourne and Rainham, England. I mentioned that I had worked with the Cobbett's when I had served as a missionary

and branch president in the small Sittingbourne branch. I had taught and helped baptize the Herbert's in Rainham (See Chapter Thirteen). It was a delightful and satisfying time to see them again after so many years.

I was overcome with feelings of humility as I flew over the enormous desert of Australia, passing by and seeing the island of Papua New Guinea and then descending into the Philippines. I was filled with pathos as I saw the tiny make-shift hovels of the squatters and other people huddled together in their meager circumstances of poverty and squalor. When making arrangements for my arrival from New Zealand to the Philippines, I was given specific instructions for deplaning, disembarking and going to the place of pick-up. He said, "Walk down the hall, turn to the right and then left, and wait behind the fence until we signal for you. If you don't, you'll be kidnapped!" He was being a little facetious, but I knew there was some danger in being alone without companions.

I visited the two MTC's twice during my work with them—on two subsequent summers. I became very close to Ryan Pagaduan, the manager of the Philippines MTC. He was a very qualified and capable leader. He was gracious and supportive in all that I endeavored to do to provide training to the teachers. We became very close in working together. The Brethren were considering enlarging and expanding the Center. I made several recommendations regarding language instruction variations and construction modifications. Later, when I was called to preside over the Philippines MTC, Ryan and his wife were called to be a mission president over the Philippines Iloilo Mission.

While I was in the Philippines the second time, there was discord, friction and resentment on the part of one of the American senior MTC missionary couples serving in the MTC. They had ill feelings about the leadership and communication style of the MTC President. They resented his attitude or inability to communicate with them. It had become a difficult problem, so I had to step in and help smooth and soften feelings. I got them together and helped them talk openly. It seemed to really help both parties.

The Missionary Department undertook a major review and evaluation of the efficiency and functioning of the Provo MTC. At times, functions and departments were separated and uncoordinated with each other. These are called "cylos." Operations, administration, training functions and departments were examined and streamlining and simplifying resulted. My position was changed from "Associate Administrative Director of Training" to "Director of Training Services." My friend and associate, Mark Jarman was made Director of Training. His responsibility was to administer all training, both language and English within the classrooms.

My responsibility was to administer training for all functions outside of the classroom. These included the Human Resources Office for overseeing recruitment, selection and training of new MTC teachers and other student part-time employees; the MTC Scheduling Office; The Church's MTC Referral Center; the Teaching Resource Center (TRC); the Reading Program for missionaries who had learning disabilities, Tutoring of new mission presidents and MTC presidents; Senior Missionary Training and the MTC Gym and physical fitness training.

Allen Ostergar was called to preside over the Brazil MTC and his replacement was Richard I. Heaton, a great MTC leader who had been a BYU student and an MTC teacher when I was first employed at the MTC. We were both called to be MTC branch presidents at the same time. Now, Richard was my new boss, his position was Administrative Director of Training. Mark and I reported directly to Richard.

Richard soon turned to me as Allen had done to teach the Welcome and Overview meeting to the new missionaries. In these large sessions of about 500 newly arriving missionaries each week, I felt the power of the Spirit many times and rejoiced in singing and praying with them. The last year or two of this instruction included showing the new missionary planning and proselyting videos called "The District" featuring real missionaries doing real missionary work in a real mission, San Antonio, Texas. A similar series, featuring missionaries in the California San Diego Mission, was developed. I was sent down to San Diego to observe some of the filming. These training videos were "reality shows" and seemed very effective in opening up the eyes of the missionaries. We were pleased to hire several of the original missionaries in the MTC as teachers.

In all of the wonderful experiences over so many years, participating in missionary preparation and training, I have felt the power of His Spirit many times, and whenever I have called upon Him, He has <u>always</u> been there to help me. I am amazed—astounded, nearly overcome--that someone like myself, feeling so small, so inadequate, so ignorant, could be so engaged and involved in the "cutting edge" of the Church's missionary thrust. I ask myself, "why me?" Why have I been so privileged and so blessed? The Lord has lifted me up, magnified my abilities and given me such dear friends, acquaintances and associates.[2] How can I ever account for or repay the Lord for His generous goodness and mercy? Truly, "My cup runneth over!"

Summary of My MTC Duties

DIRECTOR OF TRAINING SERVICES (2005-2011).

- **Teaching Resource Center (TRC).** Oversee operations. Provide direction and training of teachers and volunteers.
- **Student Human Resources.** Recruitment, hiring, new teacher training, scheduling, gym, Referral Center, Language Tutoring, etc.
- **MTC Referral Center.** Provide support, direction and liaison with Missionary Department on the Church's referral operations. Begin program for full-time Referral Center missionaries.
- **Preach My Gospel.** Assisted in piloting new manual. Visited test missions in England Birmingham and Manchester twice.
- **New Missionary Welcome and Overview.** Regular Welcome and instruction to all new MTC missionaries.
- **Missionary Curriculum.** Served on the MTC Steering Committee for new missionary training curriculum.

ASSOCIATE ADMINISTRATIVE DIRECTOR OF TRAINING (1998-2005)

- **Referral Center.** Oversee administrative operations and functions of the LDS Church's media referral gathering system. Directed training for supervisors and teachers working with trainees in direct "outbound" and "inbound" media telephone calling programs.
- **Preston, England, Manilla Philippines and New Zealand MTC's.** Conduct regular video conference training sessions with leaders and teachers. Trained teacher supervisors, teachers and other trainers in interpersonal and human relations skills, training models, learning strategies, methodologies, and cross-cultural adaptation. Visited the Philippines and New Zealand MTC's, twice. Preston once.
- **Large Group Meetings (LGM).** Recruited, trained, supervised and instructed carefully selected corps of skilled presenters. Developed and implemented curriculum for both small and large group training workshops.
- **Visitors' Center and Historic Sites.** Directed the training of young single sisters and couples assigned to work in Visitors' Centers.

DIRECTOR OF TRAINING. The Senior Missionary Training Center (1994-1998).

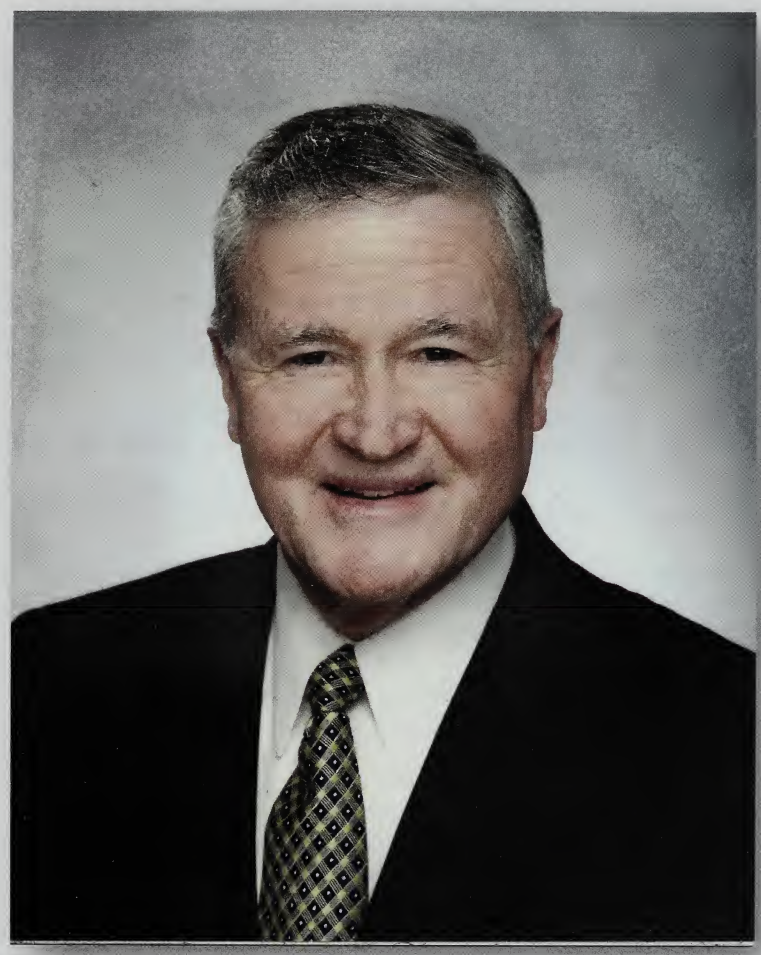
- Directed adult learning training programs for all missionaries (over age 30) assigned to domestic areas and foreign countries. Training included second language, welfare, humanitarian service, family history, mission office, visitors' center, proselyting and others.
- Started a program for New Mission President Tutoring, an expansion of the pre-

language training program for senior missionaries.

DIRECTOR OF TRAINING (English speaking missions) (1978-1990, 1993-1994)

- **Leadership Training.** Assisted in training new leaders (mission presidents, MTC presidents, Visitors' center and historic sites directors) assigned to various countries throughout the world.
- **Direct Media Message.** Accompanied leaders to selected areas in the United States and Canada to conduct training on new media programs.
- **London Missionary Training Center.** Developed and implemented initial training programs and curricula. Spent 10 days opening the Center and training the first group of participants.
- **"Ambassadorship" Training Program.** Directed cross-cultural training for trainers and culture teachers. Attended national workshops and seminars in foreign culture training. Made special presentation in Vancouver, B.C.
- **Leadership Learning Series.** Developed and taught a series of lectures for institution leaders and trainers. Instruction and motivation in principles, skills and techniques contained in leadership theory.
- **Learning Development Center.** Created and directed program to aid students having learning difficulties. Instructed on learning theory and strategies, methods, evaluation instruments.
- **Reading Program.** Direct current MTC program to assist students experiencing reading dysfunction.
- **American Sign Language.** Supervised training program for hearing impaired.
- **Media Services.** Supervision of all media programs and facilities.
- **Workshops and Seminars.** Presented numerous presentations to both small and very large audiences on various motivational topics including, "Planning and Goal-Setting," "Life and Time Management," "The Purpose of Your Assignment;" "Stewardship;" "Training, Teaching, Coaching;" "Training Models and Learning Strategies;" "The Process of Change;" "Attributes and Skills;" "Distinctive Typologies of Leadership and Management;" and others.

BYU RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION. (1974 to 2014) Adjunct teacher. Department of Church History and Doctrine. Provided instruction in missionary preparation and basic religious principles and values to undergraduate BYU students.



The BYU President's Appreciation Award 2009

[1] George T. Taylor, *Dissertation*, "Effects of Coaching on the Development of Proselyting Skills Used By the Missionary Training Center, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Provo, Utah 1986, 18-52.

[2] A few people I have worked closely with in missionary training: Allen C. Ostergar, Richard I. Heaton, Stephen L. Graham, C. Gene Hill, C. Eric Ott, Norm W. White, Mark A. Jarman, George D. Durrant, Joseph L. Bishop, Max Pinegar, Paul E. Felt, James E. Mangum, Tracy Watson, Kelly Mills, Krist McFarland, Greg Droubay, Lane O. Steinagel, Shane L. Littlefield, Daniel Ware, Mark Ware, Jason Mitchell, Matt Mayne, Julie Higginson, …and many others…

NINETEEN

Priesthood
From Primary to Patriarch

I can't recall much of my first experiences and memories in Primary. I remember that I got an assignment to recite the following lines in a sacrament meeting program: *"How Great the Wisdom and the Love, That Filled the Courts on High, That Sent the Savior From Above to Suffer, Bleed and Die!"* Those words came to mean a lot more to me as I grew older.

We attended our Sunday church meetings in the old Pleasant View church located across the street from where the present BYU football stadium sits. The church building was later demolished to make way for a much newer church building (a building where I later taught Institute Religion classes).

We went to Primary on weekday afternoons in one of the old military barracks relocated on the BYU Campus about where the Wilkinson Center is now located. There were lots of old barracks provided for student housing where the J. Reuben Clark Law School and parking lot is now located.

My dad might have been the bishop when I was very young but I can't remember him "bishoping." My uncle Henry was the bishop when I was born. I do recall that one of my bishops was Bishop Naylor, and his counselor Huck Snow was a policeman. We were supposed to be good boys. Bishop Naylor had two sons about my age who were twins. I remember sitting on the front row in a sacrament meeting at night and making havoc during the meeting. Somebody had to straighten me out!

In those childhood days, we attended Junior Sunday School each Sunday morning and then went home for a few hours. Then, we came back in the late afternoon or evening for sacrament meeting. The priests and deacons would come in and bless and pass the sacrament to us kids. That meant that we partook of the sacrament twice each Sunday. I remember looking at the priests and deacons and thinking they were so old and big. Later, I remember passing the sacrament myself to the little kids in Junior Sunday School.

One time, I was asked to say the opening prayer in Junior Sunday School. I stood up and said the following prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep, in my little army jeep.

If I die before I wake, please dear Lord, put on the brake!"

Years later, I was told that the teachers never forgot my recitation. I can't recall my motive for giving the prayer and where it came from and why it settled in my mind. Was I embarrassed? I sure am now!

I learned to be a "Boy Trail Builder" and to sing the accompanying songs. I remember we were taught how to identify rock pile trail markers--cairns. I still have my green velvet bandello and was proud to hot glue on a new plastic emblem every time I advanced. I also have my primary graduation certificate.

Two of my primary teachers, Chuck Peterson's wife, Harriet, and a Mrs. Liechty. I was a real rascal and very rowdy in classes. I regret giving the grief that I caused as a boy to my teachers. I know they loved us boys but like most teachers, they didn't know how to deal with my ongoing disturbances. One of our primary projects was to cut and varnish two book-ends made out of birch logs. I kept those for many years.

Two of the music leaders directing us in our primary songs were Mrs. William F. Edwards, and Florence Rogers, mother of Francis, one of my life-long friends. Singing was always important to me and the seeds of song were given to me in my very young childhood by my mother and by my primary teachers.

On September 28, 1952, the second greatest single event of my life occurred. I was baptized by Douglas Stubbs, a priest in the ward. My bishop was Arch Madsen, the first director of the newly formed Bonneville Corporation of the Church. The only thing I remember was that it was performed down in the old Tithing building in Provo, on about first north and first west streets, across the street south of where the Federal Building is now located.

When it was time to graduate from Primary, I had to memorize all thirteen Articles of Faith. We were required to stand up in a sacrament meeting before everyone and recite one of those articles randomly chosen by the bishop. It was sure a motive to have to memorize them all!

I turned twelve years of age and was ordained a deacon by my father, Lynn, on September 23, 1956. I was so proud to wear my new suit and pass the sacrament up and down the rows. I had always looked at the priesthood boys and wondered how it would be when I could do that. Now today, as I write this, I can see how the keys of the Aaronic Priesthood provide the sacrament to me and open up the doorways to the Atonement and to forgiveness of my several shortcomings and sins.

I don't remember anything about my Dad conferring the Aaronic Priesthood upon me and ordaining me as a Deacon. It has occurred to me, and I find interesting, that the orders of the priesthood are conferred; the offices of the priesthood are ordained; and the callings of the priesthood are "set apart." At some point, I was set apart as the president of the deacon's quorum. Again, I felt so proud and I had a strong desire to "get organized." I got some note cards and wrote down the roster of the boys, and made notes on what I needed to do in my assignment. Perhaps it was the first time when I felt that I needed to plan and "act in all diligence."

Every month, we would gather in the bishop's office and receive encouragement from our Bishop, Stacy Garn, and then kneel down in prayer before going out to deliver the cards and envelopes for the collection of fast offerings. I always felt a little withdrawn as I knocked on each of the assigned doors of my fast offering route. Later, as a mission president, I felt honored to drive my son Allen around to the homes of various members, for him to make his collections as a teacher in the priesthood. I have always taken the attitude that when a young priesthood boy knocks on the door of a member to collect offerings to the poor, he is in reality standing in the place of Jesus who invites assistance to the poor and needy.

I followed the pattern of the priesthood by being ordained as a teacher and then a priest, by my father. I have always been grateful to have a worthy father who helped me receive both orders of the priesthood, the Aaronic or Preparatory Priesthood, and the Melchizedek Priesthood.

As a teacher, I was assigned to be a "ward teacher" with Dad. We visited Claude Ashworth and his wife, and Leon Turner and wife, older couples who had built a new homes on the hill. Mr. Turner, made Neon Signs, was a smoker, and who had many aquariums loaded with beautiful tropical fish. He gave me some small fish which I put in a fish bowl. I would feed them fish food. Before long, they died and started to stink! I didn't really like cleaning and changing the water in the bowl. I never felt confident around fish.

Mr. Turner and his wife were always so gracious and kind to us. Both families were pretty much "inactive." We had these little tear-off strips with the monthly message. My dad was a good faithful visitor but I don't remember much of any lessons or teaching. Again, I felt very proud of being able to prepare the sacrament by filling the cups and trays of water and getting the sacrament bread ready for breaking.

As a priest, it was very unusual to be in a complete quorum of 48 priests. We had a large ward and a great group of young men, great friends, most of whom

went on missions. I was thrilled to be able to give the sacrament prayers and to "break the bread." I felt it was such an honor to represent the Lord and to read and repeat the blessings on the bread and water. Over my life-time, the understanding of those two symbols of immortality and eternal life have come to have so much meaning for me.

During these times, I regularly attended Mutual each week. Along with others, I received my "Duty to God" award. I participated in all the roadshows and several plays we put on. I discovered that I liked drama, but I was certainly not a great thespian. We had Halloween parties and all of the other trappings of growing up in the Church, but we didn't have "gold and green" balls which my brother and sisters had experienced. I loved playing basketball with the other boys and participated in a few tournaments, but we never excelled as a team.

Duty to God Award Ward Recipients with Leaders

Well, on May 3, 1964, according to the pattern, again my father conferred upon me the Melchizedek Priesthood and ordained me to the office of Elder. I received my mission call to serve in the British Mission and I was to depart on June 15th. I was so pleased, happy and excited to be called to England and to serve in the land of my ancestors.

The third of the greatest events of my life occurred when I entered the Salt Lake Temple with Mom and Dad on May 22, 1964 and received my initiatory ordinances and endowment. It was all new, perhaps a little strange, but I had no doubts at all about the truthfulness of these ordinances. In those days, the sessions were "live" sessions with actors and were considerably longer, than today's. I still remember part of the hymn we sang in the session. We went out to dinner afterwards and we arrived home late at night. I have attended to these ordinances numerous times through my life, but always see, hear and feel a little something inspirationally new with each visit. I suppose that is one reason the Lord calls them the "New and Everlasting" covenant of the priesthood. I have determinately and diligently worn the garment throughout my life, always looking for opportunity to wear it rather than otherwise. It has truly been a protection and great blessing to me.

The Priesthood in My Home: Bryan Richards, Brent Brockbank, Monte DeGraw, Lynn, my Father, and George

As a graduate student at the Brigham Young University, I was called to serve as the First Counselor in the BYU 96th Ward bishopric. Thus, still single, at age 27, I was ordained an high priest in the Melchizedek Priesthood, on July 4, 1971, by my BYU Stake President, Clyde D. Sandgren, BYU's General Legal Counsel.

Through my priesthood, I continued to serve in various offices and callings as discussed my other chapter.

On November 1, 1960, at age 16, I went with Mother and Dad to receive my patriarchal blessing from Patriarch Theras Orson Allred. This blessing, has been an inspiration to me during my life. It is so eloquent and impressive to me. A day or two later, I sat in my BYH seminary class, and thought how wonderful and proud I was to have now received my blessing. I have thought over the years, what it would be like to give a patriarchal blessing. I have given several "father's blessings" to each of my children.

In the later 1980's in my assignment at the Provo Missionary Training Center, I was sent on training trips to assist and train mission presidents and missionaries on the new Church Media campaign, called "Our Heavenly Father's Plan." One of the missions was the Michigan Lansing Mission. The mission president was President McCune who was formerly a mortuary owner, but also a patriarch. I thought to myself, those several years ago, "Oh, I'd like to be able to be a patriarch some day and give blessings to others."

As the new Philippines Missionary Training Center president, I learned that we received missionaries, not only from the Philippines but from all over the Asia. Each of the missionaries, having been called from stakes or going to missions, where there were established stakes, would be able to receive their patriarchal blessing from appropriate authority and priesthood channels. I tried to establish and inforce my policy that missionaries from stakes or going to stakes should not receive their patriarchal blessings in the MTC. "That's not our business!" It took so much time and effort away from their training purpose, I believed.

After having returned for several months from the Philippines, the stake president, President David Terry Warner called me and Debra in to his office, and called me to be the stake patriarch for the Provo Utah Grandview South Stake. I was humbled and filled with spiritual confirmations, for I had intimations that this would come to me in my life. I told him of my premonitions; I indicated that I knew this call would come to me some day and was deeply gratified. He told me that I had been called by the Lord through much prayer and deliberation on his part. He told me that my name had been approved and authorized by holy apostles living upon the earth.

A few days later, he ordained me to the office of Patriarch in the Church and Kingdom of God. He gave me a lengthy and powerful blessing and had his two counselors take notes of the blessing. I later asked them to share their notes with me, for I could remember nothing! They never did share any documentation of my ordination and setting apart. I can't recall anything that was said to me.

What an extraordinary opportunity, responsibility and calling it is to give, mostly to young people, their patriarchal blessings. The patriarchal order of the priesthood, first given to Adam, renewed through Noah and restored through the lives of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Those ancient keys, restored by Elias to Joseph Smith in the Kirtland Temple in 1836 are evident and abundant in the Church today. What a blessing it is to exercise the spiritual gifts of prophecy and revelation on behalf of my family, the members of the Church—my brothers and sisters who are the children of God, the Eternal Father!

In June of 2015, I was called to serve as an ordinance worker in the Utah Provo Temple for two years. I worked for five hours each Tuesday and Thursday mornings. What joy and satisfaction has filled my soul. What power and security do the revealed ordinances have in my life now and my hope in my future life? What love and peace has filled my heart!

Ordinances Received
For George Terry Taylor

Infant Blessing	5 Nov 1944
Baptism	28 Sep 1952
Confirmation	12 Oct 1952
The Sacrament (D&C 20:77-79)	Weekly
Conferral to the Order of the Aaronic Priesthood	23 Sep 1956
Ordination to the Office of Deacon	23 Sep 1956
Ordination to the Office of Teacher	28 Sep 1958
Ordination to the Office of Priest	2 Oct 1960
Patriarchal Blessing	1 Nov 1960
Conferral to the Order of the Melchizedek Priesthood	3 May 1964
Ordination to the Office of Elder	3 May 1964
Initiatory Ordinances	22 May 1964
Endowment	22 May 1964
Ordination to the Office of High Priest	4 July 1971
Eternal Marriage and Sealing	12 Aug 1971
Ordination to the Office of Patriarch	25 May 2013
Set Apart as a Provo Temple ordinance worker	July 2015

Priesthood Line of Authority
Melchizedek Priesthood Conferral and Ordination to the Office of Elder

Conferral of the Melchizedek Priesthood and Ordination to the Office of Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ for George Terry Taylor, 3 May 1964.

Ordained By	Office Held	Date Ordained
Lynn Dixon Taylor Birth Date: 8 May 1898	High Priest	8 Jan 1939
Arthur Vivian Watkins BD: 18 Dec 1886	High Priest	2 June 1929
Stephen L. Richards BD: 18 Jun 1879	Apostle	18 Jan 1917
Joseph Fielding Smith BD: 13 Nov 1838	Apostle	1 Jul 1866
Brigham Young 1 Jun 1801	Apostle	14 Feb 1835
The Three Witnesses Oliver Cowdery David Whitmer Martin Harris	Called by revelation and set apart by the First Presidency to choose and ordain the Twelve Apostles	14 Feb 1835
Joseph Smith, Jr. BD: 23 Dec 1805	Apostle	1829
Peter, James, and John who were ordained Apostles by the Savior during His earthly ministry	Apostle	

Priesthood Line of Authority
Ordination to the Office of High Priest

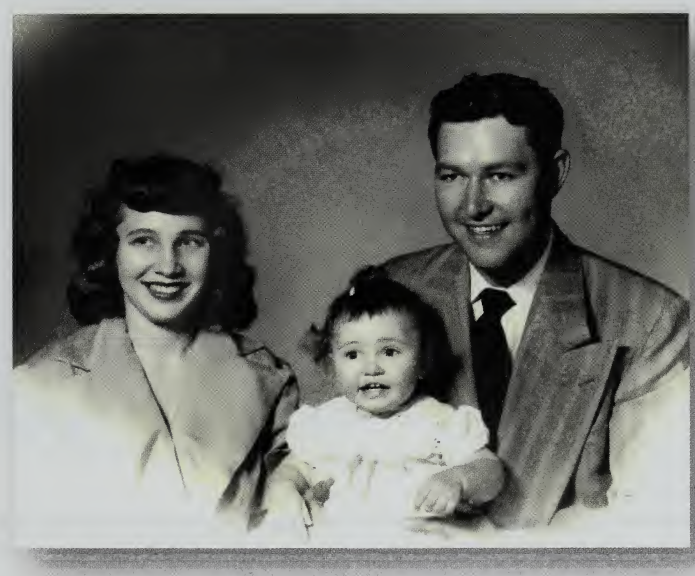
Ordination in the Melchizedek Priesthood to the Office of High Priest in the Church of Jesus Christ for George Terry Taylor, 4 Jul 1971.

Ordained By	Office Held	Date Ordained
Clyde D. Sandgren Birth Date: 5 Sep 1910	High Priest	16 Sep 1945
Harold B. Lee	Apostle	10 Apr 1941
Heber J. Grant	Apostle	16 Oct 1882
George Q. Cannon	Apostle	26 Aug 1860
Brigham Young 1 Jun 1801	Apostle	14 Feb 1835
The Three Witnesses Oliver Cowdery David Whitmer Martin Harris	Called by revelation and set apart by the First Presidency to choose and ordain the Twelve Apostles	14 Feb 1835
Joseph Smith, Jr. BD: 23 Dec 1805	Apostle	1829
Peter, James, and John who were ordained Apostles by the Savior during His earthly ministry	Apostle	

TWENTY

Debra Sue Wagstaff

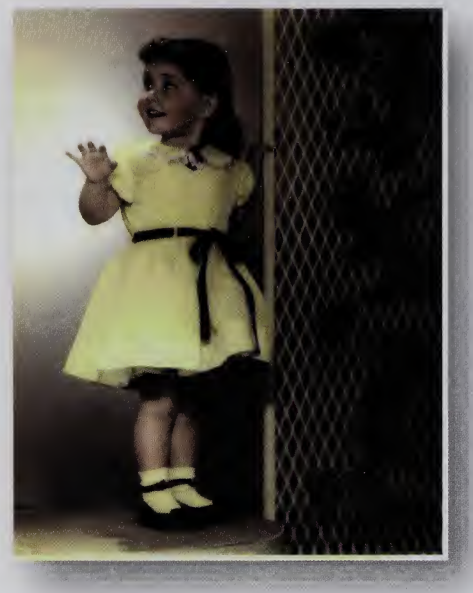
On March 12, 1951, a baby girl was born, caesarian to Bonnie Jean Liedtke Wagstaff and Douglas Stillman Wagstaff. Her head emerged perfectly well rounded. She was the delight of her parents.



Debra and Her Parents

Her mother dressed her immaculately with beautiful home-sewn dresses. She was not allowed to get dirty and spoil her pretty and tidy appearance. But from the beginning, she loved to play in the dirt, making mud pies and working on dusty projects with her industrious father, much to the dismay of her mother. She had a perfect sense of balance and design and could tell immediately if any wall or beam or picture was crooked. She learned to sew at an early age and made many of her own dresses and other clothing.

Debra attended kindergarten at the Sharon Elementary School in the Alpine School District while her parents lived in northern Orem for a short time. For Debra's mother, it was the happiest time of her life. After moving to Murray, Debra attended Hillcrest Elementary for her first, second, and third grades. She



Young Debra Sue

attended fourth, fifth and sixth grade at Longview Elementary School in the Murray City School District. Debra had two younger brothers added to their family, Douglas Bradley and Craig "L" Wagstaff.

Debra was small in stature (4'10"). She loved to ski with excellent balance but was not otherwise athletically inclined because of asthma which troubled her through life. She was very active in the Church as a young child receiving many awards in Primary and the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association.

She received her annual Individual Awards each year for her participation. She graduated from Seminary and served as vice president. She excelled in high school in homemaking skills. She became a superb seamstress, receiving the high school Sterling Scholarship award for Homemaking.

She applied and received entry into the Brigham Young University and lived on campus in the women's dormitory, Deseret Towers, Q-Hall. As a sophomore she registered for my mother's English literature class. Mother mentioned me to the class as her young single son. The reference lodged in Debra's mind. One day, she approached my mother, "Professor Taylor" and brought up Mother's mentioning her son. In early December, 1970, Mother came home and said, "Terry, there's a little girl in my (English) class that you might be

interested in. She is really cute, dresses well and is well groomed." I replied, "Oh, Mom, you know that I'm not interested in the girls that people want to line up for me. She said, "Well, here's her name and number. Give her a call if you can." So, not having anything going for me and wondering what I could do for a date, I called the number.

A Wiley Young Woman

That initiative began our wonderful courtship. I called Debra Sue Wagstaff on the telephone and invited her to go with me on December 12th to see the Christmas lights on Temple Square. So, she agreed. On the appointed evening, I went to BYU Deseret Towers where she lived. I called on the intercom telephone to her room to notify her I had arrived. I soon noticed a few girls coming down and peeping around the corners of the door frames. Soon, a petit brunette girl with a big smile stepped off the elevator and greeted me warmly. She was smartly dressed and wearing a well-tailored green coat with a black felt collar. I learned that she was an excellent seamstress and made many of her own clothes. I found out later, that she didn't catch my name when I had called, so she didn't know what to call me. Debra was a BYU sophomore and had also started fasting once a week, leaving her social life up to the Lord.

She began our conversation, asking many questions and being openly expressive, allowing me to be the "strong silent type." I soon learned that her expressions were peppered with "You Know!" We arrived in Salt Lake City, parked and walked a distance to Temple Square. We saw the resplendent Christmas lights, the large outdoor Christmas Nativity display and toured the Visitors' Center and the Christmas window displays at the ZCMI store. At that time on the lower floor of the Visitors' Center, there was a display of art, featuring the impressive sacred art-work of Carl Bloch, depicting the ministry of the Savior. I had seen the original paintings in the Friedricksborg Castle in Denmark five years earlier. As we entered the room we noticed mirrors on the walls on either

side. She took my hand and as I looked into the mirrors, I had the feeling that this young vibrant girl was to become my wife.

Debra and Her Deseret Tower Pals

Debra Sue Wagstaff, A New Bride to Be

On a subsequent date, I got two flat tires on the way to her home on Dimple Dell Road near Draper, Utah. And these were brand new tires. On the way, I ran through a yellow light, and then was ticketed. Somebody or something was against us. When one of the tires went flat, Debra jumped out of the car and wanted to take over and direct the tire changing. I had to order her to get back into the car. That was the last time that I ever could order her to do anything!

We dated during the next semester, my last before graduation. But we met only on weekends. It was the best and most successful semester academically for both of us. We met on December 12. I "pinned her with my Gold Bricker pin, originally designed by my father, on January 12. I purchased a quality diamond ring at McKay Jewelry in Salt Lake City. I had engraved on the inside of the wedding band, the two Greek letters, "Alpha to Omega."

After an all-night MBA paper-writing session, I engaged her on the early morning (6:00 a. m) of March 12, her birthday. We were married by my Uncle, Elder Henry D. Taylor in the Salt Lake Temple on August 12, 1971. I loved the gold wedding ring she gave me, with its five beautiful inset diamonds, representing the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost, Debra and me! I was privileged to accompany her a few days earlier to receive her temple endowment.

Our Wedding Day

For our marriage, all of the family and guests dressed in white in the temple. Our reception that evening was in a local stake center. It was an enormous and glorious occasion with many guests attending from Utah Valley and the Salt Lake area. Her uncle Elwood sang the love song, "On the Twelfth of Never." We spent our honeymoon in Southern Utah at Perry's Lodge in Kanab, Utah, the north rim of the Grand Canyon, St. George and Cedar City. She was so beautiful and attractive to me.

Shortly after our marriage Debra became pregnant while still enrolled in school at BYU. We were

eventually blessed with our six children, each of whom had their special challenges. We lived, learned and loved over years of some suffering and a bit of sacrifice.

A New Bride on Her Honeymoon

Debra has been my wife, companion, friend and lover for many years. I am so grateful for her wise and faithful companionship. After our marriage, she continued her BYU education for a time. She majored in home economics education. This study covered an array of subjects and skills including environmental design, sewing, clothing and textiles, nutrition, family finance and others. She was a superb seamstress having made many of her own clothes since she was a young girl. She made many of her children's clothes including warm winter costs. She stopped her educational pursuits for a time to bear and raise each of our children. She wanted to support and supplement our family income, but she chose not to take full-time employment. She began a day care center for little children in our home for a period.

Debra began a successful franchise with the "Sunshine Generation," teaching all of our kids and other children wonderful music and dancing. It was a delight to see so many beautiful children in their bright yellow, white and orange dresses and uniforms, singing delightful songs and dancing.

Debra Brought Sunshine to Our Family

The Sunshine Generation

They gave performances in many venues in Utah and Salt Lake counties, including the Temple Square Assembly Hall, the Saltair Pavilion, the Utah State Fair, the Provo Tabernacle and several parades.

After several years and interruptions, including our mission to Nevada, Debra persisted in pursuing her college diploma. She completed her student teaching at Mountain View High School in Orem. She began teaching at Utah Valley State College, later named Utah Valley University. She taught in the college of education and in the psychology department. Over the years, she taught classes in children's nutrition, children's music, introduction to education, diverse learners, development over the life-span, and others. She was selected on two different occasions as the UVU Adjunct Teacher of the Year in her department and college. After our children were older, Debra went back to school completing her master's degree from Utah State University in 2004.

In our mission to the Philippines, I asked our Area President, Elder Keith Edwards, what advice he would give me as I began my administration over the Philippines MTC. He paused, reflected for a moment, and then answered simply, "Listen to your wife!" That was all. Debra says that my face reflected dismay! I had thought he would give me some grand doctrinal advice. President Jeffrey R. Holland referred to Debra as, "Might Mite!"

After returning home, in my homecoming speech, I shared the story of my questions to Elder Edwards, and my thoughts about his counsel. Then I said to the congregation, "Free at last!"

Two years after our return home, Debra again began teaching classes at UVU. She loves learning and she loves her students.

Debra had a beautiful soprano singing voice and sang several solos in her early life. She participated in the ward choir and directed the music in sacrament, primary, and relief society meetings.

In 2015 Debra reflected on her life and upbringing. I take the following from her personal writings:

> *I knew that my mother was changed because of poverty; she vowed never to be poor. I came to realize the large impact that her life experiences and feelings had upon me. Both my parents were born in the late 1920's and were deeply affected by the "Great Depression" (October 29, 1929). My Father's father was one of the lucky few who had a job working with the U.S. Post Office.*

My grandfather and grandmother had nine children, my father Douglas and his younger sister, Molly were the last in the family. They had food to eat and they owned their own home. As a young boy, my father's mother passed away leaving my father and his sister having to cope with her loss.

My mother's father Paul Liedtke, was an immigrant from Germany. As a young man, he was sent to America by his parents to escape the Nazi horror. He married Verda Snyder and they had a large family of eight children. Despite his electrical training, Grandfather had a difficult time finding work because of his thick German accent and the culture surrounding the War. During most of their early marriage, they lived with my Grandmother's parents and her siblings. It was very difficult with so many children under one roof.

My Grandfather Liedtke died unexpectedly of a heart attack leaving my grandmother Verda with eight children ranging from three to eighteen. His death was a great shock to the family! My grandmother was given an early but small inheritance from her father which she used for a down payment on a small house. The Church helped her for a time paying her monthly house payment. She worked for food in the L.D.S. Soap Factory. All of the children helped where they could to support the family. Verda received Church and government welfare until her children were essentially raised. She found full-time work at the South East Furniture Company where she worked for many years. As the Relief Society President, she delivered subsidy butter and cheese to those in need. She was industrious, thrifty and frugal and in time became self-sufficient and independent, despite her limited income.

Young Bonnie Jean Liedtke

Douglas Stillman Wagstaff

My parents, Douglas and Bonnie were married in 1949 just before the end of World War II. They both worked to get enough money for a down payment for a home. While in the Air Force my father was afflicted with polio during training. He was discharged with a 45% disability. He worked hard physically at therapy to regain his strength in his arms and legs. He provided well for our family working at Sears, Allstate Insurance, RC Willey's. He built our home on Dimple Dell Road and gained equity by lots of work and sweat.

Dad engaged in a few business start-ups including a "Spudnuts" franchise, apartment remodeling projects, and "Doug's Paint and Decorating." He started a home improvement business which he called, "Do it Dad." When Dad was forty-five he had a massive heart attack and was unable to work professionally for five years. During that time, he built a beautiful new home for our family. Eventually, he got a job at Economy Builders and then retired from Skaggs Home Improvement Center. My mother got a job to supplement their income in the Church Office Building as the receptionist in the Church Education Department. She worked with Henry B. Eyring, Jeffrey R. Holland, Joe J. Christensen and other leaders. This was a happy time in her life because she was adding to the resources of the family and gaining a feeling of self-sufficiency.

My parents always paid their tithing. They tried to save and avoid debt and financial bondage. Looking back, I feel that my mother was driven to protect her family financially.

Douglas and Bonnie Wagstaff

My mother set up a saving account for my brothers and me. She deposited my paychecks each month until I got married. I started baby-sitting at age eight, as a teenager I hired out as a seamstress, and then got my first real job at sixteen as a wig stylist. I sewed all my clothes until late in my married life. The last year of high school I wanted to purchase a very fancy and expensive sewing machine, but my mother talked me out of it. She told me to save my money for a "Rainy Day!" I complied and saved my money! To this day I am still trying to prepare and save for the "Rainy Day!"

Because of my parent's lack of income I received a government grant my first year of college. My parents paid for my housing and food at BYU and I paid for tuition and books.

At twenty I had enough money for a down payment for a house. It was very important for me to own my own home. Terry didn't want to leave our two-bedroom apartment that we had lived in for a year, but I needed a home for our family.

At this same time Terry's extended "Taylor" family were developing condominiums across from the Provo Temple on their land. Terry's mother decided to sell the old home on the hill and build one of the Taylor condominiums. We considered buying her home but it was too expensive at $40,000.00. It just so happened that I found a home on Grand View Hill located across town on the site of Terry's grandfather's hillcrest farm. The FHA interest-rate was 4.75% on a thirty-year loan in 1972 when we bought our first home for $24,000.00.

Our budget was very tight and there was no overdraft protection at that time. The end of the month was always stressful.

The Prophets Joseph Fielding Smith, Harold B. Lee, and Spencer W. Kimball all counseled the Saints to build food storage and stay out of debt. We lived in Provo, and the main employers were Geneva Steel and BYU. There was always a threat of lay-offs and strikes. Some members were called by the local bishops to live solely on their food storage for a month. I asked for food storage for our Christmas presents from my parents and our family gift exchange. I put up fruit and vegetables all summer. I ground wheat for flour. I made our bread, rolls, and buns. I mixed powdered milk with fresh milk. I made gluten and bought large bags of TVP (texturized vegetable protein- soybean) to extend our meat. I don't remember having cold cereal until our first mission. We ate oatmeal and cracked wheat for breakfast every morning. The only time we ever went out to dinner with the kids was once a month when Terry's Mother Celestia took us to dinner at the BYU Cafeteria.

One Christmas we didn't have enough money for fresh fruit. Bishop Sonderegger delivered a large fruit basket to us. I cried! I had fruit for our Christmas stockings.

On May 22, 1981 the interest rate rose to 20.50% and we tried harder to pay off our house. We make extra principle payments as often as we could to decrease the time.

In 1981 I started baby sitting in our home and ran a preschool in the mornings to pay for our many medical expenses. In the summer of 1983 I started a dance and singing group, "The Sun Shine Generation." This would help our kids and others something wonderful to do in the summertime. This helped us earn a little extra money to provide a few lessons for piano, soccer and horseback riding lessons. With the extra money I earned we paid cash for a wonderful large lot in the new residential area developing behind our house, Mr. Auer Jensen's fruit orchard.

The winters had been rough for the kids with their asthma. I sold my "Sun Shine" franchise and that summer took the family to St. George for three months for recuperation. We were spent!

Ready to Roll!

In 1988 with my parents we purchased a beautiful new home in St. George. Our intention was to move for our children's health. Terry's mother loaned us $55,000.00, one half of the price of the home.

In 1990, we were called to serve a mission in Las Vegas Nevada by President Gordon B. Hinckley, First Counselor in the First Presidency. The only question President Hinckley asked was, "What debts do you

have?" We answered, "Only our home." How grateful we were to have little debt.

In preparation for our mission, we sold our Provo home for $89,000.00. We paid off Mother Celestia and deposited our equity.

When we returned from our mission in 1993 we sold our half interest in the St. George home to my parents. With our proceeds from the sale and our equity we paid the down payment, and obtained a loan at 7% from Far West Bank to build a new home on our Grandview lot.

This was a difficult time for us. Douglas had just died and there were continuous and increasing medical bills. After Allen was in the hospital for mental health issues, it was even harder. Thank goodness Terry was able to return to his work at the MTC. He also taught missionary preparation classes at noon and worked as a part-time janitor at night. All the kids worked! I got a job cleaning houses and I sold a diamond that I had for $300.00 (which was considerably under its value) for Christmas presents. We received food assistance from the Bishop's Store House.

Douglas's savings was used to pay for David remaining mission. Terry's work benefit at the MTC paid half tuition for all our children at BYU. Terry's mother died in 1996 and left each of her children a wonderful inheritance. (She too had been frugal, paid her tithing and had not gone into debt). Again, the Church counseled members to get their food storage and get out of debt! So, in 2000 we felt that we should follow this counsel, sell the wonderful stock inheritance from Mother and pay off our home. We did so, and dedicated it to the Lord!

On 9/11, 2001, the United States US Trade Center was attacked and destroyed. Geneva Steel closed forever. In 2002 the stock market crashed.

In 2002, Anna came back from her mission in England and was renting an apartment while going to college, we decided to buy a townhouse condominium so that she and two roommates could rent. We purchased the condo for $123,000.00 at 7.52 % interest rate.

The counsel of our prophet, parents, and our efforts of obedience has always blessed us.

In 2010 we were called by Elder Holland and Elder Richard Hinckley (Pres. Gordon B. Hinckley's son, and Executive Director of the Missionary Department) to serve as President of the Philippines MTC. We decided to pay off the remaining balance of the loan on the condominium from Terry's 401 retirement fund. Whether that was a good decision or not,

we were able to serve another mission in 2011 without concern about any debt.

Our ability to get out of debt did not all come from the income we have made through our life time, but from the blessings of the Lord and from our family. We will be forever indebted to them.

As I have learned from my great-grand parents, grandparents, parents, and leaders of the Church, I have tried to be provident with the resources the Lord has given me. Through Tithing, the windows of heaven have been flung open to us as a family. I am grateful for my supportive hard working husband who has helped me reach my goals.

May I always remember the source of all blessings and set an example as I serve others.

Above all, Debra's love and commitment to her family and the intense sense of defense for her children and grandchildren have been guiding principles in her life. She has a solid work ethic and a determination to be free of debt and to be frugal in the management of resources. I am so grateful and appreciative of Debra who has such a deep commitment to our family and its preservation and growth.

Bright and Beautiful!

Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doeth safely trust in her,...She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. ... a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates (Proverbs 31: 10, 27-28).

TWENTY-ONE

A Mission to Las Vegas

My children were struggling. Douglas was challenged with his health; David was in his early teenage years; Anna was figuring out her place and image. Allen struggled with asthma and eczema. Amy was trying to adjust to all of the anxiety and stress going on in our family. Little "T" Terry was also suffering terribly. He cried or screamed all night long in agony. To ease his itching and scratching himself bloody, we kept him covered in his one-piece pajama and taped socks around his little hands. We found some relief for him by placing pillows in the bathtub which was cooler and helping him sleep in the night.

In 1986, we were trying to figure out what to do for our family. We felt we needed a change to a warmer dryer climate. I had a premonition or feeling that I would be called to serve as the president of the Nevada Las Vegas Mission. I knew that there would be a vacancy or opening in 1987. I believed that receiving a call would help solve some of our challenges.

With the new Church media campaign, "Our Heavenly Father's Plan," I was sent to introduce the program and train all the missionaries in one of the North Carolina Missions. I felt the power of the Holy Ghost assisting me. After the training, an elderly gentleman, the regional representative, having noticed my name, came to me and asked me if I knew John Taylor, the former stake president in Cincinnati, Ohio. I recognized him as Gerald Scott, the elder brother of Elder Richard G. Scott of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. I remembered that he had served as a counselor to John in the Cincinnati stake presidency. We had a wonderful visit and enjoyed becoming acquainted. Shortly later, I learned that Gerald was called to be the new president of the Nevada Las Vegas Mission. I said to myself, "What was that!?" How come I got a feeling that I would be the new president?

In 1988, Debra took the kids to St. George and stayed in an apartment with a swimming pool for much of the summer for the clean desert air and for a good rest. We considered moving to St. George for relief. I wondered what I would do for work, or whether I would commute on weekends. We found ourselves looking for homes. With Debra's parents and her grandmother Verda, we went to St. George to look for a home, to buy jointly as a summer or winter get-a-way. Sure enough, we found a beautiful new home in Bloomington Hills built right on the park. With my mother Celestia's help in making us a loan, and with Debra's parents we pooled our finances and bought the home for us to find

some relief for our children's allergies and the difficult winter inversions. It was an inspired decision and we felt that the Lord was helping us with our family.

Taylor and Wagstaff Families 1990

In November 1989, I received a telephone call from Elder M. Russell Ballard's secretary. Would Sister Taylor and I be available to visit with Elder Ballard on Tuesday night when he comes down to the MTC to speak with the missionaries? Elder Ballard visited with us. He told us we were being considered to receive a call to serve as a mission president. We explained the challenges we had with our children's health and that we thought we needed a warm dry climate for them. He told us that a call might come soon, perhaps sometime in the future, perhaps never. He said that if a call would come, we would be contacted by the First Presidency in December.

So in December, 1989, we were contacted by the office of President Gordon B. Hinckley, First Counselor to President Ezra Taft Benson. We drove up and parked in the underground church parking lot. We went through security in the Church Administration Building and met with President Hinckley on his first floor office. He was cordial but very business-like. Debra took a small frame drawing she had made as a gift. He accepted it graciously. He had a large file on his desk, apparently it contained information on me! I was amazed that such a file existed. He asked about my British Mission president, whose wife, Christine Robinson, was his step sister. We had a nice but formal visit. I'm sure we mentioned our family and our health challenges. He really only asked one question of us: "What are your debts?" We had no debts except our small mortgage and our debt to my Mother. After our brief visit, he called us to serve a full-time mission as a mission president. We would get our assignment sometime in March or April.

The announcement of our call was featured in the Church News, January 20, 1990. We waited patiently to learn of our assignment. March came. April came. Nobody told us anything and I was not going to inquire. One day in the hallway of the MTC, Elder Backman, the executive director of the Missionary Department, stopped me and asked me how I felt about our assignment. I said, we didn't know what it was. He then informed me that we were assigned to serve in the Nevada Las Vegas Mission, beginning July 1, 1990. My early premonition was now fulfilled!

President and Sister Taylor; Pretty Scared and Unprepared

President George T. Taylor
1402 North 1400 West
Provo, Utah 84604

Dear President Taylor:

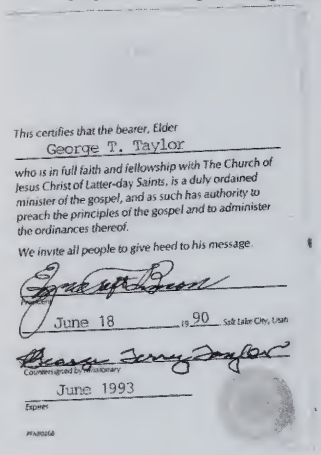
We appreciate your willingness to accept the call to serve as a mission president. We are now pleased to announce that you and Sister Taylor will serve in the Nevada Las Vegas Mission.

Please work with President Gerald L. Scott to arrange a suitable time for transferring responsibilities. We suggest that the transition be made about July 1, 1990. Feel free to communicate with the Missionary Department if you have any questions.

You go forward with the confidence and blessing of the First Presidency and the Twelve in your assignment to proclaim the gospel of Jesus Christ to the people of your mission. We pray that the Lord will bless you with His Holy Spirit as you continue to prepare for the great assignment that awaits you.

Sincerely yours,

The First Presidency


This certifies that the bearer, Elder
George T. Taylor
who is in full faith and fellowship with The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, is a duly ordained minister of the gospel, and as such has authority to preach the principles of the gospel and to administer the ordinances thereof.
We invite all people to give heed to his message.
June 18 19 90 Salt Lake City, Utah
June 1993

We sold our Provo home at a good profit, paid off our debt to Mother, and arranged for our family to travel to St. George. It was a stressful time. Our kids had some doubts about having to change their whole life. Anna particularly was not very positive at first. We all met in the Church Administration Building with Elder Dallin H. Oaks who set Debra and me apart for our mission. All of our children attended the event. Anna looked at him askance with a scowl and he said, "Oh, well!" and smiled. I can't remember anything he said in our setting apart.

Thank goodness for Debra in cutting through all of the organizing, packing and arranging for our move. As we were trying to get out of our house the last few days, a beautiful rain storm came up. Miraculously, it was raining on the east side of our house but it was not raining on the west side. A very strange thing, perhaps a sign or omen from heaven. The sun shined through the clouds and a beautiful complete double rainbow from north to south, covered the entire vista to the east toward the mountains. I felt, I knew it was a sign that God was

smiling upon us! To this day, I feel so grateful that the Lord and His earthly leaders were mindful of our little family and of our temporal and spiritual needs.

We drove to St. George and stayed in our home. Then we drove down to Las Vegas arriving at the mission home on Forest Crest Lane located in a walled community. Our new home was large and functional for our family. We had a swimming pool which our young kids used always and I participated occasionally. When we arrived, it was about 105 degrees!

Back Yard of Our Nevada Las Vegas Mission Home

We met with President and Sister Scott who oriented us to the mission. The next morning he spent a few hours with me in the mission office providing our brief transition. We met the two president's assistants, Elders Jonathan Scofield and Jason Deere. We met Elder and Sister Judd, Elder Judd, the mission accountant Sister Judd, the President's secretary. A pattern began. Each Saturday morning, our preparation day, the assistants and office staff came over to the mission home, helped mow the lawn, clean the swimming pool, and wash and clean the mission office cars, while we fixed a sumptuous breakfast for them. Anna teased them incessantly so they finally sprayed her with water from the hose. We had such fun times together and we grew very close to these wonderful missionaries; they were so kind and supportive of us.

We settled in for a couple of days. We went out as a family to watch the fireworks on the 4th of July. Soon our children began school in the full scale of the Clark County School District. Little T attended a pre-school, Amy began second grade, Allen was bussed across town to a sixth grade center, Anna to junior high, David to Chaparral High School, and Douglas to Dixie College in St. George, staying with Grandpa and Grandma Wagstaff.

Our mission covered all of Nevada, a large section of Arizona including Kingman and a part of the Grand Canyon. It also covered two large areas of California—Death Valley, Lake Tahoe, and a stretch up to Susanville, Mt. Lassen National Park, and Lake Alminor. It covered Reno, Sparks, Virginia City, Winnemucca, and over to Elko and Ely, Nevada. In the Las Vegas area, it

included Henderson, Boulder City, and Lake Mead. There were such contrasts. I often joked about some places in our mission, like, "Lake Tahoe, that's where I spent my summers!" Or, "Death Valley, or Bullhead City (110 degrees in the shade), that's where we sent the missionaries we were having trouble with!" Our mission was geographically divided. It was like running two different missions, the southern Nevada and the Northern Nevada missions. President Scott, my predecessor had placed one of his counselors in the south, in Las Vegas and one in the north, in Reno. He had also selected four of his great missionaries to serve as his assistants, two in the south and two in the north.

We took our young family to many of these places for brief vacations. I had many wonderful experiences traveling in the desert places by car and by plane. We loved going to Mt. Charleston, Redrock, Lake Mead, Lake Tahoe, the Ruby Mountains, Great Basin National Park, and other places. I came to love the desert heat, and the earth's beautiful desert flowers. To me the desert had a cleansing, sanctifying effect on my spirit. I ponder that the Lord would often arise early in the mornings and set himself apart to go into his "desert places" for solace and solitude.

Sometimes, I jokingly responded to people when they asked us about our call to serve in Las Vegas, I would say, "Well, people wished us a lot of luck! I'm not sure what they meant by that wish!" We found very soon that instead of coming to Babylon, we found Zion, for there were many righteous saints wherever we went. We came to know and love so many wonderful missionaries, leaders and members. Our experiences with them would fill a large book. There were many times which were challenging, mostly with missionaries who had health concerns or challenges with commitment to their missions.

I have been blessed to associate with great leaders, far better than myself. The first counselor in the mission presidency was President Dennis E. Simmons. He was the former president of the original Las Vegas Stake, well respected throughout all of Las Vegas. He had recently returned as the president of the Washington D.C. North Mission. He was a prominent lawyer in the community running his own law firm. He had formerly taught music and seminary for many years. He was a master scriptorian and a fine musician. He was about six feet or more tall. He had a deep voice and spoke with authority. I called him up on the telephone and said weakly and haltingly, "President, could Sister Taylor and I meet you and Sister Simmons and take you out to dinner?" He replied in his rich deep voice, "Oh, no President Taylor, we're going to take you out to dinner! We've heard so much about you!" "You have?" I replied, feebly wondering. They took us to an Alpine restaurant in Las Vegas (without casino and slot machines) and fed us a sumptuous gourmet dinner. We had a wonderful time getting acquainted. I felt small and inadequate around him, yet he was so supportive and complimentary of my leadership.

I had him accompany me whenever I could to zone conferences and meetings with stake presidencies. We met each month with all of the stake mission presidencies in Las Vegas and I had him do much of the training. We also met with the stake presidencies, one each month. When we met with them, they would figuratively bow their heads and bend their knees to him with such honor and respect. Later, our Area President, President Glen Rudd asked me about him. He wanted to take him away from me by having him called as the regional representative. I said, jokingly, "no way!" He was later called and then later as a member of the Quorum of the Seventy. After our return home to Provo and to the MTC, he served as a managing director in the Missionary Department where we joyfully reunited and reminisced about our mutual experiences. He later was called to be a temple president.

My other counselor, President Leonard Robinson, lived in the north part of the mission, in Reno, Nevada. He also was a great experienced man. He and his wife also took us out to dinner, at the Red Lobster, trying to kill me with good food. He was also a great stake president in Nevada and a former mission president in England. He had served as a counselor to three of my predecessors in the Las Vegas Mission. But, he told me that he was unable to continue service since he was moving away. I was disappointed, but asked him to give me some names of possible replacements. One of the names was a man named John Gonda. He and his wife JoAnn, had recently returned from a mission in Tarawa in the Pacific Islands. Prior to their mission, he had retired as a football coach at the high school in Sparks, Nevada. Well, I called him up and asked if I could come and visit with him in his home in Reno. He was about 5'8", strong and burly with a thick accent from Chicago or New York or some place in the east. He was a convert to the Church. He had been a wonderful bishop but had never served in the "higher leadership" positions like the other counselors. I asked him about his mission, his family, his church service. When I inquired about his habits and patterns, he told me that he got up every morning at 4:30 a.m. and read the Book of Mormon, followed by an hour of playing handball, a sport I had once loved to play. I was amazed to learn that he read entirely through the Book of Mormon once a month and had done so for many years. Now that's a real committed "Book-of-Mormon-Month Club" member! I felt strongly about him and his love for and his commitment to the gospel, so he was called to serve. He loved the missionaries and they came to love him. I spent many happy nights staying at his home in Reno on my cyclical and circular visits to the "nether-most parts of the vineyard." I found peace and relief when I stayed in his home, taking long contemplative walks along the foothill bench bordering the west of Reno. President Gonda and I took one long road trip together to Ely, Nevada, along highway 50, known as the "loneliest road in America."

I set up an eight week cycle of zone conferences alternating with interviews. The first four-week round, Sister Taylor and I would hold a combined

zone conference with three zones of missionaries. We would meet in a combined meeting where Sister Taylor, the Assistants and I would sing and preach with the missionaries. We would always read and share together a chapter from the Book of Mormon. Then we would divide into rotating groups. Sister Taylor would teach a workshop, the Assistants would give a workshop, and I would present my workshop. These were followed by a wonderful luncheon prepared by one of the local stake relief societies. Our mission paid a small stipend for the food. After, we had a little basketball shooting contest in the gym. The missionaries would line up at the foul-line and shoot. If they made it, they could shoot again; if they missed it, they were out! The sisters could get a couple of feet closer to the rim. We had some great athletes, but they were not always the ones who won the contest. A little prize was given to the winner. We then assembled once again, showed our safety video in the chapel and presented the awards and acknowledgements for the automobile and bike achievements. Cleanest car, cleanest engine, trunk, etc. It was all much fun but focused on safety and care. These ceremonies were followed by a testimony meeting, concluding with a presentation to each missionary of our monthly mission publication of the *Desert Disciple*, and a hug from me to the elders and a hug from Sister Taylor to the sisters. The missionaries would often say, "President that was a great zone conference! I especially liked Sister Taylor's workshop!" The missionaries were then off to their field of labor.

The second four-week round, I did alone with my assistants, zone leaders, and district leaders. I would teach and instruct the missionaries in each district for about an hour. I had such interesting and meaningful doctrinal teaching experiences. My mind was greatly enlightened and edified during these instructional times. Years later, missionaries would remember and recall to me some of the great things they had learned. After these sessions, I began individual interviews with each missionary, while the assistants and zone leaders would continue to instruct the missionaries and examine their area books and planners. We would then travel to the next district and repeat the pattern. I loved to meet with each missionary, kneel in prayer and talk about their challenges, goals and commitments. Sometimes, the tears would flow freely down their cheeks as they would pour out their hearts to me. My heart melted. I felt an overwhelming feeling of compassion and forgiveness for them in their trials and foibles. I could easily and frankly forgive them in their honesty and humility. The only thing I could not tolerate was deceit and duplicity and I was not very tolerant in those cases. I admit that my temperance and patience was tested now and then.

In this manner, I was able to see the missionaries every four weeks, but personally interview them individually every eight weeks. So I traveled, to the north, usually by plane, stopping in Reno and driving with my assistants in their car, further north to Susanville and other California areas or east to Elko and Ely.

While they drove, I would sleep along the way or converse on doctrinal and other subjects with them. Looking back, I wish I had discussed more and slept less!

Each month, we hosted all of the missionaries departing from the mission in an elaborate dinner at the mission home, followed by a testimony meeting. Sister Taylor was a superb and gracious hostess. How she loved the missionaries! After their departure the next morning, we prepared for the new missionaries' arrival. We picked them up at the airport, took them to the Las Vegas Temple, as described later, and then brought them to the mission home for a nice luncheon, while I visited or interviewed each missionary personally and made companion assignments. We then went to the Viking Chapel where the new missionaries met their new companion-trainers, and took care of all of the mission transfers.

Each month, I held a leadership and training conference with the zone leaders, the district leaders and the sister coordinators, usually in the Viking Chapel, fairly near the mission office on Pecos McCloud Drive, and our mission home, on Forrest Crest Lane. I enjoyed many happy hours instructing and sharing together, principles of leadership and training. After the sessions, we met at our mission home where Sister Taylor had prepared a great luncheon sharing a giant hogi sandwich. We tried to engender feelings of love, friendship, congeniality, and sociality in our mission and among our missionary leaders.

I was excited to be able to align our mission with the stakes. We had 28 strong stakes in the boundaries of our mission, so we had 28 missionary districts. The stakes were divided into regions, so we had the mission zones correspond to each of the regions. As I and one of my counselors met with each stake presidency, along with their stake mission president. We took with us the corresponding zone leader. I always began our meetings with reading and sharing together a chapter from the Book of Mormon, as we had done in the MTC. I invited each stake presidency to give us a little verbal and written report on how they felt the missionary work was going in their stake and any problems they saw with any of our missionaries' performance. We likewise gave them a little report on how we saw the work progressing and how supportive the bishops and members were doing. It was a reciprocal communication process between the mission and the stakes. In one of our meetings, the stake president opened the sealed report from the missionaries, smiled and then said, "I hope that's not entirely true." The report stated from one of our missionaries, "The stake president cares nothing about missionary work!" We had many candid, frank and humorous times together. I became very close to the stake presidents and stayed in their homes on several occasions. I loved speaking for a few moments in their stake conferences. In our first mission president's conference with the other mission presidents from the America Southwest Area and their wives, Debra and I flew down to San Antonio, Texas for the combined meeting.

Southwest Area Mission President's Seminars, 1990, 1993

We met with mission presidents from Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico and Arizona and had a wonderful time together learning from our Area Presidency and other general authorities On one evening, the president of the San Antonio Mission took us all down to the Alamo and showed us the brass bar embedded in the stone representing the line drawn in the sand, by Captain William B. Travis. Travis invited the loyal Texans, including James Bowie and David Crocket to step over the line and defend the Texas fort and last defense against the overwhelming Mexican forces of Santa Anna. The siege meant each soldier would be required to give ultimate courage, and almost certain death. The president then told how he would invite each of the newly arriving missionaries in his mission, to come to the Alamo. He would tell the story of these brave men and women, then invite them willingly, to step over the line and to serve and defend the Kingdom of God throughout their mission. To me, it was such an inspiring story and appropriate way to set the standard and culture of their mission for the new missionaries.

I thought, what could we possibly do to set such a standard, image and shining commitment for missionaries in the Las Vegas Mission? Worldly, shaming, shimmering, Las Vegas with its reputation for being sin-city, was not the shining city set on a hill. It is only thriving because of huge underground aquafers of water and Lake Mead, dammed up by the Boulder Dam. The streets are lined by casinos (dens of thieves), lined by large, spacious whorehouses, the places of demons and dragons. What kind of culture and image could we possibly create for the missionaries arriving in our mission to give them a feeling of pride and confidence? As Debra and I were flying back to our glittering Sodom and Gomora, I looked down upon the desert places and saw the glistening Colorado River wending its way through the desert rocks and sands far below. I could see the Virgin River meandering through the waste places of the barren desert. As we approached our loved home in the sinful oasis city, we flew high above Lake Mead with its beautiful blue water contrasted by the sand-colored beige, brown, and white terrain below. Then, it hit me! I opened my scriptures and turned to Isaiah, Chapter 35:

> *THE wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it; the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the LORD, and the excellency of our God.*
>
> *Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not; behold your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompence; he will come and save you.*
>
> *Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and*

streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there: And the ransomed of the LORD shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Highway to Heaven

The spirit spoke to me. This is the place of holiness, of redemption, of salvation. There are 28 strong stakes in the boundaries of this mission, filled with strong faithful Latter-day Saints. There are numerous beautiful meeting houses with chapels dotting all over Nevada. Las Vegas is an oasis in the desert, atop large aquafers and cisterns of pure clear water, the city quenched by rivers, streams and pools in the desert. While it contains the "habitation of dragons," those "large and spacious buildings," it features a strait highway, called Bonanza, lined by bright street lamps leading from the center of north Las Vegas, to the very doors of the beautiful and newly completed Nevada Las Vegas Temple.

And so as the new missionaries arrived, having flown over the desert streams and pools from the Great Salt Lake City, to Las Vegas, we ushered them quickly through the casino laden Las Vegas Airport, inviting them to shut their eyes against the prevalent satanic pornographic images featured everywhere. We loaded them onto the vans and proceeded directly eastward up towards Sunrise Mountain and to its base where the majestic Temple is located.

The Nevada Las Vegas Temple

We gained permission from the temple presidency to take the missionaries onto the grounds overlooking the enormous desert basin of Las Vegas, which in Spanish, means, "The Meadows." We first faced eastwards towards Sunrise Mountain, which is rocky, craggy and barren, much like Mount Sinai may appear. We read of Moses' encounter with God on the mountain, where he was commanded to take off his shoes because he was on sacred ground. We invited the missionaries, to figuratively take off their shoes for they were in a sacred hallowed place, the "Mountain of the Lord's House."

We read of the Lord seeking inspiration and revelation by going early in the mornings to the desert places. We surveyed the immense valley, continuing to rapidly populate and "blossom as the rose." I told them that while they were on their missions, they were not to enter into any of those evil habitations, the long line of large and spacious buildings along "the Strip," spiraling along the western horizon. We read the words of Isaiah and spoke of the highway where the missionaries would help people make their journey to heaven and return back into the arms of a loving Heavenly Father and family.

We spoke of missionaries helping the redeemed and ransomed of the Lord, the members and the investigators, where songs of joy and gladness would be sung and sorrow and sadness, shall flee away! Their missions were important and they were a part of fulfilling great latter-day prophecy. At last, I felt I had a vision of what this great Nevada Las Vegas Mission was all about!

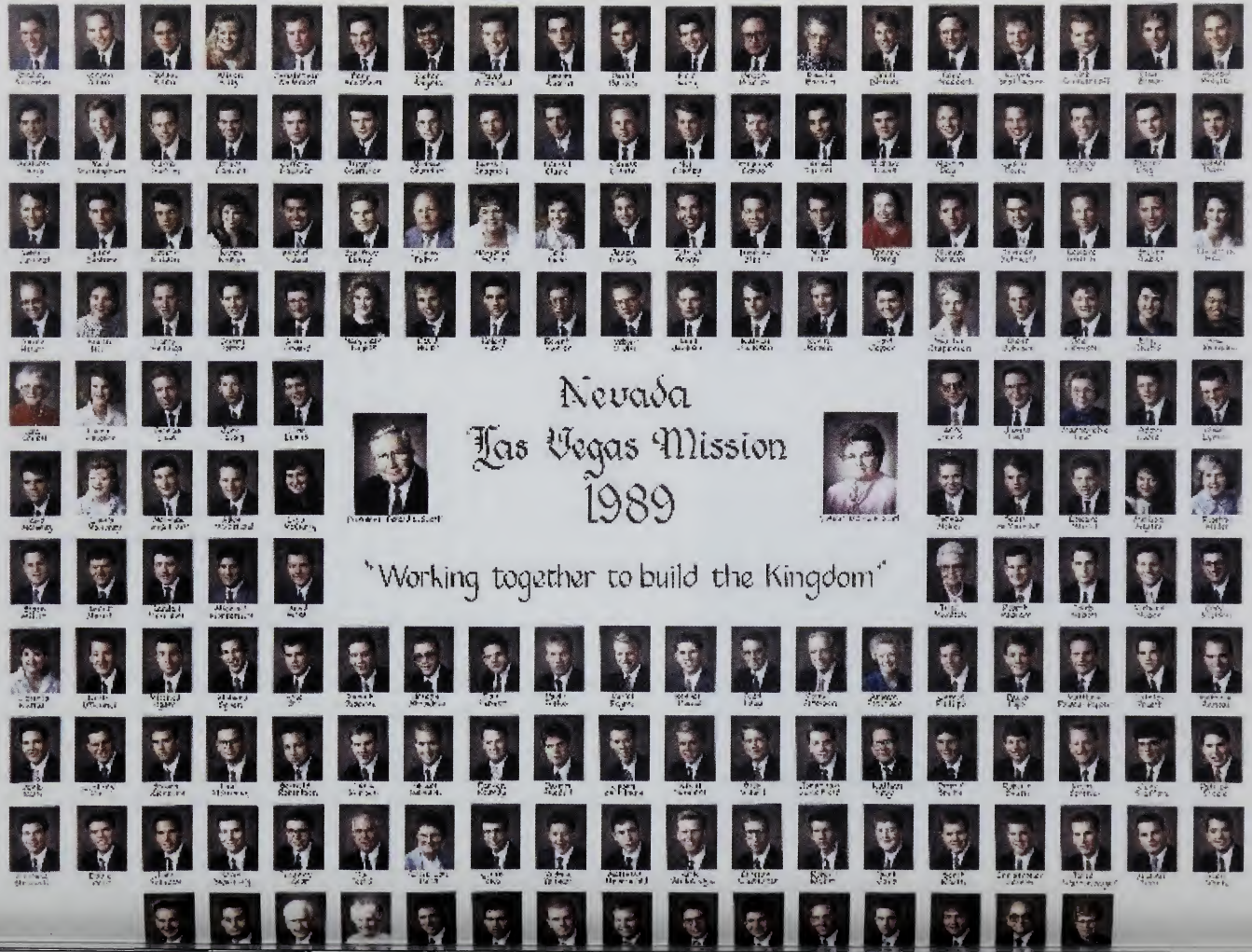
An Oasis in the Desert of Sin

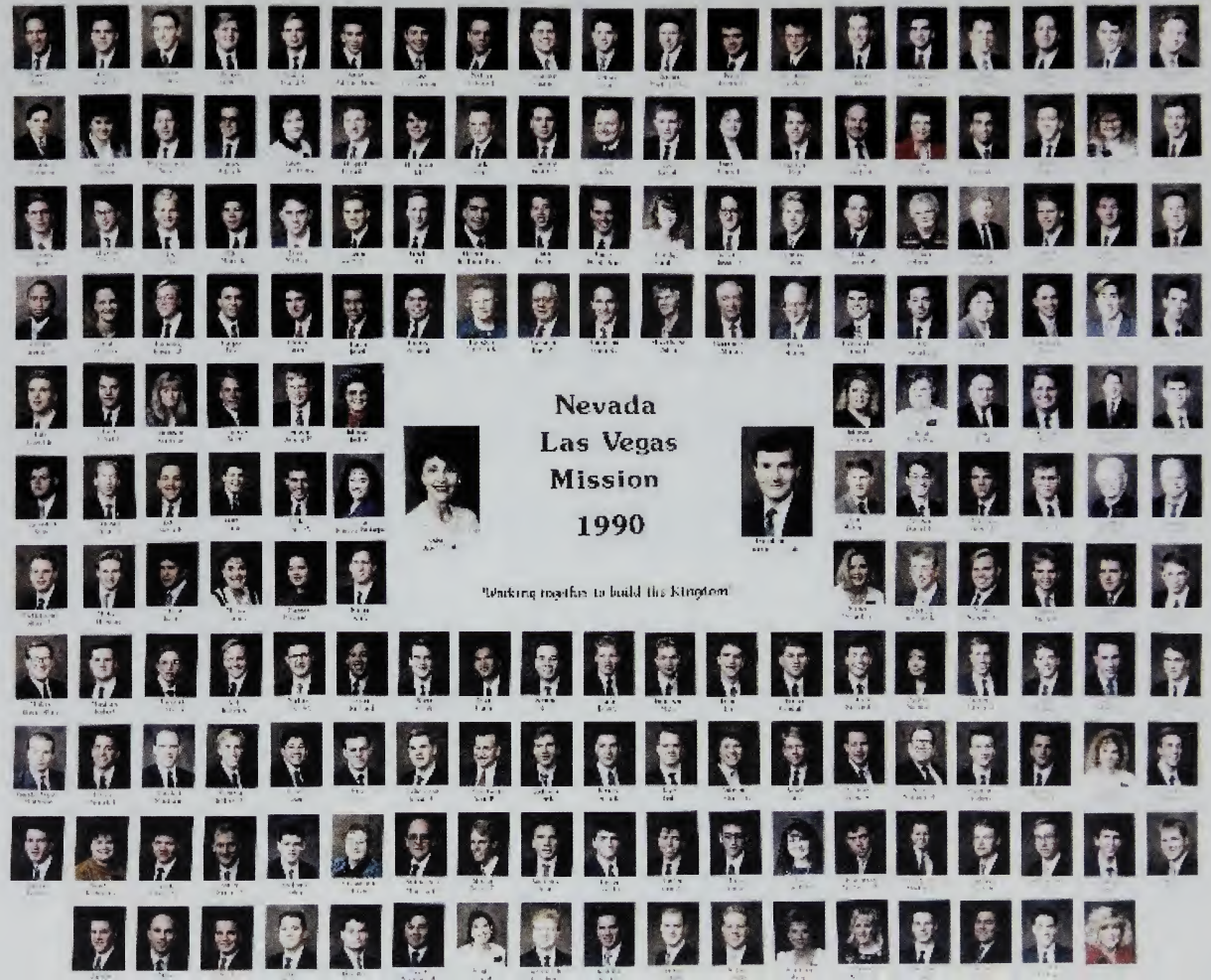
In many ways, our mission was difficult. Our son Douglas, called to serve in the Texas Fort Worth Mission, had some terrible and tragic physical and emotional experiences. He injured his ankle and had to have surgery. He suffered with reactions from medicine, perhaps from an early age. He suffered with mental health issues and had to come home from his mission, spending some time in the Provo hospital and St. George. My heart was broken over his challenges. His death, two months before our release was a great tragedy.

Our son, Allen was assigned to a sixth-grade center, clear across town where he had no friends. A shooting occurred during his first week in school. He was somewhat isolated and struggled with his relationships and self-image. Unfortunately, our bishop was of no comfort or compassion to him and his needs. Our daughter Anna, had a devastating auto accident where an acquaintance was almost killed. David, at age 18 was called on a mission to the Berlin Germany mission and had some dark and difficult times in the mission field, but he endured and persisted heroically, even as his older brother was taken in death. Debra also had a few health challenges but overcame and endured them. So our mission was filled with exalted happy experiences, but also laden with tragedies and turmoil. Brother Lloyd Owen, our Infield Missionary Representative (IFR) in the Missionary Department, was so supportive and compassionate to us throughout our entire mission. We are so grateful for the support of the Church and Missionary Department throughout our ordeals. The highs and lows of life, made

our missionary experience a growing and very rewarding time. *"...thou knowest the greatness of God; and he shall consecrate thine afflictions for thy gain....men are that they might have joy"* (2 Nephi 2: 2, 25); *"Behold, the man is become as one of us to know good and evil."* (Moses 4:28). This life, is a test, laden with good and difficult experiences, all of which give knowledge. How can one know and value "the good" without experiencing the opposite?!

It was difficult coming home, perhaps in some ways, more difficult than going. We will be forever grateful for the tremendous and wonderful experiences we had together during our mission in the great American desert. Above all, laboring with the Lord's servants, the missionaries and the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, was an experience we will treasure forever.


Nevada
Las Vegas Mission
1989
"Working together to build the Kingdom"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"Working together to build the Kingdom"

Nevada Las Vegas Mission
"Working together to build the Kingdom"
1991
Prestige Portraits

Nevada Las Vegas Mission

"Working Together to Build the Kingdom"

1992

TWENTY-TWO

Pets

When I was a little boy, they used to have small turtles for sale, with their backs covered with colored paint. I think that's illegal these days, and they talk about deadly diseases carried by these small creatures. I think I must have had two or three at different times. They all died within a few days. I don't think I knew how to take care of them.

I tried keeping a few small fish in a stinky fish bowl—guppies or gold fish. I didn't know how to clean the fish bowl very well and I didn't know how to take care of the fish. They all died.

I think one year, we had some little baby chicks at Easter time. I didn't know how to take care of them. I don't remember what happened to them.

I wrote about capturing one or two Magpie birds and wanting to slit their tongues so they could learn how to speak. I was told that my project was not going to work so I finally got rid of them.

But, from my earliest childhood until I approached my teen-age years, I had the constant love for our Cocker Spaniel, named Rusty. We both reached our thirteenth year. She was a member of our family I held her in the same regard. It was a very sad day for me when she was failing and Dad took her down to a place to put her to sleep. I had never experienced the death of a loved one, so close.

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My Dog Rusty

Growing Up

I grew up and eventually got married and had a family. We thought it would be a good thing for our children to have a doggie. So we bought a small white dog and named her, Misty. Douglas, our oldest son really loved her. But, one day, she disappeared and we never could find her. We got another little light brown dog and named her Muffin. Sometimes she would run away from us. One day, she was following the kids on their bikes over to the park and crossing the street, Muffin got run over by a car. It was very traumatic to all of us. The kids felt very sad.

When we moved with our family to Las Vegas, there was some stress in our lives so we bought a beautiful white pure-bred Bischon-Frise puppy at great expense. We got a royal registered printed pedigree. We liked the dog because the breed did not shed hair and were not conducive to foster allergic reactions. The kids named the little dog, Fluffy. After returning to Provo, she got out a couple of times and had a brief illicit romance with a local male dog. His name must have been "Cassanova!" Fluffy conceived a litter of adorable little puppies for which we easily found homes. One of those puppies was a beautiful little white dog which we kept, so for a few years, we had mother and daughter together—two gentle sweet white fluffy dogs. Since we had a "Fluffy" I thought the name for the new dog should be "Scruffy." But, our kids would not have it and Terry, my son named her "Rascal!" With all of my authority, I was ignored and put down in my name selection.

A few years later, following her inclinations, Fluffy escaped her home confines and associated with a small handsome foxlike neighbor dog, whose name must have been "Don Juan!" Their offspring again consisted of a beautiful bunch of puppies. They came at a very stressful time in our family and observing their birth was very touching and comforting to Debra.

Both dogs, mother and daughter, grew up with our family and lived long lives, Fluffy at seventeen years and Rascal at eighteen years. As their natural lives ended, we held a brief service accompanied by prayers of dedication as we buried them in special graves in the garden of our back yard.

These beautiful and sweet animals, as we have grown up and grown old together, have provided much joy, comfort and fun for all of the members of our family. It is a verity, "Man's Best Friend!" I hope to see them on resurrection morning.

TWENTY-THREE

Hiking

Stewart's Cascade

From my earliest memory, Mother took us on regular walks up to Stewarts' Cascade from our Brickerhaven summer home. We hiked up the dirt road, through the gnarled, crooked but beautiful aspen trees, then entered the meadow. We always stopped at Fossil Rock, a large limestone boulder spotted with fossils. We made our way through the grasses and wild flowers, following the trail, covered with a canopy of trees, and finally emerging before the magnificent falls. Cupping our hands, we drank the cold clear water from the spring next to the falls, refreshing ourselves. Returning, we asked Mother to lead us along the upper trail, not to our home, but further down to the MIA Girl's Lodge, where we would swing on the big swings and ride on the teeter-totter. Days filled with enchantment!

Near our home on the hill, Mother would also take us on an annual trek at Easter time over to the Easter Cross near the base of the trail that lead up Y-Mountain. The big block "Y" was placed and maintained by the students of BYU. It was a special time to be with Mother on these excursions on the hillside.

The Easter Cross

My Easter Hike

As a small boy, my Dad took me on hikes in the North Fork of Provo Canyon near our Brickerhaven home. I must have been about six or eight—I don't remember. I accompanied him right up the steep creek bed leading towards Dry Lake.

On the steep south side of the Canyon was where our own Brickerhaven Spring emerged. I think Dad was exploring our future water supply. It was a steep climb for me but I was glad to be with Dad.

On other day, he took me and I think my sister Kathryn on a five mile hike up to Stewart Falls and then on the trail leading around the rim of the base of Robert's Horn towards Aspen Grove. We walked down the road to Timp Haven and then up the road to our cabin. It was a long hike but a great adventure for me. Another time, he took us on a hike starting at Wildwood, going up Scott's Hollow all the way up to Dry Lake. Dad told me about badgers and their holes, I was always afraid I would run into one! Years later, I took my sons Douglas and David and daughter, Anna on the same hike, but we veered off to Scotts Pond and then trekked over to Sundance. We were excited to discover the pond and the boys went swimming.

Black Forrest Mountain

One day, I was sitting on the patio at our cabin rocking as usual and looking up to the large pine-covered mountain, to the south, all mysterious and inviting. I wondered if I would ever climb to the top. I was just a young lad. I was impressed that Uncle Harold Brown, with his old twisted and carved hiking stick had gone up somewhere on the mountain. I wanted to go up there, but it was much too impending and ponderous. Maybe someday I would surmount it!

Bobby Keeler and me Hiking in the Mountains

As I grew older, I continued to wonder. One day, Bobby Keeler, the son of my Dad's pal, Buddy Keeler who had built the second cabin in Brickerhaven, came down to see me. He said, Come-on, let's go! We hiked together up to Dry Lake, with our 22 rifles. We then took a detour and climbed up the south side of the very mountain, I had wanted to climb as a child, rocking in my chair on the patio. How glad, how proud I was, that I did it! I climbed my mysterious mountain!

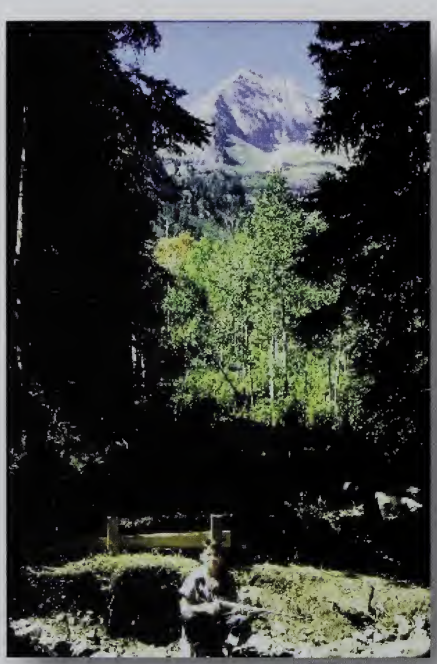
Cascade Cirque

Uncle Harold and Aunt Violet built their home across the meadow from our family cabin. After completion, they purchased a powerful telescope which they put on their deck/patio. I spent hours and hours looking through the glass at Mount Timpanogos to the West. I examined every crack and crevice, every tree and rock, of the Mountain from the falls to the very top. I wondered about the enormous Cascade Cirque, the large bowl at the top with a partial glacier. The mountain fascinated me. It was a wonderland. And I wondered, if I might ever ascend those enchanting places.

Uncle Harold and His Patio

Big Provo Hole

Another day, Bobby and I took off into unknown hiking territory. We hiked up above Stewart Falls, bush-whacking our way up the mountain to the upper falls under the higher cliffs. From the base of these high falls, we headed southeast along a wildlife trail going up the draw into beautiful meadows filled with wildflowers. We entered what was to me an enchanted world, the "Big Provo Hole." It was like coming over the edge of a meadow like Maria running in the wild flowers over the crest in the "The Sound of Music." It was a secret protected wilderness—an enormous box canyon shut away from the world. A place where few hikers had ever gone. I looked up the rocky glacier south to the "notch" overlooking Utah Valley. Later, on subsequent visits, I scaled up, bouldering up to the top peaking over into the magnificent valley below. From the depth of this beautiful canyon bowl, we climbed west up to the canyon shelf, underneath the Timpanogos high cliffs. We traversed around the cliff point, dropping down into the Cascade Cirque. Coming around the bend, an enormous eagle sitting on the scraggy limb of an old dead tree lifted up his massive wings and fluttered into the sky. It was a dramatic and romantic moment for me. I was filled and thrilled with awe, excitement and accomplishment in exploring the places I had dreamed of and observed through Uncle Harold's telescope.



George Terry with His Gun and His Mountain

GTMH

This was the first of many trips into the two great cirques high above our Brickerhaven home. In subsequent trips I escorted or accompanied my first cousins, Tony and then Stephen K. and David Taylor. I invited Cousin Hank Nelson and his new bride Kristy Stewart on their honeymoon to make the trek.

These were glorious trips never to be forgotten. The hike was such an adventure that Hank and Kristy began an annual tradition with their children and any other cousins and their children. Cousin Ken Kartchner joined in with his brothers Richard and David and their families. Over 35 years, it has grown to include more than 50 hikers at a time. I suppose that since I first initiated the hike, it became known as the "GTMH" ("George Taylor Memorial Hike!). Cousin Hank and Kristy with assistance of Aunt Ruth and Ken Kartchner at significant expense have provided imprinted T-shirts, baseball caps, gloves, pins, leather medallions and other wonderful paraphernalia all embossed with "GTMH." A sturdy fiber plexi-pipe has enclosed names, history and other records of the excursions was buried at the top which we designated as the lunch place. The culminating symbol of the event is a large engraved stone marker, like a tombstone placed on the box canyon floor of the Big Provo Hole.

The "GTMH" Plaque in the Big Provo Hole

What began as a simple adventure into the high Timpanogos Mountain has become an incredible enduring family tradition. I have to admit that I missed many of the years of the hike. A lot of the kids said, "George Taylor, who's he?" or, "No wonder it's called the memorial hike, because he never shows up.!" Some incredible family hikers have made the trek over and over again. Aunt Ruth in her advanced years made the difficult hike, only succumbing to receiving black and blue toes for the effort. Some of the hikers, instead of scaling over to the Provo Cirque on the west cliffs went the opposite way along a route first called "The Death March" which wended it way around the eastern and southern part of the mountain, dropping down the ridge into the Sun Dance ski area, near Dry Lake. Although very difficult, this was helpful because the hikers could eventually grab a ride to the bottom on the tram going up and down from Sun Dance. In my 71st year, I made my final climb up to that secluded and beloved hole in the majestic mountain!

Mount Timpanogos Summit

For a number of years during each summer, a special evening celebration was given the night before the Annual Timpanogos Hike. I had seen my brother and sisters, cousins and their friends take the hike to the pinnacle of the Mountain, starting from the pavilion at Aspen Grove. Each hiker who succeeded in climbing to the silver summit house at the top received a special Timpanogos badge.

As a young teenager, my sister Lynn Anne and her new husband H. Bryan Richards invited me to accompany them on a hike up to the top of Mount Timpanogos, going up the American Fork Canyon route, called the Timpooneke trail. I was enamored by the prospects of taking the hike. Bryan and Lynn Anne were so kind to me and it was a supernal autumn afternoon. As we came up to the plateaus above the tree line, I looked up at the looming, towering, rocky peaks stretching high above. I despaired at the prospect of having to climb up that steep, jagged and gigantic limestone ridge to the top. It seemed ten miles up and as the air became thinner, I wondered if I could make it. But I did! And a feeling of exhileration and accomplishment flooded over me in surmounting to the summit. It was another enchanting moment for me.

I made the hike with my good MTC hiking friend Gene Hill, and another friend Vernon Christopherson. I made the hike with my sons, Douglas and David when they were very young. On one trip, Douglas was absent. David and I never made it very far, yet, it was a beautiful golden autumn day. The mountain wildflowers are breath-taking beautiful! I had such a feeling of love and joy in my little son David who I think, was about six years old. Much later, I made the hike again with David, now a U.S. Air Force pilot along with my boss, Allen C. Ostergar. Recently, I made the hike with my son Terry, who helped me up and down the mountain in my 70th year. I can't recall all of the times, the memories, the family and the friends with whom I hiked up the great Timpanogos Mountain.

I hiked with my brother-in-law Brent Brockbank. On one of these trips my niece, Michele DeGraw, made her famous philosophical understatement, repeated by members of my extended hiking family, over and over: "You don't have to go all the way to the top; but, you do have to go all the way to the bottom!" It was on that hike, that Uncle Brent had a large sack of peanuts, raisins, and M&M's. Michele called them "Gopher Guts" because you go-fer them!

So, it followed that I climbed up to the summit of Timpanogos many times. I received my share of Timp badges. I made the hike as a young high school boy looking all over the mountain for a girl that I thought I had a crush on

and who was hiking that day. I made the hike with Cousin Tony. I made the hike with my brother John and his sons.

David, Terry and George at the Timp Summit House

Squaw Peak

I mentioned earlier, as a young boy, my decline to hike up to the top of Squaw Peak with my cousin Tony early one morning. I was sleeping down at Tony's house in my sleeping bag. He woke me up for the trip. I felt bad that I missed my opportunity and regretted my sleeping in for a few extra winks. I decided that I would not make that mistake again. Later, one afternoon, my friend and neighbor Jimmy Calder told me to go with him on a hike up Squaw Peak. The mountain was so ominous. I had heard of the several deaths occurring on the treacherous craggy south face. He had confidence that we could do it, so up we went on the west face. We started hiking up the side of the mountain weaving our way between the bushes, brush and rock outcroppings, until we reached the north plateau and the main trail leading to the top. We made it! I was thrilled with my achievement. This was a major victory in my early hiking life. Later, I made the hike several more times, but always approaching from the back side of the mountain, going up "First Left" of Rock Canyon and then ascending on the east side to the spine leading to the summit. What a view of the valley and the canyon below! It is an absolutely thrilling vista for any hiker. I hiked to the top with my brother John and two of his sons. I hiked up alone a few times. I hiked with Douglas and David and later with Allen and Terry. Terry ("T") has made a

tradition of surmounting the summit to watch the annual fireworks on the night of the Fourth of July.

Rock Canyon

Rock Canyon stretched eastward from our home on the hill into the Wasatch Front of the Rocky Mountains. It held mysterious enchantments to my young mind. I rode with Uncle Bud in his WWII Jeep up the rocky road into unknown backcountry territory. We traveled up to the second bridge but went no further. The golden and gray rocks in the light of the evening sunset cast a dreamy and mellow thrill to me, recurring year after year in my adventures into the canyon. I hiked up the Canyon many times, mostly alone, sometimes at lunch time, sometimes after work. The autumn colors have been especially inviting. I hiked in the winter through the snow, up to my special spot where I gazed up to the towering Provo Peak. I hiked in the summer, breaking off from work at the MTC, walking up to the campground, and taking a brief afternoon snooze on one of the picnic tables. Glorious!

I hiked up to Buckley's Mine shaft with my sons Douglas and David. We hiked to the Mine another time with my brother John and Les Liethy. I hate mines, caves and spelunking. On another occasion, after my son Douglas' death, I hiked up a steep channel on the rocky face in the vicinity of Rock Canyon and Buckley's Mine. I looked up at "The Diving Board" where it was believed that he had fallen. I sat and reminisced and meditated on Doug's life. It was a difficult, poignant and sorrowful time and place.

One afternoon, I took off alone and hiked up the Canyon, this time, taking "First Right." I noticed the fenced area gathering precious mountain waters for residents of Provo City. I clawed my way up the gulch going southward, behind the Y-Mountain on the west and missing the regular trail. After much scrambling effort, I finally arrived at Maple Flat and then descended down through Slide Canyon, Eagle Pass and the great white "Y" on the face of the Mountain. Going down the trail, I had to hike northward along the Bonneville Trail back to my car at the parking lot at the mouth of Rock Canyon. I was spent, completely exhausted, but happy to have fulfilled a new adventure. Later, I made a similar hike with my brother John, his sons John and Tom and perhaps other nieces and nephews. Another time, again alone I hiked up to the "Y" passing up through Eagle's Pass to Maple Flat and then running down through the snow all the way to Rock Canyon. The adrenalin was flowing and my endorphins were exploding. I felt so grateful for my health, energy and the joy of fully exercising my physical body.

There were several other occasions hiking up to the "Y" and beyond. I hiked up to the top of Y-Mountain a few times, one time with David, his wife

Manya, Amy and T. I made an annual trek for a few years hiking up Slate Canyon, twice ascending to the top and then descending down again to Maple Flat. Once, I veered off to hike straight up to the top of the peak, just south of Y-Mountain. On another occasion, near Maple Flat, I went to the top of the small mountain, gazing east to the summit of Provo Peak. On each of these jaunts, I had a little special place near a large rock, where I would kneel in prayer and express thanks to my Father in Heaven.

My pal Francis Rogers told me that there was an old log cabin located near the camp ground at the east of the Canyon. I searched for it many times, but without success until Francis accompanied me and showed me the very spot, where the wooden structure was disintegrating into the ground. How many glorious autumn days I spent wandering, exploring, experiencing the magic of the Canyon and its environs.

As a small boy, in springtime, near our home on the hill, I walked with my mother and perhaps other kids south along where the Bonneville Shoreline trail vicinity to the "Easter Cross." They had an annual Easter pageant which I vaguely remember seeing once. I saw Jesus in his white robes. It was a joy for me to walk with my mother and dog Rusty, each spring among the pleasant dessert wildflowers and Sego Lilies, along the way.

Provo Peak

After my senior year of college, I got a job at U.S. Steel Geneva Works for the summer. I was attending a BYU ward. A few of my friends in the ward and I decided to hike to the top of Provo Peak. At that time, I had never hiked the mountain. We left in the early evening in late May and found that the road to the trailhead was blocked by snow. Thus, we had to hike an additional three miles to reach the base of the mountain. Hiking up through the rocks and the snow, we reached the top about 10 or 11 p.m. It was a beautiful site with the full moon shining over the Valley to the west and the mountain vistas to the east. Coming down was fun, foot skiing and stumbling through the snow down along the spine of the mountain. Reaching the bottom, we still had the trek to where our car was parked, miles to the north. I was exhausted, but had to report to work at 6:00 a.m. Fortunately, I was young and adjusted to my ordeal.

Years later, I took my two young boys, Douglas and David on an autumn day up to the Provo Peak summit. We somehow missed the main trail so we found ourselves bushwhacking up through some brush. It became very hard for the boys and I could see the defeat in David's little face. He was ready to despair and give up. But I was firm, maybe harsh, and I said he had to keep going. And we did! And it made a difference for him the rest of his life! We struggled and suffered up to the top and felt again, the exultation of achieving hard things. It was a

beautiful autumn day and fortunately, we hitched a ride at the base of the mountain back to our car. In subsequent years, I hiked the mountain with my MTC hiking pal Gene Hill, and later with my son Terry. The last time, I was 69 years old and felt my infirmities, especially coming down. I fell backwards and reinjured my shoulder.

Cascade Mountain

I was intrigued by Cascade Mountain, north of Provo Peak and east of Squaw Peak. I remember sitting on the top of Timpanogos on "On Target" day, the day when all of the Varsity Scouts hiked up to the top of mountains stretching all across the United States flashing mirror signals. I notice the flashes from the top of Cascade. On three different occasions I explored around the base of the mountain trying to find the best route to the top. I visited with Wid Tolman, a real scouter who had been to the top. He told me that there was an old log hunting cabin with a corrugated roof way up on the plateau near the tree line, nestled in a grove of aspen trees, put there years ago by Garn Baum. So, with Gene, early in the morning on Conference Saturday, we drove up to the nearest parking spot and forged our way down and up a steep and deep creek-bed and gully and then fought through underbrush until we came to what I call the "Chute" a rock and shale passage up the mountain. Further climbing up the ridge, we came to the aspen grove Wid told me about. Going slightly north into a stand of pine trees, we found the cabin. The door was jammed and we didn't attempt to break through, but we could see that there was an old bed-frame and mattress, pots and pans and other paraphernalia. It was hard to believe how anyone could get so much stuff, hauled up so high, up on the side of such a steep mountain. Clambering our way further up the face, weaving through cliffs and rock outcroppings, after much effort and fatigue, we reached the top of the mountain. Yet, further north was a higher peak. It was not so far, but I was beat and time was running out so I declined to go further. Rather than returning down, I wanted to explore any routes further south along the ridge. After traveling a half mile or so, and realizing that it was too far, and perhaps too treacherous to travel over to and down to the saddle near Freedom peak on the south, we chose to go straight down another canyon to the bottom. It was bad—steep and dangerous. We slowly and carefully picked our way down until we arrived, completely spent at the bottom and to my Jeep. We intended as we always did to get home in time for General Priesthood Meeting. But we were much too late, getting off the mountain after the meeting had begun. It's the only time I ever missed General Priesthood Meeting.

Big Springs Hollow Trail, Freedom Peak, and Lightning Peak

After we had moved to Grandview, I gained many friends, one of whom was Ren Smith, a high priest in my quorum. I was a young man in my early 30's. He was an older man in his late 50's or early 60's. He loved to walk and hike. He took me with his son-in-law on a hike up South Fork, Provo Canyon. Starting

at the Wallace Ranch, a trailhead led to Big Springs. The ranch was sold and is now a city park. From Big Springs, the trail heads further west up over the saddle and back down into Rock Canyon. We lost the trail and had to clamber straight up a rocky slope. It was a long arduous hike but a great adventure. Later, I made the same hike, starting early in the morning, alone and without difficulty following the trail. On two other occasions, I hiked from Rock Canyon up to the saddle and then on up to Freedom Peak, the "pointy" mountain south of the saddle. On one other occasion, Amy, Terry and I hiked up Rock Canyon, camped overnight and then went to the top of Freedom Peak.

Later, Terry and I hiked up to the top of Lightning Peak, just south of Freedom Peak. Lightning Peak was one of the peaks I wanted to climb in my lifetime. It was very steep and we were on a slippery slope. I felt a little anxious knowing that we were on dangerous ground. I felt exhilarated in achieving one more of my goals. Somehow, I lost my cell phone somewhere on the mountain.

Hobble Creek Canyon

One afternoon, I drove in my Jeep up Hobblecreek Canyon, taking the right fork driving to the end of the paved highway, arriving at the trailhead to Wadsworth Canyon. I hiked and hiked for a few hours, ascending higher and higher until I reached the top of the Canyon and gazed northeastward toward Strawberry Peak for a long time. I returned back down the trail contemplating my surroundings and my new exploration. On another occasion, I stopped at Kirkman Hollow trailhead and hiked for a long time hoping to make a loop around the mountain returning to the highway. But I gave up and returned down the same trail. It was good to exercise for my body and another exploration on unknown places. Another time, I was attending an MTC Retreat up the north fork of Hobblecreek. In the afternoon, we were free to visit, rest or play games. Instead, I walked for about four miles further up the Canyon and then returned. I wondered if the road would eventually end up near Strawberry Reservoir or Wallsburg.

Mount Nebo

One early morning, Cousin Tony and I drove down to Nephi in his small beige pick-up truck and found the south trailhead leading to the summit of Mount Nebo. Some claim that Nebo is the highest peak in Utah County, a few feet higher than Mount Timpanogos. This is still in dispute. We began our journey up from the south trail through the lower desert junipers, through the pines, then the aspens, up to the verdant east plateau, and then through the beautiful mountain flowers, and finally climbing up and along the rocky and desolate ridge line, until we reached the base of the final ascent up to the pyramid appearing south peak. What a long ordeal and what an incredible view of the terrain and vistas to the east, the west, the north and the south! After our lengthy staggering descent, Tony

said, "It's like we hiked all the way from the middle of the town of Nephi to the top!"

Well, it was many years later when I made another trip to the top. In preparation for the scouts hiking to the top of King's Peak in the Uinta Mountains, the highest peak in Utah, I arranged for a hike again to the Nebo south peak. This time, I drove myself to Nephi, traveling east to the Nebo loop road, up the Canyon, finding the Nebo Bench trailhead on the east. I spent the afternoon exploring the trail, following it up above the tree-line where it joined the south trail (I had followed years earlier). It was a great hike, although not reaching the top, I felt exhilarated. A week or two later, I and the other leaders with the boys, made the ascent, camping over on a flat plain about two miles up. The next morning, we made the ascent to the top. It was hot and grueling and we ran out of water coming down. Exhausted, we all felt happy to have made the journey.

Again, a few years later, I drove up Payson Canyon and up the Nebo Loop and went looking for the trailhead to the north peak of Nebo. I was told that it is the higher peak, steeper but a shorter climb. I explored the Nebo Bench Trail and other trails in the vicinity. After finding the trailhead to the North Peak, I arranged for a hike on Conference Saturday with my hiking friend and colleague Gene Hill. So early on Saturday, my son David, Gene and his son, and I began the hike to the top. After wending our way up the ridge and around west of the first mountain peak, we noticed Santaquin Canyon stretching down to the northwest. There were two major peaks to climb, the first leading to the next. It appeared so daunting. The morning was overcast and I felt dim and downcast. I wondered how I ever could make the ascent to the top. After reaching the beautiful green saddle, we came to the first major peak to climb. After surmounting this, there stretched out above, the second awesome impending and challenging summit north peak! But we pressed on, just one step at a time, one small slow step upward. With the thinning air, and our energy waning, we continued until, we arrived at our destination. Once again, a tremendous sense of achievement or accomplishment filled me with gratitude.

Coming down from the mountain was a beautiful and fulfilling experience. It was a brilliant shiny afternoon, with the sun brightening all of the autumn colors. The only diminishing factor was that David was having severe knee pain in the descent.

Again, a few years later, I made the same hike with my son Terry, accompanied by my neighbors and friends, Bob and Carol Ridge. It was again a glorious hike!

George Terry Taylor 1 & 2 Assessing the Summit

At the top looking towards the South Peak

The Grand Canyon

As a young teenager, I spent the summer following high school graduation, working as the Lodge Night Porter at the North Rim Grand Canyon Lodge. One day, it was arranged that I would accompany three beautiful girls, all older than me, to hike across the Canyon to the South Rim, a distance of about 27 miles (10 miles straight across "as the crow flies"). I had a sort of "crush" on one of the girls, a year older, but she had a missionary boyfriend, didn't give me any encouragement, and I was too shy and socially backward to develop any overtures. We left about 3 or 4:00 in the afternoon and hiked down the Bright Angel Trail to Roaring Springs. From there we continued our long hike down the Canyon to Phantom Ranch, arriving about 11:00 p.m. We rested and refreshed ourselves for about an hour, and then with flashlights, began our walk over the suspension bridge crossing the Colorado River. We began our climb out of the Canyon, arriving at Indian Gardens at about 3:00 a.m. We rested for another hour or two and then continued our ascent before the sun came up. Wending our way upward, we finally arrived at the top about 9:00 a.m. I was so exhausted that I collapsed on a couch in the South Rim Lodge. I slept deeply for a couple of hours. The time arrived for our return. We caught a shuttle to the South Rim Airport, climbed aboard a small one-engine Piper Cub and flew over the Canyon landing at the North Rim airstrip about five miles north of the Lodge. It was I think, the first time I had ever ridden in an airplane. We must have hitched our ride back to the Lodge, in time for me to go to work once again. What an excellent adventure-my first trip crossing the Grand Canyon!

Several years later, with my family consisting of Debra, Douglas, David, Allen, Anna, and Amy, we accompanied our friends Gawain and Gayle Wells and their family to the Grand Canyon. We all camped in the campground. We used

our big Chevrolet Beauville van and Debra's parent's pop-up camper trailer. While the two families camped and enjoyed playing and visiting, Gawain and I and our older sons, Matt, Greg, Douglas and David made our way down the Canyon following the same path I had made years before. We each carried our back-packs and camped along the way, three nights in the Canyon. In the bottom of the Canyon, we took a side-trip up a side canyon to see Ribbon Falls. It was a beautiful sight in a secluded place. The second night, we camped west of Phantom Ranch near the suspension bridge in a campground. We enjoyed sitting by the Colorado River watching the rolling waters glide by, relaxing in the very warm temperature. It was so hot in the night that I slept on my pad and sleeping bag in just my undergarments. I carried a lot of the food and cooking gear. I had planned and arranged for the hike. I did most of the cooking. I really enjoyed the "Rice-a-Roni" that I fixed at Indian Gardens and so did everyone else. After getting to the top, we again arranged for a flight back over the Canyon to the North Rim. Douglas became very nauseated during the flight, so it was not a very pleasant experience for any of us. We rejoined out families with joy and satisfaction in having undertaken and achieved our great endeavor.

My next trip across the Canyon was another great adventure, this time with my Cousin Hank Nelson and his friend, Eldon. My son Douglas had died by this time, so I took David and Allen on the trip. We were driven the long route around the Canyon to the South Rim where we camped in the campground at the top of the Canyon. Arising early in the morning, we began our hike seven miles down into the Canyon to reach the river, the bridge, and the ranch. We rested and ate our lunch at Phantom Ranch, before resuming our hike eastward up the Canyon to the top. I ate a "Snickers' bar. Along the way, we met a man who was kind of boasting about the many trips he had made in the Canyon. Allen said he couldn't see any sense in doing the same thing over and over again!

Hank's friend had frozen his water, keeping it in insulated pockets. He generously shared the ice-cold water with us. It was sooo good and refreshing! Since then, I have made the same practice of freezing the drinking water before a lengthy hike. In my previous hikes, I had gone from North to South Rims. The North Rim is at the higher elevation. Now we were going from South to North, a steeper climb! And I was "running out of gas!" My knee had given out and I was in significant pain. My energy was gone, I hurt, and we had a long upward hike. So, my son David said, "grab hold of my back trouser pockets and hang on!" So I did. I grabbed on to his pockets and off he went essentially dragging me, clinging on to his britches! What strength and energy he had! And up and out of the Canyon we shot! I was amazed and grateful for the energy and kindness of my son in snatching me from the depths of Canyon.

My last trip into the main canyon was with David and his friend Steve Paulsen. Steve's Dad was kind enough to drive us all the way to the South Rim and drop us off, with the plan of picking us up on the North Rim. So down into the Canyon we went, all the way to the bottom, only to find out that the trail to the North Rim was washed out and we could not proceed, so we hiked once again to the top and miraculously made contact by calling and leaving a message for Steve's Dad at the North Rim Lodge. After making the four hour drive from South to North, he turned around and made the four hour trip from North to South. Then he drove us back in the night, again South to North, all with good cheer for another four hours! What a good man!

Supai Indian Village

While serving our mission in Las Vegas, Nevada, I took occasion to accompany my son David, now a robust teenager, into another part of the Grand Canyon, which was in the boundaries of our mission. We drove down through Henderson, Boulder, past the Hoover Dam down to Kingman, Arizona, then over to Peach Springs, part of the Havasupai Indian Reservation, over to Hilltop and then hiked seven miles down into the Canyon to Supai, the Indian village in the bottom of the Canyon. Hiking further, we visited the beautiful, lush series of famous water falls including Navajo Falls, Havasu Falls and the famous Mooney Falls. We hiked down to each falls, using the chains driven into the rock face for support and guidance. David went swimming in the pools under each of the falls. We camped for the night in the small campground near the village in the bottom of the Canyon. It was long and difficult hiking out of the Canyon, back up to Hilltop. I was so exhausted, I could hardly function. Fortunately, David, with his great strength, helped me and drove all the way home to Las Vegas, while I slept in the car on the way.

A few years later, after returning home from Nevada, my son Allen, who was struggling with depression, asked me to take him to see the beautiful pools, Lilly pond flowers, and falls of Havasupai. We drove from Provo to the old familiar route to Hilltop. We hiked again down to the bottom of the Canyon. He stood there looking at the beauty of the fresh verdant pools and blue cascades. A sadness and feeling of despair was in his countenance. The small campground had expanded into a half of a mile stretch with numerous hikers and campers in tents and sleeping bags. A helicopter was now flying visitors in and out of the Canyon every few hours. It was sad to see the commercialized change that had taken place. It was the middle of the summer and very hot. After sleeping through the night, we arose early in the morning and began our hike out of the Canyon before it got very hot. It was a long pull, the sun came up bringing the heat. It swelled to well over 100 degrees. I learned later that a young boy scout had expired with heat stroke down in the Canyon near Phantom Ranch. As we came to the steepest part of the hike out of the canyon, Allen's strength began to fail

him and he was suffering from the heat. I tried to keep him hydrated by drinking water and Gater-Aid, but he continued to struggle. I knew we were in serious trouble and we pulled off the trail and crept under a small rock canopy to rest from the heat and ascent. We knelt in prayer and asked the Lord to help us, especially Allen. Not 30 seconds after we finished our prayer, we saw a young Indian boy coming down the trail on a horse with two empty horses tied following behind, I asked the boy if he would help us by returning up the trail to the top. I think I gave him $25.00 and said I would give him another $25 at the top. So we got on the horses and pulled out of the Canyon within just a few minutes. I knew full well, as I think Allen knew, that the Lord had answered our prayer. We drove back to Kingman, hauled ourselves into a motel room, and slept for hours. All the while, I was trying to get Allen to drink, drink, drink! The Lord saved my son that day.

Timpanogos Trails

There are many trails surrounding and in the vicinity of Mount Timpanogos. On one occasion, I hiked with Gene Hill up Battle Creek Canyon, from Pleasant Grove up to Sagebrush Flat on the plateau just above the foothills of Timp. We observed the beautiful falls about a mile up the trail. On the flat, heading south, we descended down Dry Canyon to Orem.

On another occasion, David, Amy and I hiked up Dry Canyon. It was overcast, and a hard hike, one of Amy's first. It was difficult for all of us. Another time, with the scouts, we hiked from Timpooneke on the road around the mountain, camping for the night on Sage Brush Flat. We ran out of water and had to filter from a meager spring. David joined us all the way from Provo on his mountain bike to help us. He was a hero for the whole group. We came down Battle Creek Canyon.

Another time, I made the same journey from Timpooneke, but went all the way hiking up the steep trail to the saddle behind Big Baldy, and then down going southeast, joining the Great Western Trail and descending to Bridal Veil Falls. On a later occasion David and Terry, now a full adults and I hiked up Dry Creek Canyon, then taking a left hiking straight up the ridge to the top of Big Baldy. We came rejoicing down the back spine and eventually coming back down the original trail.

I made one of the biggest hiking mistake of my life when I invited Gene to accompany me on a hike from Timpooneke around the mountain to go down Battle Creek. It was during Saturday April General Conference. It was my pattern to take a good hike on Conference Saturday, listening to the sessions on the radio while hiking. I thought that it would be a pleasant spring hike in the beautiful mountains. I confused myself thinking the conditions would be similar to the

autumn. I hadn't realized that there would be so much snow. Confronting this, I decided to go forward, hiking all the way up the road from the locked gate, to Timpooneke, and then beginning our trek on the snow-covered trail around the mountain. The snow was crusted and easy to walk on at first. But, as the day warmed, the snow became soft and we began sinking in with every step. Instead of turning back, we forged ahead, a big mistake. It became very tough slogging. Gene's boots were not insulated or water-proofed. He began getting frostbite on his unprotected feet. I felt so bad, but there was no turning back. We waded on sinking with every step into the deep snow. We became exhausted and our energy and spirits were waning. We considered our need to try to get some help from air life-flight, but Gene said, he would rather die on the mountain than die from a public rescue. We said a prayer and plodded on until we finally reached the Battle Creek Canyon trail where the snow diminished as we descended, finally reaching our car and relief to return home. I felt so badly for what I had done to my pal, Gene. A few days later, I bought him a very good and expensive pair of insulated hiking boots. I don't think that Joan, his wife has ever forgiven me!

American Fork Canyon Trails

There are many other trails I hiked from time to time. I drove to the summit parking lot on the Alpine Loop a few times. I hiked east along the Ridge Trail, over to the Mill Canyon trail, which eventually came to a wonderful view over American Fork Canyon. I made several trips hiking from Silver Lake Reservoir above Tibble Fork Reservoir, up to Silver Lake. One of these trips was with my brother John. He unknowingly took a photograph of a big moose standing in the meadow with her young moose. With my son David, his son Jack and my son "T", I hiked to Silver Lake where they all had a refreshing swim

To Silver Lake

in the Lake. I also took hikes up the Lame Horse trail and loop into the meadows under the cliffs of Timp. Over many years, I hiked from Stewart Falls to Aspen Grove. The last couple of years, I hiked from Aspen Grove on up the trail to the summit parking lot and then back, a roundtrip distance of about 12 miles. I can't recall the number of times I hiked with family and friends up to the Timpanogos Cave National Monument. The last time was with my grandson Tommy. The Cave is an old friend to me.

Box Elder Peak

With all of the scouts, we hiked from Granite Flats in American Fork Canyon, up to the saddle, overlooking the granite mountains to the north. We gazed west to Lone Peak and south to Box Elder Peak. Carrying heavy backpacks, arriving at the ridge, I was very weary. It was getting dark and I could hardly set up my tent. After looking up at Box Elder Peak, I vowed that someday, I would climb to the top. The next morning, we descended down the trail west to the trailhead at Alpine. Years later, and probably my last major hike, at age 71, I climbed to the top of Box Elder Peak with my son Terry. We hiked in the afternoon, camped on the ridge for the night and then ascended to the top, a six mile hike up. It was glorious—the view, the achievement! Coming down was difficult. I have lost a lot a balance and I fell a few times.

Lone Peak

Another great thrill and ordeal of my hiking life was to climb up to the top of Lone Peak, overlooking magnificent vistas in Utah and Salt Lake Counties. Standing on the pinnacle of the peak, one looks straight down hundreds of feet on three sides, not a view for the faint of heart. My first trip was with my brother-in-law Tug Wagstaff and my two sons, Douglas and David. We hiked from the Alpine side to the two Hamongog's (plateaus) and then on past Lake Hardy, (which I missed seeing). We went up the wrong slide canyon, very steep! We went down the other side into the enormous basin, where we found a place to camp on very rocky ground. Having missed the route to the top, Doug, Dave and I went up, climbing again the cliffs to the top. It was getting late and quite dark and I knew that we needed to return shortly. We were just 200 yards from the summit peak, and I couldn't go any further. Doug and I stayed behind, while young David, about twelve years old, went on by himself. We waited for him and then went down to our camp exhausted. During the night, the coyotes howled. I felt like we were in the middle of an Alaskan wilderness. The next day, we hiked down Bell Canyon to Draper. It was a terribly difficult ordeal coming down, bouldering most of the way. Another year, I hiked to the top with my sons. Douglas made the trip a few more times. Years later, Terry made the ascent by himself. It is a monumental achievement for any hiker!

Other Mountains and Hikes

One year, I took another hike with my friend Gene and we hiked up to the top of Mount Olympus in the Salt Lake area. It was a steep and difficult hike, impressive but not as beautiful as other hikes we made together. Another time, in the winter, Gene and I drove out to West Mountain and made a short hike, then drove over to Lincoln Beach, around the mountain. We stopped briefly and walked out onto the frozen Utah Lake west of the mountain. The sun shown on the ice and on the barren but golden west side of the mountain.

With Gene and Jason Mitchell, another MTC colleague, we hiked up the long trail to the top of Spanish Fork Peak. At the top, we looked down into Spanish Fork Canyon. It was another long and exhausting hike. After returning, we refreshed ourselves with milkshakes at the BYU Creamery.

Gene and I drove up the Nebo Loop and stopped at the trailhead and began our hike on Conference Saturday on the trail leading to the summit of Mount Lopher. A distant cousin who had made the hike, called it a "walk-a-walka!" The trail weaved and climbed forever, finally leveling off at the top of a long plateau. We walked on, dipping down into a bowl and then climbing again to the summit. I liked hiking with Gene because he didn't talk a lot and we had long periods of quiet and silence. A long but great hike! On the way driving down the canyon, I got a flat tire on my Jeep which I replaced in my very "tired" condition. I think we got home in time for Priesthood Meeting.

At the Top of Mount Loafer

Again on a Conference Saturday, I parked my jeep and hiked all the way up the north ridge of West Mountain. The BYU astronomy observatory was located at the top. I then walked all the way down the gravel road. It was a fun independent hike!

King's Peak

I accompanied the varsity and older scouts with my son Terry to hike up King's Peak in the Uintah mountains. We drove into Wyoming and through Fort Bridger to the trailhead. We hiked about eight miles the first day to Dollar Lake. The next morning, we traversed through Gunsight Pass and then on up to the summit. It started to rain and lightning at the top so we did not linger and we made a hasty retreat back down the mountain. I took a shortcut down through the boulders and fell, almost killing myself! I was really tired and slept well in my tent that night. The next two days, we continued to hike to some beautiful lakes and meadows traveling some fifty miles total. The sun glittering from the reflections on the lakes in the late afternoon gave me joyful feelings.

Scott's Pond and Archie's Loop

During the last few years, during one of my weeks in the Canyon and our cabin, I would take off alone with a good lunch, hike up to the Stewart Falls, stop and meditate for a few moments, then take the south trail up to Dry Lake. Some years, I would hike up to the top of the mountain overlooking Vivian Park in the Provo Canyon below. Then return and follow one of the two trails down to Scott's Pond, have lunch and then travel around Archie's Loop overlooking the North Fork, and hike into Sundance, and then on up the road to our cabin. I would end my journey with a cold root beer.

Zions Bryce, Arches National Parks and Southern Utah

What awesome places! I loved hiking in the parks. I went up to Angel's Landing a few times. I hiked up to Observation Point several times, once, alone, once with Amy and twice with Terry. We hiked a little way up the Narrows. With my friends Gene Hill and Jason Mitchell, and my daughter Amy, we hiked the Subway in Zion's Park. I hiked down to Calf Creek Falls twice with the scouts and went jumping off the rocks into the pool below. We hiked through Goblin Valley on several occasions. I hiked up Little Horseshoe Canyon, Spooky and other slot canyons. I have made several trips into Arches National Park, in my view, a hiking man's paradise! What a varied and beautiful world we live in!

Readers of this chapter will note that I have hiked with many family and friends, but often I would hike alone, by myself. My brother has counseled me many times, especially in my later years, to not hike alone. On my trips, I would often sing out to myself all of the verses of the hymn, "How Great Thou Art!" I have had some very wonderful wilderness spiritual experiences, especially in

preparation for our call to serve in the Philippines. How many visits into the canyons and tops of the mountains I have had? I have been protected and comforted in my sacred wilderness places. I have traveled when I have been so tired, in pain, and even exhausted, that I could hardly take another step. Yet, by pressing on, I have learned that I can do hard things!

I have often thought that hiking and surmounting a mountain top is such a great metaphor for life! By continuing on in spite of the pain and weariness, one can reach the summit, or pass the ordeal. One must continue continuing on, to the end. That last little bit of effort to the top with the thin air, the lungs grasping for oxygen, and the muscles crying out for rest, seems almost insurmountable. But then, miraculously, suddenly and even surprisingly, I am there!

In the Uintah Mountains

In my mountain retreats, I sometimes have the same spiritual feelings flood over me as I have in the "Mountain of the Lord's House." When I can no longer hike, I can enter into His holy temple! I suppose that I will have to curtail my lone outings and travel accompanied by others. Of late, I have particularly enjoyed hiking with my faithful and patient son, Terry, a real hiker who has

climbed all of the mountains and peaks I have climbed and more. "Let Us All Press On." Joseph Smith exclaimed so eloquently:

> *...shall we not go on in so great a cause? Go forward and not backward. "Courage, and on, on to the victory! Let your hearts rejoice, and be exceedingly glad. Let the earth break forth into singing. ...Let the mountains shout for joy, and all ye valleys cry aloud; and all ye seas and dry lands tell the wonders of your Eternal King! And ye rivers, and brooks, and rills, flow down with gladness. Let the woods and all the trees of the field praise the Lord; and ye solid rocks weep for joy! And let the eternal creations declare his name forever and ever!* (Doctrine and Covenants 128:22-23).

TWENTY-FOUR

My Homes

I have shared my experiences in my boyhood home on the hill. When I decided to get married, I "saw that it was needful for me to obtain another place of residence" (Abraham 1:1). We found a new apartment on the bottom floor of a new two-bedroom four-plex apartment located at 171 East 1600 North in Orem. I found it disturbing to realize that I was moving from Provo to Orem. But it seemed the right thing to do, to leave "father and mother" and to start a new life in a new place.

The most important thing for me in setting up my new home was to buy some pine wooden planks, which I stained walnut, some bricks, and then to build my large book case in the living room area. Debra had a beautiful maple bedroom set. We soon found that we were going to have our first child. We purchased a bright white crib and Debra sewed a beautiful light blue checked mattress cover and quilt. We had a gorgeous embroidered bedspread. We received as a gift a little mobile put on the head of the crib. Little Douglas Dixon was born into our first little apartment home. For several months, we used an orange crate for our dining table, while we sat on the floor for our meals. After a while, we purchased on installments, a kitchen table and chairs from Southeast Furniture.

I would frequently walk west about a fourth of a mile to shoot basketballs in the outside church court. Debra was a full-time BYU student while I was working in my first job in the Placement Center at BYU. I was called to serve in a BYU student ward bishopric, so we were very busy during the time in our first home. I took into our new home the small 14" black and white TV which we had in my home since I was a boy. We had very poor reception because we didn't have an antenna and could only get about one fuzzy station.

Every day I would drive in my VW to our new little home for lunch with Debra. I loved the fruit cocktail cake she made with brown sugar. Nearly every morning, early, I would jog around the neighborhood. One morning I ran all the way south on Orem Main Street which entered north Provo and the Grandview area. It was a place of many fruit orchards but now beginning to burgeon with new homes.

After one year in our Orem apartment, my enterprising wife Debra began thinking and promoting the notion of purchasing a home of our own. In 1972, she found a one-year old rambler three-bedroom home with an unfinished basement. It had a carport and a gaslight lamp in the front yard. The backyard was

unfinished. Well, we made arrangements and bought it for a mortgage of $24,000. I made an income of about $8,000 per year. We began making improvements little by little, here and there. It had an impressive brown flat stone fireplace which we soon converted to a gas log. We put in a lawn in the back yard and planted some fruit trees. We built a small shed on the south side. We changed the carport into a garage with a very nice dining room addition on the west side, with two bookcases of course. We put a gate on the south entrance way to the back yard and a redwood deck off the new dining room. We painted and wallpapered. Debra's father, Douglas Wagstaff helped us finish framing the basement and applying warm wood walnut paneling. We built two more bedrooms and a spacious bathroom, laundry room, storage room, and large family room, with bookcases and an entertainment center along the north wall. We installed a red and black shag carpet.

Our First Home - Grandview

We put in a large Woodsman wood-burning stove to be self-sufficient. Of course, I placed book cases along the north wall. We also installed a brick pillar fence with wooden painted rails. Upstairs one day, Debra took a hammer to the north wall of our living room and started smashing a big hole in the wall. Soon, she carved out a space and we built and inserted a wood frame folding door leading into the small bedroom which was now converted to a warm, comfortable computer-office-study room, lined of course with bookcases. So, we placed great pride in our first home as new homes were being constructed all around us. We walked just two blocks to the north to the "pink" church where we attended all of our meetings. After a couple of years, a new brown church was built three blocks to the south of us.

We lived in our home raising all of our six children from 1972 to 1990, living, learning, and loving each other, suffering and rejoicing with so many

events. We sold our home for significant profit when we were called to serve a mission in the Nevada Las Vegas Mission.

Just a few months prior to our call, we entered into a joint venture in St. George, Utah, with Debra's parents to purchase a new and beautiful two-story home with beige brick, white siding and blue trim. In the venture, we had four generations participate in the enterprise: Debra's Grandmother Verda Liedtke, her parents, Debra and I, and our children. We were determined to find a place in the desert climate which would be conducive to better health for our children. My Mother Celestia helped us by providing a sizable loan, which we paid back after selling our Provo home. We were very grateful to her for her support and generosity, and the encouragement of all of our extended family. The home bordered on an expansive park and near a large golf course in Bloomington Hills, St. George, Utah. When I visited, sometimes on weekends, I loved to go jogging around the park and the golf course, seeing the little jack rabbits inhabiting the surrounding trees and bushes. I found solace and peace in this new environment.

Debra's Parents at Our new St. George Home

I frequently hiked up to the top of the large hill overlooking the valley, or riding my bicycle around the mountain to the south of St. George. The home was beautiful, bright and cheerful. Mother Wagstaff and Debra installed and decorated the walls, the carpets, the woodwork with blended pastel colors of the desert. Father Wagstaff worked very hard to expand, landscape and enlarge the home making it a very inviting and restful oasis. He installed a white painted iron fence on the property bordering the park, a large deck with a hot tub and Jacuzzi, an extra bedroom, an upper deck and other improvements. For several years, it became a retreat for our family. Our son Douglas lived there for a year with his grandparents while attending Dixie College in St. George, while we were in Las Vegas.

In July of 1990, we moved our family and household to a beautiful home on Forest Crest Lane in Las Vegas, Nevada in a walled housing neighborhood between east Tropicana and Flamingo Avenues. It contained a large master

bedroom with a walk-in closet (which Elder L. Tom Perry used as his prayer room when he visited his wife Barbara and her father, President Dayton, a former NVLV mission president), a small office, with which I adorned some of my special books, and my dinosaur IBM computer, another small bedroom which Amy occupied and filled up the room with her doll house and her *Barbie* dolls. There was also a large family room and kitchen area, a beautiful and comfortable living room. We held our missionary leadership luncheons, our welcoming breakfasts for the new missionaries, and the farewell banquets for departing missionaries in the family room. We held our final testimony meetings in the living room. There was another large family room or bedroom earlier converted from a garage. I remember coming home from the office one afternoon to lie on the bed in the converted room with Terry and Amy and watch *Mary Poppins*.

The property had a high stucco wall surrounding the home with a swimming pool in the back yard with a lawn. I went swimming only a few times during the three years we lived there. One morning there was an earthquake in California and I saw the pool water splashing and thrashing with the disturbance. There were a few olive trees in the front and back yard. I installed a basketball standard on the west side of the property on the street for my son Allen and any others. Nearly every morning, I awoke about 5:00 a.m. and walked or jogged around the entire neighborhood, about one mile. Occasionally, my youngest son Terry ("T") would accompany me by riding his little bike. The mission office was about a mile away; I always drove my nice new Pontiac Bonneville president's mission car to the office. I found much peace and rest in this beautiful home from the busy and hectic schedule of the mission. We were very grateful for this pleasant and to us, luxurious home, provided for us by the Church, while we served our mission for three years.

Having sold our Provo home, we knew we would need to find or build a new home upon our return from our mission. We had always wanted to build our "dream" home. We had purchased a large lot in Mr. Jensen's orchard behind our former home, the first to buy, but the last to build in the cul-de-sac developed from the property. Debra had taken her pencil, paper and ruler and had drawn up a complete sketch for the design of the new house. She figured the dimensions, the plumbing, electrical, appliances the kitchen and everything else. She contacted a draftsman who drew up the official plans and blue prints. She contacted David Hardy, a friend, neighbor, builder and real estate broker to help build our home. And he did!

David built our home, sight-unseen, for we were busy in Nevada. I had very little to do with the entire enterprise. Debra and David would communicate regularly over the telephone to discuss the progress and the details of the construction. The home's building was a miracle and we are ever grateful to

David for his support and expertise. I regularly examined the photographs of the house as it was progressing. After our return, we lived with Debra's parents for a

Our New Provo Home 1993

few weeks until the home was completed. Our home was located in the Grandview hill area, just a short distance east from the very hilltop farm owned by my Grandfather Taylor and where my Dad was raised doing arduous farm work so many years ago. The hill was now completely covered with homes.

I loved running and walking around the Grandview hill area and down along the Provo River trail, making a large loop on back to our home. How many hours, how many miles, did I spend in the early morning, on warm afternoons, and in the twilight evening hours, thinking, pondering, praying and pursuing my dreams.

Our Grandview Home 2016

We lived in our home for several years finding much comfort, security and happiness. Debra and I filled the house with light and with books! I had a place for my many books, my files, my music, my dvd's and other collections.

Shamefully, I have laid up my treasures on earth where "moth and rust doth corrupt." But I have also discovered many treasures in heaven. This home has provided a great blessing to our family; it has brought much joy and rest to us over the years. We lived in a ward, a neighborhood, a stake, a community filled with good and great people. We believe that the Lord helped us build this house.

Again, we have lived after the manner of happiness!

A Prayer, A Blessing, and An Ordinance of Dedication
For the Home and Household
Of George Terry and Debra Sue Wagstaff TAYLOR

Thanksgiving Day, November 23, 2000

Oh God, our Heavenly Father, we as a family kneel together to perform a very privileged and special ordinance provide by possession of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood.

And thus, by this power and authority and in the sacred and hallowed Name of Jesus Christ, we now dedicate and consecrate this beautiful home for the effective performance of its heavenly designed function.

We dedicate and bless the foundation, the walls, the footings, the brick, the siding, the mortar, the furnishings, the windows, the roof, and all of the utilities and functions of this, our home, to be preserved and protected in times of climatic stress—in times of wind and hail, and storm. That the storms which beat upon our house may not harm it nor destroy it; that it may be protected and kept safe—a haven and a security to those who will dwell therein.

We bless this home and household, that it may be a place of peace and rest and especially of love and consideration. That there may be no contention or evil enter into its portals, that it may be a place of refuge and goodness, is our prayer of dedication.

We pray that the people who come here may feel of Thy Spirit and know that this is a sacred temple for our family—a place for the development of our family's kingdom here upon the earth—to be a part of Thine eternal Kingdom.

We bless our family, our children, our loved ones, those who are here anmd those who are not here. For the dear children who have come here to be a part of this eternal home: Douglas, David, Anna, Allen, Amy and Terry and other special guests who come here. We pray that they may enjoy the Spirit of the Lord.

We thank thee for the blessings of this home, Our Father in Heaven, and for providing it to us. Our heritage is rich and full. We acknowledge the spiritual and temporal gifts provided to us by our own beloved parents and grandparents. We know the procurement of this beautiful earthly dwelling is a gift from Thee and from our fore-bearers. It is a tangible evidence of the blessings reaped from obedience to the Law of Tithing.

We pray that we may treasure this temple-home—to keep it sacred, holy and pure—that it may continue to be a place of beauty, or order, of love and of learning.

For these and for all of the blessings that we enjoy, we express our gratitude. We seal this blessing upon this earthly home, that it may be a spiritual place and a blessing to us and to those who will continue to abide here.

We perform this ordinance and ask this blessing humbly in the name of our Savior, Jesus Christ, Amen.

Blessing Given by George T. Taylor, Father and High Priest

TWENTY-FIVE

Philippines Missionary Training Center

I had been employed by BYU and the Missionary Training Center from June 1971 to 2010, thus completing thirty-nine years of professional work. I was looking forward to finishing forty years and getting my 40-year certificate. I was sixty-six years old. If I mentioned retirement to Debra, she would say, "Don't even think about it until you are seventy!" I had been told by a few of my colleagues that someday I could be called to preside over one of the Church's fifteen missionary training centers. Of course, I always tried to put it out of my mind. One never seeks nor declines a sacred calling from the Lord.

One afternoon, in July 2010, I was sitting in my comfortable, pleasant book-lined office, just contemplating and doing emails, etc., when I received an outside call coming from the Church Administration Building. As mentioned in Chapter Seventeen, Elder Jeffrey R. Holland's secretary asked if I and Sister Taylor could come and meet with Elder Holland the next week. I wondered what the meeting could be but it was natural that I began surmising that we might receive a call to serve and preside over an MTC. I did not speak a second language. Besides Provo, there were three other English-speaking MTC's in the world: Preston England, Philippines, and New Zealand. I had been assigned for three years to provide video conference training for all three centers. I had made two annual trips to New Zealand and to the Philippines. I had been to England twice to open the newly designated London Missionary Training Center and to train the first class of missionaries. This MTC was located in the old Manor House next to the London Temple. After a few years the London MTC was phased out and replaced by the new MTC in Preston, England, next to the beautiful new Preston England Temple. I had tutored President and Sister Clarence Robison in the Provo MTC as the first president of the Preston MTC.

Later, Anna my daughter, was in the first group of missionaries from America to attend the Preston MTC. She served under my friends from the Provo MTC, President Norman and Kay White. I also visited England twice to pilot the new Preach My Gospel missionary guide in the England Birmingham and Manchester missions. I loved England, the land of my family ancestors. Could it be possible that I might be called to serve in England once again? The notion was thrilling and my anticipation started building.

I wore my nice white shirt, black suit, black golden striped tie and polished shoes. We parked in the underground lot of the Church Office Building. Debra and I met Security and were directed to Elder Holland's office.

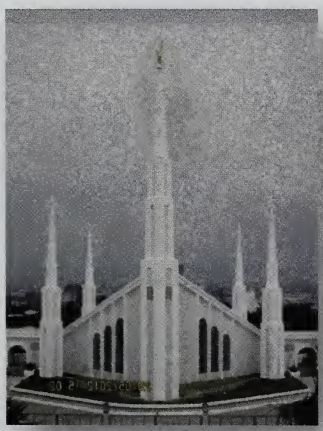
Upon entering, we were greeted warmly by Elder Holland and by Elder Richard G. Hinckley, the Executive Director of the Missionary Department. We visited briefly recalling past associations and memories. He was so friendly, warm and positive as was Elder Hinckley. For several months, I surmised that I might someday be called to preside over a missionary training center. Several of my close MTC colleagues had hinted to me that I would someday be called to preside. After all, I had been a British missionary, opened the London MTC and trained the first classes, had gone to England twice to help pilot the new Preach My Gospel manual in the Manchester and Birmingham test missions. I had trained and visited twice the New Zealand and Philippines MTCs, and had conducted training for two years with their teachers, via video conference. I also noted that the time was approaching for a new England Preston MTC president to be called.

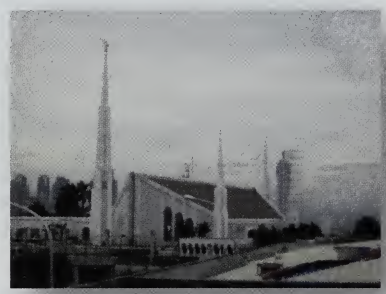
So in great anticipation, we sat there on the chairs facing him when he said, "So, Brother Taylor, we call you to preside over [here comes a call to England!] the Philippines Missionary Training Center!" I just went into semi-shock, if not cardiac arrest and nearly fell off my chair and gasped thinking to myself! "Oh no." This can't be happening! That's not where I want to go! I've been there!" I think the Brethren could see my slight dismay. Elder Holland said in his jovial way, "Oh, don't worry Brother Taylor! We'll take care of you. We'll make sure you get a Fresca and a Snickers bar every month!" We all laughed. Then Elder Hinckley said, "Well, Brother and Sister Taylor, you go home tonight and think about it and let us know what your decision is tomorrow or after." I looked at Debra; she looked at me. I said, "We don't have to think about it. We'll be ready to go wherever you want to send us. We accept!" I could tell that he was gratified in our answer. Elder Hinckley told us that they were in the process of expanding and building a new much larger MTC. It was under construction and would be completed sometime in April or May 2011. He sent us pictures of the renditions of the new training center, along with architectural blue prints. I studied these incessantly and we were excited about assisting in the installation of the beautiful and new Philippines Missionary Training Center.

In January 2011, we enjoyed attending the MTC Presidents and Visitors' Center Director's Seminar. Elder Holland, Chairman of the Missionary Council, was the featured speaker at the MTC Devotional after which, he set me apart. Elder Rusty Snow, a manager director in the Missionary Department set Debra apart. We had our family with us--Debra's father, my brother John and wife Catherine, and our children, Amy and Steve McCall, Anna and Terry. During the departure dinner the next evening, in the Joseph Smith Memorial Building, I was called upon to give the invocation. We were seated next to Elder Holland and had a pleasant visit.

We had been requested to depart early in order to arrive at an opportune time in the Philippines for brief training. So we had to leave the banquet early, be shuttled to the airport in a blinding snow storm. I missed my dessert! The flight was delayed in order to de-ice the wings. It was a cold dark, bleak night for our departure from Salt Lake City. We would be gone from our home and family for two years! So, off we went to the Philippines for the most exhilarating and happy experiences of our entire lives together. It was the perfect place among the perfect people for us to serve.

We flew to San Francisco and then to Hong Kong before our final flight leg to Manila. We were greeted by President Robert Kennerley, Brothers Raul Villanueva, the Philippines MTC Manager of Training and Operations, and Armando Pachano, the Supervisor of Support Services. We drove through the myriad streets of Manila to the MTC in Quezon City which I had visited twice before. The large Area Office complex was in the same location, adjacent but just north of the MTC building. The beautiful Philippines temple was located directly to the east across the busy street. The temple housing facility was parallel but to the south.





The Philippines Manila Temple

I quote several entries from our "Messages From Manila."

"Our apartment is small but comfortable. We are located on the 3rd floor of the MTC—the same floor as the sisters. The elders are on the 2nd floor. All of our meals are provided, breakfast, lunch, dinner and two snack times! Quite a lot of meat dishes and always rice! Not as much fish as we thought but a lot of chicken [and pork]."[1]

"Last Saturday, we drove out into Metro Manila. With 20,654,437 or so people, there seemed to be at least that many cars—all bumper to bumper. It is not so frightening to drive except that I don't know where I'm going or where anything is!"[2]

"We see the spacious tall gleaming sky-scrapers rising out of the congested complex city—almost erupting in clusters. Reaching upwards to the heavens, like towers of Babel, they silently assert modern splendor—their proud appearance dominating premier prominent places.

Metropolitan Manila

"The numerous shopping malls are almost endless in their display of today's fashions, the stylish trends of the world at large. On the main streets are gigantic billboards, Las Vegas style, promoting the proud appearance of contemporary Babylon.

"There is such a dichotomy and contrast in the city, between the rich and poor, between the modern and historic, between the gleaming, reaching sky-scrapers and the small patched up hovel. It is a country teaming with energy, desiring to explode into greatness! The spirit of the Lord is working hard to uplift the people."[3]

Kids and a Carabao
(Philippines Water Buffalo)

Yet, within the burgeoning city of 21 million and beyond is a people streaming humility and faith. Of the tragic stories of abuse and compulsion through the influence of the "universal" church planted here by the Spaniards centuries ago, there lingers a people of faith, of family, of belief in the Lord Jesus. The Philippines is the only Asian Christian nation. They are polite, reverent and respectful people!

"I'm still having difficulties maneuvering the driving here in Manila. My eye-hand coordination, my hearing, my eyesight, my nerves—all are deteriorating with my advanced age (!) and it takes a really sharp person to thread the needle through this incredibly and horrendous traffic! It's a real thrill (scare?)![4]

I am told the three rules for successful driving in Manila are 1) Bigger is better! 2) Fill in the blanks! 3) Don't look back! I added a few more, one of which is, Avoid crocadiles (independent police who'll catch you for anything and take away your license)!

"The flowers are blooming harder. The shrubs and trees are blossoming. The foliage is greener. The air pollution and the Manila smog is getting thicker day-by-day! The cars, buses and huge number of SUV's in Metro-Manila multiplies every week exponentially. It's going to be a beautiful season!"[5]

The total capacity of the current Philippines Missionary Training Center was eighty total missionaries. The new Center would accommodate two hundred and twenty. For a year and a half I would push back on Missionary Headquarters because they would keep sending more missionaries than we could handle in the current facility. Sometimes, we would ask the temple leaders if we could house missionaries in the temple housing annex. When they could, they would help us, sometimes not. The number of missionaries assigned to attend the PMTC continued to swell. New missionaries arrived in "batches" every three weeks.

Missionaries were assigned to the PMTC for their training from the following countries: The Philippines (21missions), Taiwan, Hong Kong, Thailand, Vietnam, Cambodia, Indonesia, Singapore, Sri Lanka, Guam, Pakistan, India, Mongolia, even Australia, mainland China, and the Polynesian islands—

A Typical Batch (Class)

essentially all of the countries of Asia, with the exception of Japan and South Korea.

The Philippines Missionary Training Center becomes a "launching pad" for missionaries to fly off into many of the corners of Asia and the Oriental Far East! It will become increasingly important as the Lord spreads the gospel to every nation, kindred, tongue and people.

These are the peoples of the isles of the sea. There are 7,000 islands in the Philippines. The Lord loves these people near the equator, and He has "promises to keep!" And so do we![6] "We have a melting pot here and sometimes it simmers

The Purpose of Missionary Work

right over with love and with the Spirit of God! This "batch" had a large contingent of Filipino missionaries going to the missions in the Philippines. But we also had eight missionaries from India and eleven from Mongolia. The blending of these young people from vastly different cultures, climates and diets is amazing. Why, it's like getting Gandhi and Genghis together! But the gospel and the love of the Lord bridges all boundaries and blasts all barriers. We are all filled to overflowing with love of Jesus Christ in this special place, this beautiful land, these precious people! As they would say, "We are so much grateful!"[7]

These wonderful missionaries are so sweet and innocent, most of whom come from non-member, or broken, part-member or inactive homes. They have

such a testimony and purity about them that we weep with emotion just to be with them. One cannot describe the feelings of love and joy to witness the unfolding of the Lord's work. The Philippines is a strong foot in the future of the expansion of the church throughout Asia including China. It is a Christian—a believing nation. The people are rising up to future greatness. We feel privileged to witness a small glimpse of this."[8]

Preaching the Gospel

Typically, they have a believing humble heart—they love their children and they try to raise their families. The poverty stricken deteriorating homes and markets within the myriad streets demonstrate the enormous contrast—the gulf between two worlds within one city. The luxurious homes in their gated communities (mostly wealthy foreigners) are isolated from the "sands of the sea" population trying to scratch out a living, many of whom have moved from the Provinces where survival is challenged.

"Sister Taylor is in 7th Heaven. She is loving them and her experience and wow! Is she ever good with the missionaries! They just love her so much. She asked me this morning if there is anything at all that I would rather be doing than this? I couldn't think of a single thing."[9]

"The missionaries are so sweet, so good, so humble, so poor! This mission experience is a great opportunity for them to reach out of very difficult circumstances and lift themselves up to greater opportunities. We are subdued and humbled by them. You should hear them sing! It floods your heart with the Spirit of the Lord."[10]

As the new Philippines Missionary Training Center president, I learned that we received missionaries, not only from the Philippines but from all over the Asia. Each of the missionaries, having been called from stakes or going to missions, where there were established stakes, would be able to receive their patriarchal blessing from appropriate authority and priesthood channels. I tried to establish and enforce my policy that missionaries from stakes or going to stakes should not receive their patriarchal blessings in the MTC. "That's not our

business!" It took so much time and effort away from their training purpose, I believed.

But I soon found out that missionaries from India and Pakistan had not and would not have the opportunity to receive a patriarchal blessing. I also learned that the missionaries, from India, were not only well prepared and versed in the scriptures (much more so than those from the Philippines and the other countries), but were most assertive and adamant about getting their blessing! They would knock (bang) on the President's door daily and "demand" they receive their patriarch blessing! Frankly, I was "put off" by some of them and told them to be patient and go away until tomorrow. I relied on my MTC Counselor, Brother June Martinez, also the Philippines Temple Recorder, to arrange with some of the sealers who also served as patriarchs to come to the MTC and give the blessings. We had about 4-6 patriarchs who would give blessings to the missionaries who required them. One patriarch did about 4 or 5 blessings in one day! And they had to get them transcribed within a very short time before the missionaries would leave. It was a big and taxing job, and a burden for the MTC and I discussed this challenge openly with our Area Presidency, who were sympathetic.

In observing and arranging these meetings for the missionaries, I became very fond of these marvelous spiritual Pilipino patriarchs. The thought again came to me, "I could do that!" "I would like to do that!"

The main, or large group instruction including Sunday meetings was conducted in English. Those missionaries returning to their home countries received their classroom training by an employed teacher/trainer/interpreter (e.g. Mongolia, Cambodia, Taiwan).

"It is sure a lot of work—early morning with gym and exercise at 6:00 a.m. until 10:00 pm for a needed and appreciated sleep! ...They try to feed us to death—far too much food for my little body! I wanted to lose some weight but they are sure making it hard. And, I quite enjoy the Philippine food most of the time—except when a fish's or shrimp's eye is staring out at me! They eat a lot more meat here than I am used to—chicken, beef, pork and some fish. Many of the missionaries have never eaten so well or so much."[11]

The following schedule is typical of our Sunday activities:

8:20 Prepare for Sacrament Meeting. Theme for the Day (Week 1) Lesson 1: The Message of the Restoration; (Week 2) Lesson 2: the Plan of Salvation; (Week 3) Lesson 3: The Gospel of Jesus Christ.

9:00 Preside in Sacrament Meeting. Sister Taylor and I speak to the missionaries.

10:20 Priesthood/Relief Society. I preside and help teach in Priesthood meeting on priesthood ordinances. Sister Taylor directs Relief Society Meeting.
11:10 Missionaries hold district meetings.
12:00 Lunch
1:10 Leadership Council: Hold a leadership training meeting for all new district leaders, sister coordinators and two zone leaders. Dispense/dispurse all duties and assignments for the next three weeks. Other missionaries engage in personal study.
2:00 Companion study in the classroom
3:00 Music instruction for all missionaries. Sister Taylor trains missionaries in how to lead music for 15 minutes.
3:15 Temple Grounds Visit. Take all of the missionaries on a stroll over to the Manila Temple and enjoy the beauty of the temple for forty minutes.
4:10 Missionary Planning: I instruct all missionaries on missionary planning and goal setting principles and techniques.
5:15 Dinner
6:15 Missionary Fireside. Sister Taylor and I speak to the missionaries on varied themes. On other weeks, we invite guest speakers.
7:30 Missionary Films/DVDs: "The Message of the Restoration," and others.
9:15 Missionaries return to residence halls. Journal writing; prepare for bed.
10:00 Retire. I walk through residence halls and assure that all lights are out and all is well!

From former PMTC President Robert Kennerley, I inherited two excellent Counselors; Roberto Querido, a Church Education coordinator, and Jun Martinez, serving as the Philippines Temple Recorder. Debra and I became very close to them and to their wives. We went on several local excursions to the historical sites in the Manila area. We also became acquainted with Elder and Sister Riddle, from Wallsburg, near Heber, Utah, a senior couple who were called to serve in the Philippines MTC for eighteen months. Sister Riddle was a trained nurse, a BYU professor of nursing and the former director and creator of the BYU Nurse Practitioner Program. She was brilliant and very funny (sarcastic), and critical of everything including me. She would call Security in the mornings, the Area Office or anyone else if there were any problems. Through our bantering, we developed mutual respect and a good working relationship. Elder Riddle was a humble, sweet, loving and patient man. He served as our Executive Secretary to the MTC presidency. The missionaries came to love him dearly. President Querido was soon called to be a new mission president in the Philippines, so I had to gain a new counselor. I selected Julius Barrientos, who a year later was also called to be a new mission president. I seemed to be training new mission presidents.

As you can see we ran a disciplined Program in the Philippines MTC

Brother Raul Villanueva, the Manager of Training, became one of my dearest friends. We worked very closely together during our two years together. As a young man, he was a bishop, stake president, Philippines mission president, and then called as an Area Authority in the Philippines. When we arrived, he was newly assigned to his position and felt inadequate. He was in his late 30's and I in my late 60's. We learned and grew together in our callings and jobs. He was small of stature, about 5'2", like me, but a mighty giant in his leadership and training ability. The training program he directed was second to none among the fifteen MTC's in the world, including Provo. I always loved basketball and thought I was pretty good. One day we played on two teams against each other in the new PMTC Gym. We guarded each other. He had a way of moving and running his body underneath mine, and "eating my lunch," and scoring! When he traveled to General Conference as an Area Authority, we were privileged to have him stay with us in our home. He will ever be an eternal friend.

On Fast Sundays, we had our testimony meetings. I tried to help train the missionaries to keep their testimonies brief so that as many as possible could share. Sister Taylor served as the relief society president. Her two counselors were Sisters Querido and Martinez. We and our counselors took turns teaching Priesthood Meeting or Relief Society, using Preach My Gospel, Chapter Five, the Attributes Chapter, as our text. One Sunday for each "batch" I loved teaching the missionaries about the priesthood and the ordinances. We held our music practice where Debra and I taught the missionaries how to lead music. We also practiced the choir hymn we would sing on the Tuesday evening PMTC Devotional.

All of the missionaries in residence formed the choir. We selected one of the missionaries to direct the choir on Tuesday night. In the afternoon we took all of the missionaries over to the temple and gave them a brief tour of the temple grounds. Every new group, I gave the missionaries an overview or introduction to the importance of the temple upon the earth. We allowed them to linger, to visit the grounds, and to relax a little. We enjoyed dinner and all of our meals with the missionaries. In the evening, we held our Fireside Meeting. Sister Taylor

and I would speak every three weeks. We invited other speakers from the local senior missionaries like Elders and Sisters Sorensen, Boehme, Riddle, Jackson, and others on the other Sunday evenings. We collapsed in bed after a long day each Sunday night.

On Mondays I spend the time in arranging the missionary temple schedules for Tuesday, and other administrative arrangements for the week and for future incoming "batches." On Tuesday nights, I would teach the Missionary Temple Preparation Workshop to all the new missionaries. After the Workshop, I would often meet late with missionaries who disclosed belated confessions to moral indiscretions occurring before their missions. I would report each of their cases to their stake presidents and to our Infield Representative in Salt Lake Headquarters, who would discuss the case with a General Authority in the Missionary Department.

In most cases, the missionary would need to return home and be excused from their missions. This was the most difficult part of my job as the PMTC President. It was tragic to see the agony of their guilt, embarrassment and suffering. In a few cases, after a year, the missionary was able to return to their mission .

On Wednesday night, we held a banquet dinner for the visiting Area Authority who was assigned to speak at our Wednesday evening Missionary Devotional. We had wonderful experiences with these great leaders and their wives, and drew very close to them. Elder Keith R. Edwards, Michael John U. Teh, Brent H. Nielson, Ian S. Ardern became very dear friends. They were very supportive of our administration. We had other Philippines Area Seventy's visit along with two visits from members of the Asia Area Presidency.

"We know that the work of the Lord is proceeding here and throughout the world. We feel his abiding and loving spirit continually. We sense the power of his spirit pervading, permeating, abiding in the hearts of these wonderful sweet innocent unlearned weak young missionaries who "will thrash the nations" by his power!"[12]

On Thursdays, we went to the temple with the missionaries. We had them go on a staggered schedule in waves. Sister Taylor and I would go with one of the waves and usually serve as the witness couple. In the afternoon, the missionaries had their preparation day. Every three weeks, we had to help the departing missionaries get all of their travel plans, and tickets, have them clean their rooms and get ready to depart the MTC to their various missions throughout Asia. This night for me, was always the most stressful time of the MTC experience.

After all of the missionaries departed on Thursday morning, every three weeks, Debra and I, the Riddles or the Jackson's would take off for a needed rest and recuperation time. Our favorite places to go were to Sonya's Garden in Tagaytay and to Hidden Valley Springs, Laguna, usually a four hour drive. Sonya's was located in a beautiful tropical area but Sonya had created an English garden paradise. Each bungalow had beautiful linens and curtains and English decor. I would open the windows with the rain falling down outside with a gentle breeze and take a long nap on the bed adjacent to the window. Hidden Valley Springs had comfortable small cottages located conveniently in a tropical paradise. A pleasant walk took us to several glorious warm spring pools where we would soak and swim and greatly relax. A little hike through the jungle took us to a magnificent waterfall. The surroundings reminded me of the early films used in the temples showing gorgeous places in this beautiful earth. We rested Thursday afternoon, evening and Friday morning, and then back to the office to prepare to receive a new batch of missionaries on Saturday morning.

After two months, we visited several local historic sites which enriched our understanding and appreciation of the Philippines and its history.

- Fort Santiago, the original old fort established by the original Spaniards to withstand attacks from foreign invaders, later used by the Japanese conquerers during WWII to incarcerate prisoners.
- Manila Cathedral , the first Spanish cathedral built in the 14th century, destroyed by fire, hail, earthquake, and war several times to the present.
- St. Augustin, an ornate elaborate Catholic church displaying the gold, silver, art, ceremony and decadence resulting from the great apostasy.
- Old Spanish City. The Spanish home-compound of the ruling classes during the 17,th 18,th and 19th Centuries—the art, furniture, culture, life-style of the Spanish conquerors of the Philippines.
- Rizal, the home and place of martyrdom of Rizal, the Philippine's national hero.
- The Bataan Peninsula, the place of the famous death-march of the American and Philippine prisoners taken during the first part of WWII when the Japanese conquered the land.
- The Island of Corregidor, The final defense against the Japanese. Our words cannot sufficiently describe the tragic emotional history of the suffering and sacrifices which occurred on this tiny island and Bataan during the War.
- The Ayala Museum. Located in Makati, the major and modern business and economic center of Manila. The Museum display the history, culture, art and artifacts of the Philippines.

With the arrival of a new batch, we put each missionary through a battery of tests, exams, interviews and immunizations. We checked their health including exposure to tuberculosis. Some had malnutrition, dental problems and other

nutritional needs. I was reminded of my early elementary school days when I was struck with mortal fear in my heart by being coerced into having a needle, an inoculation, an immunization shot!

Here in the Philippines, we see those days repeated over and over—an endless cycle of terror and torture striking the hearts of these amazing young innocents with overwhelming torment! Oh, the dread, the anguish, the agonizing anticipation of having the nurse put that needle into their arm! The Church is providing, at significant expense, an array of immunizations and pills to these young missionaries to prevent and protect them from severe illness. While in the PMTC, the missionaries receive Tetanus, Typhoid, MMR, Chicken Pox, Hepatitis A & B—7 shots total! Add to that several pills over three weeks which we must almost hold them down to administer! Can you imagine the suffering we inflicted upon these child-like mortals, most of whom have never had a shot in their lives!

Ouch!

Sister Lana Riddle, a superbly qualified nurse practitioner becomes the executioner! One morning, I had one handsome, smart missionary come skulking into the President's Office to hide behind the door in order to avoid getting shot! It was like getting shot at sunrise! To witness the pain and phobia engulfing them after the shots! They hold their arms grimacing in sorrow and suffering for hours as if a near fatal wound has been inflicted![13]

My counselors and their wives assisted in the process. After their recommendations, I selected the district leaders, sister leaders and assistants to the President. After lunch, we met with all of the new missionaries, introduced ourselves, welcomed them and turned them over to Brother Villanuava and their teachers to begin their training experiences.

"We find that so many of the families in the Philippines and throughout Asia depend upon the mother and, or the daughters supporting the family, particularly economically—working and earning money. Ten percent of their mothers in the Philippines actually leave their home and work abroad (Hong Kong, etc.) to try to earn enough to have a subsistence. A goodly number of families sacrifice a great deal to choose or allow their daughters to go on a mission, sometimes with harsh

opposition. One missionary told me, and I paraphrase… "My mother, my brothers, my relatives, my ward members—all told me that I should not go—that my duty is to support and help my family! We have so very little—a small humble home [shack] with little means. My mother was angry with my decision to serve a mission but my father said, 'no daughter, you go on your mission. We don't have much here but our home in heaven is laden with gold and diamonds! You must go on your mission.'"[14]

I wept!

"As Alma said, *"...have you sufficiently retained in remembrance the captivity of your fathers? ...have ye sufficiently retained in remembrance that he has delivered their souls from hell?"* (Alma 5:6).

When first called, we were told that we would be moving into the new expanded buildings in June. But they were behind schedule in the construction, so we were told July, then maybe August. No, not till late September, then maybe October. Brother Leonard Dobson, called on a full-time mission to complete the project, was the chief engineer, foreman and project manager. What a challenge he had! The Church had contracted with a Philippines construction company which was losing money every day, falling further behind and finally defaulting on the project. Another company was engaged but had similar problems. The culture and attitude among the people is summarized in the statement, "Puede Na!" "It's good enough!" Leonard had to have the workers tear out the concrete entrance steps to the new facility at least five times! He finally drew a line and said that we would move into the new buildings the week before Christmas, whether fully completed or not. So in December we moved into a temporary makeshift missionary apartment and told we'd move into our new expanded President's apartment sometime in the spring. Well, spring came, summer came, and autumn came. Finally in October or November 2012, we moved into our spacious and comfortable apartment, a year behind the promised time. But it was worth it for two months, before our release and return home!

Blue Tarps

"Our current batch is ready to hatch in another week. We have a gaping construction pit in our outdoor gym (Philippines Area parking lot—a big concrete lot with two BB standards, a volley ball court, a badminton court, two ping-pong tables, a lot of jumping ropes. …When the sun comes out, many of the sisters and the elders head for the benches (our sick bay). Getting a tan in the Philippines is most undesirable. The gaping gym pit has big rebar spikes sticking upward so that any missionary who loses a volleyball has a high chance of being impaled! We have complained so the project ought to be completed perhaps in another two months."[15]

With all of the digging and trenching around the construction, the workers decided that they didn't want us to see their workings or their trenches, so they put large blue tarps over our windows to the outside. My song became,

Blue tarps,
Smiling at me!
Nothing but blue tarps,
Do I see.

Blue days
All of them gone,
Noting but blue tarps
From now on....[16]

Blocking Our View

One day, Sister Taylor and I were walking homeward from the local shopping center and looked up to where our new apartment was being constructed. The new apartment picture windows faced east, overlooking the majestic Philippines Temple. They had filled in with bricks about two-thirds of where the new windows were to be placed. Debra turned pale, then ashen, then violent purple, nearing apoplexy! We called Brother Kelend Mills, the Director of International MTC's in Provo and exploded his ear-drums. After realizing what was happening, Brother Mills immediately fixed the problem. He expressed sincere appreciation for our timely observation and intervention. He said that we had saved them from making a terrible mistake.

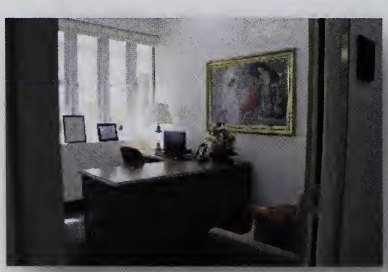
Decorating and Furnishing

Debra worked very closely with Elder Dobson on the interior designs, colors, furniture, fabrics and art work. We spent hours in meetings, visiting malls and furniture places. She did a marvelous job in helping to select and order all of the art pieces from Church headquarters. We arranged with a local framer who did a superb job in framing the art according to the color schemes and color-coding throughout the new Center.

I contacted each of the missions in the Philippines and Asia to submit color photographs of missionaries doing missionary work in their missions which would be enlarged and framed and hung in the hallways of the dormitory buildings. I selected numerous missionary scriptures which we had formatted, printed and hung in all of the stairwells of each of the buildings in the new PMTC campus. I had built a large display showing all of the mission presidents and their wives, the Area Presidencies, and the former PMTC Presidents and wives. It was hung in the hall-way of the main administration building.

The MTC Entrance: The Purpose of Missionary Work

Each of the training classrooms was named after a Book of Mormon prophet (Nephi, Lehi, Alma, Amulek, Mormon, Moroni, etc.) and the missionaries assigned to the class room were part of the district bearing the same name. The resource practice rooms were named after the modern prophets.



Sister Taylor's Office

President's Office

I loved the two enlarged paintings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, one when he was a boy, and the other when he was the great and mature prophet of the Lord. These hung on either side of the doorways leading into the Joseph Smith Assembly Room or Chapel.

The Great Prophet Joseph

Visitors and Guests

We had several General Authorities visit us from time to time. We had regular dealings with our Area Presidency. Elder Holland came once and spoke in our weekly Devotional. When he left us, we gave him a big bottle of Fresca and a bag of Snicker bars. Elder Russell M. Nelson came and dedicated the new PMTC. We also had visits from Elder David F. Evans, the Executive Director of the Missionary Department, Brother Stephen B. Allen, the Managing Director who came twice.

Elder and Sister David F. Evans and the Taylors'

Elder Tad R. Callister of the Presidency of the Seventy also visited. We had visits from Elders David A. Bednar and Quentin L. Cook, and Bishop Dean M. Davies. They were all so kind and supportive of all that was being done with the new PMTC. Brother Kelend Mills visited us three times for a week each to conduct training and review progress.

Elder Russell M. Nelson at the Dedication 2010

Every week or two Debra and/or I would write little stories, experiences or vignettes which we would send home to our family and friends, which I entitled "Messages from Manila." Here are a few of these.

Remembering and Pronouncing Names

I've always had some difficulty remembering names—but this is way over the top! The following are a few I must try to pronounce and remember? I am in considerable trouble here.

First are the Taiwanese. Sister Taylor asked, "Are there two Chen's?"

"No, there are three Chen's: Two elders—1) Ching Yu Chen and 2) Yu Cheng Chen, followed by Sister Hsuan Fan Chen."

"Which one is which?" She asked. "Shall I call on Ching Yu or Yu Cheng?"

"Call on whoever you want," I said, bewildered!

But there is much more to overwhelm my fragile mind: there is Yu Chen Yu, Tsai Tsen Chu and Cheng Hao Yang. They are followed by Hui-Yi Wang, Ming-Shiou Tzou, Lin Yi Shin, Wan Jung Tsai and Shu-Shan Yeh.

Further, we have Ting Hao Li and Che-Hao Liu. But don't forget Ching-yn-Liang and Chun Xing Liu! I need to see a doctor and get some medication!

You also may think this is a challenge? In this same batch of missionaries, we have the wonderful Mongolians! I thought I could begin to at least pronounce some of the or Taiwanese or missionaries from Taiwan and Hong Kong, but I have utterly failed wrapping my mind, my mouth and my tongue around these Mongolians. You try it!!: Davaajav Davaanyan, Enkhtaivan Ganbaatar, Jargalsuren Garizorigt, Ariunbold Baigalmaa, Buyanbat Dagvadorj, Bulgan Chimedbadam, Bolortuya Enkhbayar, Bayartsetseg Oyuntsetseg Bayartsogt Lkhagvajav, Purevsuren Narantuya, Mainbayar Purevsaikhan, Bataa Ulziibayar, Uyanga Erdene-Ochir, Erdenesujvd Olzbayer, Khongorzul Enkhsaikhan, and…Uuriintuya Zorigt!

I won't go further by mentioning the names of the marvelous multiplying Pilipino missionaries. We can't pronounce their names but we sure love them![17]

Tasting the Taster

The other day Sister Taylor and I went to a restaurant; they served ox-tongue! She looked at the tongue and recognized taste buds. She didn't know who was tasting who![18]

The White Shirt

One morning she entered her office and found a plastic grocery bag on the seat of her chair. After opening the bag, specially tied in the middle with a knot, she smelled the odor of Clorox. Inside the sack, starched, pressed and folded, were six white shirts left as a donation to missionaries. As she removed the shirts

Hazel Martinez and Debra

to check the sizes, one of the shirts caught her attention because of two hand-stitched button holes. At first, she thought the shirt was completely hand-made. After close examination, she found that it was factory sewn but had been repaired with a twice-turned collar and cuffs. She thought of the person, probably a Filipina woman who had searched for white cloth to make repairs. She copied the collar and cuffs the best he could, but when she attached them to the shirt, they didn't quite fit. Most of us would wear the old shirt for work or for cleaning in and not worry about the repair.

Sister Taylor imagined the love and pride of the woman for the man who wore the shirt. The remembrance of the donated shirt came quickly to her mind as she greeted the new missionaries as they arrived in the Philippines MTC. She saw a sweet Philippine mother hug and kiss her son as she said good-bye to him before he entered the door in his newly-pressed white shirt.[19]

Philippine Six Month Mission Report by Debra Taylor

"I arrived with my husband in January at the Philippines Missionary Training Center and have now been here for six months. In that time we have seen remarkable missionaries, teachers, members, leaders, youth groups, children, nonmembers, beautiful scenery, rain and Manila traffic. We have had missionaries come to the MTC every 19 days totaling 2371 from Cambodia, Hong Kong, India, Indonesia, Mongolia, Pakistan, Philippines, Singapore, Taiwan, Thailand, and Vietnam.

"Of course the best part of this experience is being able to work with the dedicated humble missionaries who teach us daily, and bring me to tears as they sacrifice in the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. They are fulfilling their purpose as they have personally invited and helped me come unto Christ. I have felt the Holy Ghost and have seen the hand of the Lord as he directs His work.

"I was here for the magnificent Jubilee where I felt our Father in Heaven weep for joy as the Filipino youth and children celebrated 50 years of the gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in this Christian land.

"I have seen the children measure themselves on the door casing as we measure the missionaries when they come into the MTC; just to see if they are tall enough to serve. Of course, the children still need to grow a foot or two, but their eyes sparkle with desire as they daily prepare to follow in the footsteps of the Savior, prophets, fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, and friends. I am amazed at the support of the members as they also help one another receive the blessings of the restored gospel when they come on Jeepney's or travel for days on busses to do baptisms for the dead.

"I don't know all the reasons why I have been so blessed to be here at this time and place, but there are no words that can express my deep gratitude."[20]

"I Have Sinned"

During our Missionary Temple Orientation on Tuesday night, I teach the missionaries of the great importance of being worthy to enter into the House of the Lord and to become clean and pure as a missionary. I speak on the grand significance and eternal nature of the supernal and sacred gift and powers of creation and procreation. The blessings of keeping the laws of virtue and chastity are sublime.

After one of the meetings, a missionary timidly came to my office (as they occasionally do) to make a belated confession of his feelings of unworthiness and guilt. He was laden with remorse for his "transgressions and sins!"

"President, I have sinned!"

"What did you do to sin?" I said kindly.

"I broke the law of chastity."

"Tell me all about it, Elder."

"My girl friend and I sinned."

"What did you do to sin," I said again with deep gravity and genuine sincerity.

He said, "I gave my girl friend a kiss and she kissed me back, the night before I came to the MTC."

I followed up, "Was it just one kiss? Did you do anything else?"

"No, that's what we did. I kissed her on the cheek and she kissed me back. We sinned!"

The generic goodness and innocence of these sweet and mighty young men and women overcomes me! What a privilege to be with them."[21]

Putting On the Whole Armor of God by Debra Taylor

One of the most inspiring and moving sights to me is to see our missionaries with their bronze skin and black eyes in the temple, all dressed in pure white, ready to receive their endowment. They are *beautiful beyond description.*

What do I say to prepare them to enter the temple for the first time? What do I say concerning their personal endowment and the covenants they will make with the Lord?

The first thing I say is that I am most honored to be with these missionaries who are worthy to enter the House of the Lord and walk where Jesus walks. I share my testimony of the love Heavenly Father has for them and of His desire to bless them with all that He has.

I show the missionaries the Prayer Roll where they can write the names of loved ones who need God' intervention and healing.

I wait for the missionaries as the wonderful temple ordinance workers wash and anoint them putting on the "whole armor of God." I read and share Ephesians 6:11-18.

I invite the missionaries to think of the symbolism and blessings of their initiatory ordinances, the wearing of the holy garment, and being clothed in the Priesthood of God.

There is no place in the entire world where we can better prepare for the challenges and trials of this life, than in the Temple of the Lord.

Isaiah testifies, *"God...hath clothed me with the garment of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness"* (Isaiah 61:10).

I weep beholding their beauty as they express to me, "We are so much grateful! We are so much grateful! Salam at Po!"

I echo, "Yes, so much grateful! Salam at Po."[22]

You Have Been Called to Nineveh and Are Traveling By Whale!
by Debra Taylor

The Lord called Jonah to Nineveh. He calls each missionary to their own "type" of Nineveh. Sometimes it is easy to be brave and willing until the call actually comes. Missionaries learn to give, leave family, friends, school, cell phones and many other comforts. They must learn to arise up at 6 a.m. and retire at 10:00 p.m. They must learn to focus and devote themselves completely to the Lord. Jonah was worried when he received his call. He wanted to flee from his

call. He went on a ship, was thrown into the water and was swallowed by a stinky fish. He learn obedience by his suffering.

Missionaries are provided transportation to their mission. The white Missionary Handbook becomes their compass. The missionaries left the things behind for a white shirt, the black name tag, their ministerial certificate, the scriptures, their companions and leaders. They learn humility, obedience, soul searching, prayer and fasting.

Jonah spent three days and nights in the belly of the whale. The missionaries spend nearly three weeks inside the PMTC. Jonah was spewed out onto the dry shore. The missionaries are extracted, distributed and transported into unknown countries to fulfil their great purpose to "Invite others to come unto Christ by helping them receive the restored gospel through faith in Jesus Christ and His Atonement, repentance, baptism, receiving the gift of the Holy Ghost, and enduring to the end." Oh, that all God's children could have the opportunity to be called to Nineveh and travel by whale.[23]

Cock Roaches, Run for your Lives! by Debra Taylor

When missionaries enter the PMTC, we tell them, "Don't take food to your rooms; bugs like food!" We spray every nineteen days, but with the moisture in the Philippines, it isn't enough.

Sister Riddle came down the other day with a big sore on her chin. When she went to the kitchen the cook told her that it looked like a cock roach bite. Sister Riddle yelled, "Cock roaches don't bite!" "Yes they do," said the cook. Sister Riddle ran down stairs to her computer and found that cock roaches do bite, but it is rare. She returned to her apartment and looked by the side of her bed; there lay a dead 2 ½ inch cock roach.

Here are the facts:

- Cock roaches have been around for 280 million years.
- They laze (lounge) around 75% of the time.
- They can run 3 miles/hour when they are up.
- There are 5,000 species worldwide.
- The name comes from the Spanish word Cucaracha.
- The largest is from South America measuring 6 inches with a foot wing span.
- They come out for water rather than for food.
- They can hold their breath for 40 minutes.
- They have white blood.
- They carry TB, Cholera, leprosy, dysentery, typhoid, forty bacteria's (e.g. Salmonella), viruses, and can cause allergies.
- They are eaten in Cambodia as a snack.

We don't snack on cock roaches here, and we sure enough don't want them as bed bugs. So we are cleaning up and putting on our "Hazmat" outfit to spray.[24]

Missionaries Receiving Instruction in the Joseph Smith Room

Answers to Prayer by Debra Taylor

Sister Pajaro, the wife of one of our recently called Area Seventy's spoke at our PMTC Devotional the other evening. With her husband's new calling, their family moved into a new ward. She was then called to serve in the Primary presidency. She asked the president if she could visit every child in their home. As she visited each of the children, she was humbled by their limited physical circumstances.

One family of seven had one bed and two plastic chairs. The father didn't have a job and the seven year-old was outside selling Churros on the street.

The next Sunday after visiting, Sister Pajaro asked what the children prayed to Heavenly Father for. They replied: *"I pray to be a good boy"; "I pray to have weekly Family Home Evening"; "I pray to be safe"; "I pray for my father to come back home"; "I pray to go to church with my family;" "I pray for my sister to get better that was hit by a Jeepney".*

In tears Sister Pajaro said, "No one prayed for toys, for a bigger house, or for better food. None of them prayed for themselves! Elders and Sisters, you are the answers to the prayers of the children. You can be the ministering angels!"

And I pray for each of the children![25]

So Much Grateful

We Are "So Much Grateful" that—

- We are spared from diving in the Manila traffic.
- We live within a safe cocoon of the MTC allowing us to do the Lord's work with His servants.
- We have a kitchen staff who fix 500 meals and snacks every day.
- We have a parking lot that we can use for our gym activities.
- We have Che Che who does all of our wash.
- We have shoes to protect the feet of those who bring good tidings and publisheth peace.
- We have water coolers that provide cool purified water for everyone.
- We hear eight different hymns sung in eight rooms at least three times a day.
- We hear different languages because we realize that God listens and talks to all of His children.
- We have Marwin and others who clean the MTC every day and unclog the toilets.
- We love the MTC teachers who teach and train the missionaries to help others come unto Christ.
- We see the Temple daily and the spires that direct us to heaven.
- We can go to Rustans and Chili's where we find some great American food.
- We meet wonderful members who pay their tithes to support the missionaries.
- We see gray days that make it easier to stay inside our classrooms for study and learning.
- We confront dirty dishes because it means we have food.
- We have physical facilities who keep the pumps going.
- We remember those who gave their lives to ensure freedom for the Philippines.
- We wear the black name badge so we can know who we are and who we represent.
- Love all of the missionaries who invite us all to come unto Christ.
- We have the Savior who blesses our lives continually.

HAPPY THANKSGIVING! *Maligaya Araw ng pasasalamat!*[26]

Athletic Excellence

Every morning, I watch the PMTC missionaries play their hearts out on the Area parking lot used for our gym. We play volleyball, badminton, table tennis, four-square, jogging, and basketball. Once or twice each week, I have fun dividing them into two teams with elders and sisters together to play kickball. I officiate! Most of them have never played but they learn quickly and have so much fun. I love to watch the missionaries play basketball. Occasionally, I play

with them. They love to dribble, drive and dodge—through their legs, around their legs, over the top and down under; they wheel, they spin, they fake, they feign, they step, reverse, jump and pump. They go left, they go right, they go over. Wow—do they have the moves—lively, agile, athletic, fancy, fantastic—just incredible! They practice all of the smooth moves endlessly and all of them do it showing their amazing young prowess to each other and to everyone else who watches. I'm sure that Jimmer [BYU baskeball great] could learn some new tricks! There are just two things at which that they don't do well: 1) They don't know how to pass to somebody else and, 2) They rarely can make a basket! An amazing display![27]

I must recount the amazing athletic footwear used by the missionaries on the concrete basketball court. Many of them just go barefoot. Again, they run, they jump, they jostle! Most of them wear flip-flop or the thong between the toes which they call "slippers." Sister Taylor purchases and supplies these flip-flop flappers for those who don't bring any gym shoes.

What is interesting to us is that it seems that those who trip, go down with sprained ankles or other foot injuries are the ones with the cool expensive gym shoes; we've never yet had any problems with the flop-flippers or the bare feet![28]

The New Year

Is this the year that the world ends? We celebrate the coming of the new year by doing our work with seventy-one missionaries in residence—business as usual. But on New Year's Eve, we excused the missionaries from their usual planning and companion study to meet together and watch the movie—"The Other Side of Heaven!" We gave an big ice cream cone to every missionary—they love ice cream! We sent them all to bed before 10:00 p.m. Now, comes the amazing part of this newyear celebration. For several days leading up to New Year's Eve, I noted the little firework stands set up all over the city sidewalks. Hundreds, thousands of firework stands. Along the White Plains Avenue leading to the Temple, the Area Offices and the MTC, we note rows of these stands crowded right next to each other. Going to Wyoming from Utah to buy cool fireworks is nothing compared to the business of buying fireworks in Manila! As far as I know, there are no laws, no restrictions, no restraints.

Starting at 10 or 11 pm on New Year's Eve, the fire-fun begins! At 12:00 midnight an enormous canopy of erupting light explodes all over the monstrous enormous city. A high-decibel cadence and cacophony of deafening sound pops and bangs everywhere. All we had to do is lay in our upper-story bed, open the window shades in our apartment and look out through our large windows to behold the light night-sky surging with continuous burgeoning fireworks—the

fire crackers, the rockets, the geysers, the screaming shooting stars, the unfolding colors one lay on top of another in a sequence of fire-bright-light!

These brilliant scenes along with other multitudinous inventions of fire celebrations build up to a crescendo of consuming conflagration! I was recently told that 60% of the injuries in the Philippines come from fireworks! I hate fireworks. I have seen the Provo Stadium of Fire on July 4th. Compared with Manila on New Year's Eve is like lighting a match to a candle compared to starting an enormous raging and consuming forest fire in America. The next morning on Sunday, New Year's Day, we went outside. We couldn't breathe? I know a few of the missionaries may have watched the fireworks from their upper residence rooms. I asked them if they had seen the fireworks last night. One answered, "What fireworks?!"[29]

The Ice Cream Machine

The Ice Cream Machine

As the PMTC President, I proudly wrote about "my major accomplishment" thus far in my administration. "In the attached photograph you will see an important piece of equipment prominently labeled "TAYLOR"! This vital unit has been non-functional for several months.

"Using the full measure of my authority as President, with the permission of the Manager of Training and the Supervisor of Operations, I made an executive order to have it repaired and working. Now we have soft ice-cream prepared on Wednesdays and Sundays for the missionaries (and for me). It is my greatest achievement by far thus far!"[30]

Good Mooooooooooooooorrrrrning! by Debra Taylor

Being a president of an MTC is like going on a recycling youth camp for two years. President Taylor has mentioned the similarities between running a Wood Badge camp over and over again, like the movie, "Ground Hog Day!" The only difference is that we change the youth every nineteen days.

We all arise at 6:00 a.m. and my job is to sing "Good Mooooooorrrning" through the halls and over the new intercom system. When I don't hear a reply, I keep singing. If I wasn't required to do that job I would stay in bed. The President says that all of us experience "the mattress effect" every morning. "The mattress effect" is where the monster mattress responds to the 6 a.m. alarm clock by reaching up and around and grabbing hold of you as soon as you try to get up and

out of the bed. He says it's a true and universal phenomenon and must be fought against or you'll be overcome and enslaved for the rest of the day!

We all gather at 6:15 for roll-call and for gym. When we first moved in to the new MTC facility, the excuse we received from a few missionaries for not being on time was that they didn't know what time it was. Most of the missionaries don't have watches and they do not bring alarm clocks. The next day I purchased sixty wall clocks for all of the residence rooms. Usually, I run down the hall whispering under my breath. "I'm late, I'm late, and I'm late for a very important date. No time to stop, no time to wait; I'm late, I'm late, I'm late!" (Alice in Wonderland). That's me—I'm in a wonder land all the time!

As we assemble for early morning roll call, the districts all report as loud as the district leader can yell out, "ALL PRESENT!" When every district is

Gym for Missionaries

complete and when all are present, the President yells out at the top of his lungs, "Well Doooooooonnnnnnnn! Until he is red in the face and I think he will pass out or blow a blood vessel in his head.

In the new MTC, most of the time, we have warm running water for showers and plenty of toilets; forty-two to be exact and laundry facilities. The facilities are a lot newer than the dirt and fire of camp, but the supervision is the same.

After gym we all go to breakfast, get ready for the day, and start classes at 8:15. We stay very scheduled throughout the day.

At 10:30 a.m. and 3:30 p.m. the missionaries receive a snack outside the garden area. The area is growing and getting very beautiful. They like it! It's becoming our "secret garden."

The MTC Gardens

Lunch is at 12:30 and of course we have rice three times a day. They consider white rice as the only real food! The Filipinos believe that any other food is just a "snack."

Our purified drinking water is brought in large five gallon bottles along with the food. I asked the cooks how much rice we used and they said about one ton per month. I am so grateful we don't have to garden and hunt for our food.

We eat with the missionaries most of the time in the cafeteria. "The family that eats together, prays together, and plays together, stays together." I guess that could be our motto.

In the evenings the missionaries prepare to teach, have personal and companion study, and on Sundays, enjoy a fireside from a local speaker, or on Tuesdays, an MTC Devotional from one of the Area Presidency or local Seventy. Classes and other activities end and they prepare for bed. Lights go out at 10:00 p.m. The President states rather arbitrarily. "What time do missionaries go to bed—Not One Minute, Not One Second After 10:00 p.m.! Lights out! Covers up! Eyes shut!" How grateful I am for the night—soothing, precious, restful, blissful night! I immediately give in to the mattress effect.

On our preparation day we "try" to train eighty missionaries how to wash their clothes and clean their rooms. If you think training your children is a challenge, think again. Many have never used a shower, washer, dryer, or had a flushing toilet. I teach them how to turn on the taps and machines. It is amazing to see the varied colors of white after washing their clothes.

On our service day we have the missionaries wash windows, wash cars, haul water bottles, and prepare packets for the upcoming batch of missionaries.

I know why the Lord had only one day in seven to rest; that is all he could take! It was easier to get back to work on Monday. I love Monday!

We live in a large area enclosed by a fence which includes—

- The Philippines Area Office Building
- The Temple Patron House
- The Missionary Training Center
- The Mission Services Building which houses the Medical Recovery Center (MRC for missionaries), the MTC Cafeteria, the X-Ray facility, clinical offices and a few apartments for foreign MTC teachers and senior MTC staff.

The area is guarded by ten rotating security guards. The Church contracts with a security company to provide around the clock security. They are on site twenty-fours per day working twelve hour shifts, seven days per week. The Manila Temple is across the street to the east.

The MTC Gym

I asked one of my favorite guards if he wanted to learn about the gospel and the Church. He said, "Yes." Six months later he was baptized.

My favorite things about my mission are the missionaries, playing at gym, hearing them sing, seeing them grow and by being called "Seester Taylor!"

Many have lost parents or are the only members of the Church. We become an extended family and it is always hard to say good-bye. Most of the missionaries have never eaten so well or had a living place so luxurious. They like to weigh themselves and see how much weight they have gained in nineteen days.

One very special experience occurred on the last day of gym with our last group. As mentioned earlier, every morning at 6:15 a.m. we gather in for roll call and for prayer. At the end of gym, the zone leader calls us all together again for a brief closing prayer and a blessing over the breakfast food. This particular morning was different; the zone leader asked us to kneel. There we were, all bowing our heads and kneeling in the middle of the concrete parking lot. I had to open my eyes and touch the ground. As I did so, I realized that I was facing east towards the temple and Angel Moroni was standing on the tower above my head.

As I looked up at him I wondered what I would be doing when the Savior returned to the earth. I felt that I was more ready than before; I hope to be completely ready when He really comes.[31]

Why Not One With a Red Helmet? by Debra Taylor

Today I saw a most unusual thing in the Temple. It caught me quite off guard. Just as I was putting my key into my temple locker and looking around, I was surprised to see a bright red, very worn motorcycle helmet on top of the opposite locker in the sister's dressing room.

What is a red motorcycle helmet doing in the temple locker of a mature sister temple worker? I smiled to myself as I could see in my "mind's eye" a small white haired sister wearing a huge motorcycle helmet, goggles, black leather jacket, long white dress, and biker boots riding in an oversized "Hell's angels" motorcycle through the congested streets of Quezon City. Then I thought, "Why not?" Did not Paul counsel us to put on the whole armor of God, and the helmet of salvation, that we may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil (Ephesians 6)?

There are all kinds of angels. Instead of a "Hell's Angel," why not one from heaven with a bright red and worn motorcycle helmet?[32]

And the Children Wait, by Debra Taylor

Last Thursday I had the opportunity of escorting the new missionaries as they received their endowments. Since I was the first to enter the Celestial Room, I waited patiently to greet each of the missionaries as they entered. I chose to sit at the side of the room in the corner of the flesh-colored velvet French provincial

couch where I could witness everything. The couch seemed to embrace me. I felt the impression that there were little children of varying ages positioned all around the room, dressed in white, sleeping peacefully waiting for their parents to come through the veil.

I could almost see their black hair or golden curls falling softly down their faces. Their breathing was steady. I wanted to pick them up and hold them to my breast. I couldn't hold back the tears.

After greeting all the missionaries I reluctantly arose to leave. Then I lingered at the door. I looked back around the room, grateful for the insight I had received. I wondered how long the children would need to wait for their parents—how long would they remain in the living room of God?[33]

The Tile Floor by Debra Taylor

I am sitting in the lobby of the new Philippines Missionary Training Center looking down the hall at the beige porcelain tiled floor. I can see the reflected lights above and almost see my own reflections. It is so beautiful!

The Residence Rooms Hallway

The MTC Lobby

Class Room Hallway

I remember seeing the workers spreading out the leveling compound to cover any divots, holes or uneven heights in the concrete floor. They then spread the adhesive with a notched trowel and carefully laid each tile in place, starting at the center quadrant working out in a straight line towards the wall, leveling as they went. The final step was to use a rubber float to apply a darker grout between each tile.

As I looked at the floor I wondered how many knees had bowed and backs bent to perform this labor. I am profoundly inspired by the effort of these men. As I walk from tile to tile, I pray to rededicate myself to be so square and true to the Lord. [34]

Debra and her MTC Pals

Feel the Heat

Sometimes life has its share of heat! I believe that the followers of the Lord will feel the heat. Do you ever feel spurned, churned or burned? Abinadi certainly did. He had his feet put to the fire! Everybody sometimes feels scorched, torched, scalded and scathed by life's flames. Poor Abinadi was roasted and raked, toasted and baked. Using my agency, I sometimes put myself into some pretty hot pressure-cooker situations! I think that everybody will have to

stand the heat of the fiery furnace at some time in life. How will I finally turn out in the final baking? I hope that I can stand in the heat and withstand the flames in the furnace of affliction in these last days.[35] Barbra McConochie's ????plea comes to mind in her beautiful child's hymn:

"Keep the commandments; Keep the commandments!
In this there is safety; in this there is peace.
He will send blessings...Keep the commandments!
In this there is safety and peace."

Chocolate

Everybody gets tested one way or another in this life. It's part and parcel of the program, procedure and practice of coming to earth! I'm having a test right now—it's chocolate! I have a craving—it must be an addiction. And I'm losing! No, I'm gaining, weight, that is!). I trimmed down a while back doing real "good" running, doing many push-ups, and playing basketball with some of the missionaries. But now I'm fearing, faltering, and fattening! I'd better get back to life's treadmill! I'm so grateful for life![36]

Seasons and Showers

Here in the Philippines, it's hot and humid! There are four seasons: 1) Hot, 2) Humid, 3) Rainy, 4) Warm and Wet! We are right on the Equator and are surrounded by the South China Sea, the Philippines Sea, and the Sulu Sea. We receive lovely and lively monsoons (hurricanes) always accompanied by downpours like buckets of water! We take frequent showers because we perspire so much. But we have to be careful as we shower. Sister Taylor discovered that her shampoo was dangerous as it ran down her body. The shampoo warning label printed very clearly stated: *"For Extra Body and Volume."* She got rid of that shampoo and started using DAWN dishwashing soap instead because the label stated, *"Dissolves Fat That Is Otherwise Difficult to Remove."* [37]

Mountains of Rice

I like rice! We enjoy eating white rice three times a day here in the Philippines. You should see the way the missionaries pile up the rice on their plates at each meal. It looks like a small mountain! I suspect that many of them have never eaten so well and so much food in their lives as they do in the MTC. The rice fills up their belly. They can eat as much as they want!

When asked in my final interview with them, "What did you enjoy the most in the MTC?" They often answer, "The food!" We have a subtle contest to see who will put on the most weight in the nineteen days of MTC training. Can you believe that some missionaries put on as much weight as three to four kilograms, nearly nine pounds in the first three days! – and more than twice that

in the next few days. I am told by our MTC Nurse-nutritionist that refined white rice is just empty calories. I am told by Brother Villanueva, our manager of training that anything served beyond rice is simply a side dish! Better to eat rice than lice!

The Nutritional Value of Ants and Weevil by Debra Taylor

Recently, after visiting the doctors I decided to turn over a new leaf for my health, and eat oatmeal for breakfast. Today while sitting at the table in the MTC cafeteria eating the oatmeal with our senior couple, Elder Armstrong looked down into his bowl of oatmeal and asked, "What is the food value of eating ants?"

My eyes widened as I realized that I had just finished my cereal, I laughed and said that I would research the nutritional value of eating ants and weevil as soon as I returned to my office. I remembered my father talking about eating bread that he thought was cracked wheat, and then found out later that it was cooked weevil.

Well, I want to give you the official report on the nutritional value of eating ants and weevil. I'm sorry to tell you, but you don't get much food value out of either one, and if you did, you would have to eat a lot. Needless to say, if ants make you feel better thinking the nutrition value has improved the oatmeal or wheat, you may continue to think that way.

On the other hand, if you would rather get rid of the problem use NutraSweet as bait. As for me, I prefer plain oatmeal with sugar, cinnamon, and milk![38]

Love Your Job!

Sister Taylor and I were cautiously walking down the walk-way to our temporary MTC Cafeteria where several male Pilipino workers were doing cement work and concrete finishing. As is always the case, Sister Taylor sings out, "Hello! They all smile and nod. They are poor but hard-working and nearly always happy and cheerful. I followed up with, "Magandang Omaga"—Good morning! How are you!" They all smile and nod. Then I asked one of them, "Are you happy?" "Yes," was the answer. Then I asked, "How do you like your job?" He said with emphasis, "I love my job! I <u>love</u> my job! It's the work I hate!"[39]

Philippines Floods

We had severe flooding in the Philippines recently. Last year's rains in the Philippines were not as bad as this year's. The rain comes down, not in drops but in buckets. In 2010, the lower level of the former MTC was flooded. In August 2012, emergency workers and troops rushed food, water and clothes to nearly 850,000 people displaced and marooned from deadly floods spawned by eleven straight days of southwest monsoon rains that soaked sprawling Manila and nearby provinces. Manila with about twelve million people was inundated with flooding. The humanitarian missionaries at the Area Office along with the youth from the local wards and stakes worked hard preparing hygiene, new born, and food kits. They put together canned sardines, corned beef, rice, noodles and

Flood Devastation

crackers. Over 10,000 kits were prepared. Our MTC missionaries loaded the bags onto the trucks for distribution in between training sessions.

One of our missionary's home was completely washed away just one week before her arrival. The members rallied providing her with clothing, shoes and scriptures. Other missionaries arrived without

scriptures because they were lost in the flood.

Here in our new MTC we are secure, safe, and sheltered from the storms. For our last "batch" we wondered if we were going to get the departing missionaries out to their fields and the new missionaries into the MTC. But the watery weather withered and all went well.

Every year, there is flooding which washes away people's homes and businesses. But, there is more flooding than foolish people may realize. There's a flood of evil drowning our Father's children throughout the world.

As a holy Prophet of God wrote, *"Only the gospel will save the world from the calamity of its own self-destruction. Only the gospel will unite men of all races and nationalities in peace. Only the gospel will bring joy, happiness and salvation to the human family* (-President Ezra Taft Benson, Preach My Gospel, Page 2).

The floods and tides of evil inundate the lives of the children of the earth will be soon turned away by the Savior of the World.[40]

This Little Piggy

Before we came to the Philippines, we thought that we would be eating fish (head to tail); but to our great surprise we have found that pork is served more than any other meat. Whenever we drive out in the city of Manila, we see buses, trucks and cars carrying millions of people and everything else. Often, we see trucks carrying big loads of pigs! Sister Taylor tries to take a picture of all of them! In the U.S. I observe that pigs are often the focus of humor (see Miss Piggy)—or statements of abuse, mockery, or disparagement. In the Philippines, there is no humor at all about pigs. I tried to make an innocent joke and the missionaries didn't get it! Pigs are reverenced, adored, almost worshipped. Filipinos like to eat pork because it is cheaper, easier to raise, tastes sweeter, and they feel it is easier to market. One of the most popular products is Spam (spiced ham) made by Hormel Food Corporation since 1937. It was first introduced in the Philippines during the U.S. occupation after World War II. The soldiers ate it morning, noon, and night, often eaten with rice and eggs. It has become a Christmas tradition to "give and get" Spam for a Christmas gift. So we learned to eat all kinds of piggy during our time in the Philippines.[41]

Thanksgiving Day

It's time for Thanksgiving. Here in the Philippines, every day is thanks-giving day! As I have mentioned earlier, these people are the most grateful people I know. I have never seen a people who are generally "so much grateful" for so very little. They are happy, humble, appreciative, and always express great

thanks. As they depart from the MTC they cling to Sister Taylor and I as if we are their dear parents. No wonder the Lord loves them so much. It has reminded Sister Taylor of her favorite poem, "The World is Mine!" by Joy Lovelet Crawford.[42]

Today on a bus, I saw a lovely girl with silken hair.
I envied her, she seemed so gay, and I wished I was so fair.
When suddenly she rose to leave, I saw her hobble down the aisle,
O God, forgive me when I whine
I have two legs, the world is mine.

And then I stopped to buy some sweets.
The lad who sold them had such charm.
I talked with him, he seemed so calm, and if I were late it would do no harm,
And as I left he said to me, "I thank you, you have been so kind.
It's nice to talk with folks like you. You see, I'm blind."
O God forgive me when I whine.
I have two eyes, the world is mine.

Later walking down the street, I saw a child with eyes of blue.
He stood and watched the others play; it seemed he knew not what to do.
I stopped a moment, then I said, "Why don't you join the others, dear?"
He looked ahead without a word, and then I knew he could not hear.
O God forgive me when I whine.
I have two ears, the world is mine.

With legs to take me where I'll go.
With eyes to see the sunset's glow.
With ears to hear what I would know.
O God forgive me when I whine.
I'm blessed, indeed, the world is mine.

Making U-Turns by Debra Taylor

Do you ever get lost? Do you ever find that you are going in the wrong direction? Sometimes a complete turn-around is necessary. I sometimes am bewildered as to where I am, where I'm going and who I am. I forget my purpose and feel lost. Honesty, I dread driving in the Manila traffic. One false turn and whoosh! I am lost and must try to backtrack. We wonder why they use U-turns instead of right and left turns. But they are the only options when going the wrong way. When we go the wrong way, we must turn completely around to go the right way. Without having to make U-turns, I have learned that I can't make any progress towards my destination. Having to make U-turns causes traffic congestion, fender benders, loss of time, extra gas, tire wear, air and noise

pollution and especially anxiety. But, the other day, after traveling a long way, I was so grateful for a U-turn slot.

The dictionary denotes repentance as "a change of mind, a turning of the heart…without this there can be no progress of the soul's salvation."

I thought, what if there was No Savior, No baptism, No sacrament, No repentance? What would I do?

So at the end of the day, when I returned safely to the shelter of the MTC, I knew that the "straight road" even with a few twists and turns is always better, but I am so grateful for the U-Turn Slots![43]

Remarks On the Dedication of the Philippines Missionary Training Center, George T. Taylor, President, May 20, 2012.

Dear Brothers and Sisters:

It is a humbling honor for Sister Taylor and I to participate in this special Dedicatory Service presided over by Elder Russell M. Nelson. We love and thank you so much for so many for so long in constructing and beautifying this magnificent center of learning and missionary preparation. We witness this day the unfolding arms of the Lord to the nations of the earth. We perceive more clearly Isaiah's prophetic vision glimpsing our time.

"And now I say unto you that the time shall come that the salvation of the Lord shall be declared to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. Yea, Lord, thy watchmen shall lift up their voice; with the voice together shall they sing; for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion. Break forth into joy, sing together, ...for the Lord hath comforted his people... The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God." -Mosiah 15:28-31; Isaiah 52:8-10.

"And O how beautiful upon the mountains were their feet! And again, how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of those that are still publishing peace! And again, how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of those who shall hereafter publish peace, yea, from this time henceforth and forever!" -Mosiah 15:15-17; Isaiah 52:7; 3 Nephi 20:40.

We see the beautiful bronzed bare feet of these young missionaries in their flippers, slippers or sandals running, wheeling, jumping and dodging as they play their games of basketball, badminton, volleyball or jump-rope. One of the missionaries came into Sister Taylor's office with his shoes in his hand and said, "Sister Taylor, my shoes are laughing!"

She looked at him in surprise. She thought that she had heard just about everything, but "laughing shoes?

"My shoes are laughing!"

"What do you mean, your shoes are laughing?"

He handed over his shoes showing where the upper toes of the shoes were disconnected from the soles showing a wide open laughing mouth!

Sister Taylor has seen lost heels, worn treads, undone stitching, missing tongues, but never laughing shoes.

She asked Elder Riddle, our senior missionary and onsite cobbler, if he could mend the laughing shoes. His eyebrows raised high above his glasses as he responded. "I'll try."

We smiled and chuckled after the missionary left.

Elder Riddle opened the white drawer and removed the "3rd Generation TURBO GLUE." Sister Taylor told him that he had better go outside to glue the laughing shoes or we would find the cobbler woozily laughing after sniffing glue![44]

How beautiful are the feet of these humble sweet and powerful missionaries! They follow the harkening voice of the good shepherd. How beautiful are they!

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, that my people shall know my name; yea, in that day they shall know that I am he that doth speak. And then shall they say: How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings unto them... 3 Nephi 20:39-40; D&C 128:19.

"Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth; for the feet of those who are in the east shall be established: and break forth into singing....for they shall be smitten no more; for the Lord hath comforted his people, and will have mercy upon his afflicted." Isaiah 49:13.

"Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I will lift up mine hand ...and set up my standard to the people; and they shall bring thy sons in their arms, and thy daughters shall be carried upon their shoulders." - Isaiah 49:22; 2 Nephi 22:11-12; 2 Nephi 22:24-25.

"For the day of the Lord of Hosts soon cometh upon all nations, yea, upon every one; yea, upon the proud and lofty, and upon every one who is lifted up, and he shall be brought low." -Isaiah 2:12.

"And he will lift up an ensign to the nations from far, and will hiss unto them from the end of the earth; and behold, they shall come with speed swiftly; none shall be weary nor stumble among them. None shall slumber not sleep; neither shall the girdle of their loins be loosed, nor the latchet of their shoes be broken; Whose arrows shall be sharp, and all their bows bent, and their horses' hoofs shall be counted like flint, and their wheels like a whirlwind, their roaring like a lion. They shall roar like young lions; yea, they shall roar, and lay hold of the prey, and shall carry away safe, and none shall deliver. And in that day they shall roar against them like the roaring of the sea ..." – Isaiah 5:26-30.

If you could watch as we watch missionaries depart from the MTC in

The New Philippines Missionary Training Center 2010

vans, buses, jeepney's, and modern jet aircraft after just nineteen days of training, you would know as we know, about that which Isaiah could clearly see.

On Monday, April 30, the MTC flag poles were fully painted; pulleys and ropes attached. Wednesday, May 2 was a monumental day at the Philippines MTC. We had in residence missionaries from the Philippines, Mongolia, Cambodia, Vietnam, Singapore, Malasia, India, Taiwan, and Thailand. This group included two signing Elders who are hearing impaired. At 8:30 a.m. on a beautiful bright but very warm morning, all of the missionaries, without any prior

Rejoicing With Anthems

rehearsal, prepared their country's flag for hoisting, sang their national anthems in their own language, and on a signal spritely and in unison hoisted their banners to the sky.

Then, joining together in one voice brightly and vigorously sang Julia Ward Howe's words, "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord!" The Lord's Spirit pervaded and reverberated in every heart, witnessing the raising of the ensigns of the nations of the Philippines and of Asia, to the Lord. His glory is brightening, enlightening the world with brilliant rays, warming the hearts of people in these eastern lands and numerous island of the sea.

"And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people; ...and his rest shall be glorious. And it shall come to pass in that day that the Lord shall set his hand again the second time to recover the remnant of his people...from the islands of the sea. And he shall set up an ensign for the

nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel and gather together the dispersed...from the four corners of the earth." -Isaiah 11:10-12.

Just one year ago, in the Area Conference held during the Jubilee celebration of missionary work in the Philippines, Elder Michael John U. Teh, newly designated Philippines Area President said, "In the next few years, the work of the Lord will burst forth. He will hasten His work in this land." We are witnessing today its bursting! In the future, we will observe the burgeoning growth of missionary work in these beautiful islands and the lands of Asia.

In March, we enjoyed the successful MTC Open House where over 5000 local youth and their leaders and other specially invited guests toured the new MTC Facility; they were inspired by the example of missionaries going forth to "Preach the Gospel!"

Philippines MTC Openhouse

The voice of the Lord's Beloved Apostle John, banished to an island of the sea, prophesied of a latter-day angel, proclaiming with a clarion trump a clear vision of today:

"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and

tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come; and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters." -Revelation 14:6-7

We see the great symbol of that beloved angel Moroni gilded with a gleaming gold appearance standing atop the rising temple spire to the east of these magnificent training buildings. There, stands he, with the trump of God heralding the rising up and coming forth of the Lord Jesus Christ and His latter-day work.

"Know ye not that there are more nations than one? Know ye not that I, the Lord your God, have created all men, and that I remember those who are upon the isles of the sea; and that I rule in the heavens above and in the earth beneath; and I bring forth my word unto the children of men, yea, even upon all the nations of the earth?" -2 Nephi 29:7.

"Therefore, I will proceed to do a marvelous work among this people, yea, a marvelous work and a wonder. – Isaiah 29:14; *"...the light breaking forth among them that sit in darkness, [and it] shall be the fullness of my gospel."* - D&C 45:28.

The Philippines Manila Temple
The House of the Lord

That marvelous work, this triumphant ensign raised to the nations; this heralding trumpet resounding to all people; this day proclaiming long and loud the coming of the Great and Dreadful Day of the Lord; this beckoning morning light, has broken over the eastern horizons into a world of apostasy and darkness; the unveiling of this glorious Missionary Training Center, the purpose of which is to prepare the Lord's servants to invite all to *"Come unto Christ and receive*

the restored gospel through faith in Jesus Christ and His Atonement, repentance, baptism, receiving the gift of the Holy Ghost, and enduring to the end."

My Testimony. [45]

Farewell:

We wish to thank you for your support and love to us during these past two years, now speedily coming to an end. The time has gone by swiftly and sweetly. We look forward to returning to our home and to those who love us. We are grateful for the many prayers offered and efforts extended in our behalf. We testify of the reality of God, our Heavenly Father and of the nearness of His Beloved Son, Jesus Christ. We know of Him and of His glorious work proceeding throughout the world. We pray that we will abide and continue in His grace as we return homeward. God Bless Each of You![46]

We were replaced by President D. Gary and Marsha Beck.

President and Sister Taylor in the Garden

A Fond Farewell

Mission Presidents Seminar
11 November 2011, Baguio City

Mission Presidents Seminar
18 May 2012, Manila

[1]George & Debra Taylor's Missionary Missives & Messages, Philippines MTC, February 1, 2011.
[2] Ibid, February 1, 2011.
[3] March 27, 2011.
[4] March 27, 2011.
[5] April 21, 2011.
[6] May 30, 2011.
[7] May 25, 2011.
[8] February 1, 2011.
[9] February 8, 2011.
[10] February 14, 2011.
[11] February 8, 2011.
[12] March 14, 2011.
[13] June 8, 2011.
[14] May 12, 2011.
[15] May 15, 2011.
[16] July 25, 2011.
[17] August 22, 2011.
[18] July 4, 2011.
[19] July 10, 2011.
[20] August 10, 2011.
[21] August 17, 2011.
[22] September 2, 2011.
[23] October 7, 2011.
[24] October 29, 2011.
[25] November 3, 2011.
[26] November 24, 2011.
[27] December 13, 2011.
[28] January 3, 2012.
[29] January 5, 2012.
[30] February 12, 2012.
[31] March 8, 2012.
[32] March 24, 2012.
[33] April 2012.
[34] June 21, 2012.
[35] June 10, 2012.
[36] July 14, 2012
[37] July 21, 23, 2012.
[38] August 5, 2012.
[39] September 5, 2012.
[40] September 12, 2012.
[41] October 24, 2012.

[42] November 20, 2012.
[43] December 5, 2012.
[44] August 17, 2011.
[45] May 20, 2012.
[46] January 15, 2013.

TWENTY-SIX

Holidays and Special Days

In my life, there are so many memories of happy days: holidays, birthdays, vacation days.

Somewhere in my childhood, I buried in my memory banks, the illustrated images of Clement Clarke Morre's famous poem, *A Visit From St. Nicholas*, "Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house..." I can still see in my mind's eye, Santa, his sled and his reindeers flying in the sky silhouetted by the large bright full moon. I believed in Santa Claus. It was Christmas Eve and I was sent to bed downstairs. I could see through the curtains of my large window into the courtyard outside, Santa's sleigh parked outside. I vividly imagined his visitation and slept little during the night, looking at the image of what I thought was the sleigh. On one Christmas, I received the little red book, *Santa Claus* which contained a history and treatise on the origins of Santa, and which is still in my possession.

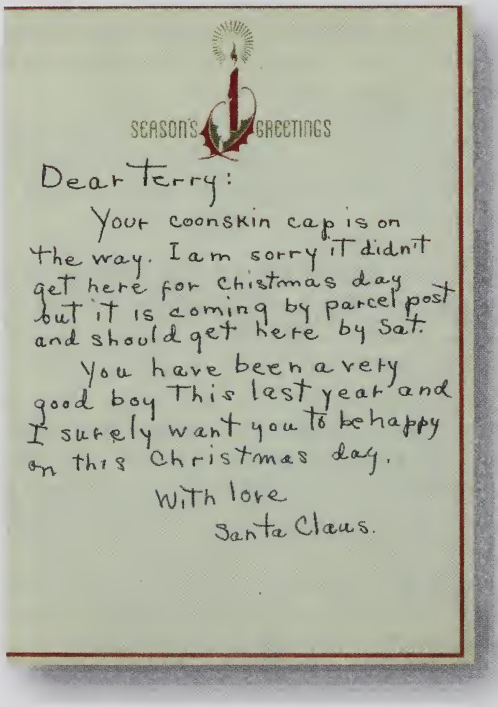
Mother went out before each Christmas to buy our pine Christmas tree downtown in one of the Christmas tree lots. We used the traditional silver, red and other colored balls to place on the branches. The silver icicle strands were carefully laid. I noticed that all of the strands that I put on, were later removed and replaced by Mother. We had a silver star to put on top of the tree. The large multicolored lightbulbs on the electric wires presented the feelings of Christmas. There was a little wooden Santa sleigh covered with silver glitter, with little stuffed animal reindeers Mother would decorate it filling it with colored balls or candy.

Mother took an annual trek up Rock Canyon in the cold to gather from the Oregon Grape bushes the red and orange berries which she festively arranged around the house. Sometimes I went with her to help her uncover the bushes from the snow. It was always fascinating to go up Rock Canyon in winter or summer.

Each Christmas morning, Kathryn and I or any of the little nephews and nieces visiting urged Mom and Dad to get up on Christmas morning and let us get to the presents! We all lined up according to age, youngest first, oldest last. We entered into the living room which was enchantingly brightened by the Christmas tree and outside Christmas lights. Every year, Mother would prepare a beautiful tree, in later years covered with stuffed animals.

As a young girl, Kathryn prepared a "stained glass" window by drawing and painting beautiful colored Christmas themes on the panes in the south window.

In my early life, I near worshipped Daniel Boone, Davey Crocket or L'll Abner. I wanted to grow up and be a hillbilly or a wilderness explorer and trapper. One Christmas, I was filled with excitement and satisfaction in receiving from Santa Clause a special gift of a coonskin cap for Christmas. It was a little late, because Santa couldn't get it mailed on time. Later, I wondered how come his letter to me seemed to be written in my Mother's printing.


SEASON'S GREETINGS

Dear Terry:

Your coonskin cap is on the way. I am sorry it didn't get here for Christmas day but it is coming by parcel post and should get here by Sat.

You have been a very good boy This last year and I surely want you to be happy on this Christmas day.

With love
Santa Claus.

My Personal Letter From Santa Claus

I also received a frontier cap-gun musket. Having my gun and my hat gave me enormous satisfaction. In a later year, I got my Daisy Red Rider BB gun which added to my joy. Another time, I loved getting a bow and arrows which I shot everywhere.

On another memorable Christmas, I received a silver bullet electric train which had an insert pellet which would blow smoke emanating from the top. The train whistle would moan, whoo-whooooo. It was just a small round train track but I spent hours playing on the carpet watching the train go round and round in circles, moaning and blowing off smoke, while I remember the radio playing, "Mr. Sandman, bring me a dream!" among other musical hits.

In subsequent years, I got my microscope and my big chemistry set. As I grew older, I received many wonderful gifts from Santa. In college, I received

a complete new set of *The Journal of Discourses* and other church and religious books.

So in all my growing up years, Christmas was important to me because of the wonderful gifts I received. But, in all those years, the Christmas carols and music, the lights and messages of Jesus' birth had an enormous effect on my young mind. For a couple of years, my sister Kathryn prepared two "stained glass" windows for our Christmas decorations.

Mother would read to us a shortened version of *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens. The book, with its English Illustrations, newly bound as a gift from my brother, is an important book in my library. In later years, I developed an even shorter version and performed the play, with music, to many family and friend gatherings. Dan Hess and I would often perform to the staff and missionaries in the Missionary Training Center. We performed for all of the missionaries on Christmas Day a few times. Elder Russel M. Nelson loved our performance.

Thanksgiving days were also memorable. In school, we read about the Pilgrims, the Indians, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Early on, we went down to Grandma Johnson's house for the family festive occasion. Usually we would go to a matinee movie; but, I can't remember if it was before or after the Thanksgiving feast. It has become a tradition for me even now, to go to a new movie on that day. I sure remember Grandma's homemade pies, sprinkled with sugar on top, the crust scarred or marked with the fork tines.

Over many years, Thanksgiving Day has become my favorite holiday, although I can't explain all of the reasons why it is so favored. Perhaps it is because of my nap after a big turkey dinner! Debra has continued to make the holiday a very special day of remembrance, gratitude and family time. One year, she gave each of us one kernel of corn on our plate, and then told the story of the first thanksgiving day of the pilgrims. After the story we tried to eat our corn. Fortunately, we were greeted with a wonderful turkey, potatoes and gravy,

stuffing, yams, sweet potatoes, cranberries, rolls and butter, and vegetables, followed by a large selection of pie including pumpkin heaped up with vanilla ice cream!

Everybody loves Halloween. I hate Halloween! But it's fun for a lot of folks. I try to hide from the trick and/or treaters. Debra makes me dress up and hand out candy to the little kiddies. But when I can, I try to watch one of the old movies, *Frankenstein*, or *Dracula*, especially the ones with Abbott and Costello. My old classic movie actor friends of Bella Lugosi, Lon Chaney Jr. and Boris Karloff still give me a scare. The best thing about the horrid event is exacting a candy tax on my grandkids.

Kathryn, Monte and Me at Bryce Canyon

Valentine Day is okay. I like the red paper hearts, cards, sentiments of romance and love given out to everybody, and I especially like the chocolates. Above all, I love my sweetheart Debra Sue Wagstaff Taylor!

My father Lynn loved southern Utah. As children, Kathryn and I traveled with Dad and Mom in their brand new Chevrolet two-toned red and beige station wagon down to Bryce Canyon, Grand Canyon, Zions, Navajo Lake, Cedar Breaks, Escalante, Moab and other places. We visited Bryce Canyon to see my sister Lynn Anne who was working there. We took an excursion to Escalante, passing Boynton Point and then up along "Hell's Backbone." It began to rain heavily with flash floods, so we turned back and had to drive through an overflowing river bed.

Uncle Harold and Two Jackasses at Big Rock Candy Mountain

These trips gave to me also, a great love of southern Utah and the beauty of desert places. Sometimes we traveled with Uncle Harold and Aunt Violet. We stopped off at the "Big Rock Candy Mountain on our way to Bryce Canyon.

President's Day, the Fourth of July, Memorial Day, Labor Day, Flag Day are all wonderful days for me to remember and celebrate my patriotic heritage my God-given liberties and freedoms. As a boy with my cowboy hat, my belt with holsters, holding my two silver cap six-guns, my shaps, spurs and marshal's badge, I sat up in the upper windows of the DTR Co. watching the annual parade each year shooting the bad guys.

Birthdays in my household are always a great event! Debra makes every person in our immediate family, the most important person in the world on the celebration of their birthday! What wonderful gifts, birthday cards, sumptuous dinners topped off with enormous slices of cake with thick frosting and ice-cream, seconds always included. I fear that such events may contribute not to the celebration of my birthday but to the commemoration of my death day!

I like to think that each day, every day, is a day of remembrance and celebration. How precious is my time on earth?! How very special is my birth, the day of my baptism, the days of my ordination, the day of my celestial marriage, the days of the births of my children? Precious special days in a line reaching into my old age. I fear that far too many of my days have been unfruitful and unfulfilled, but I have hope that a few of my good days will bring me some reward of present and future happiness.

Uncle Harold, Aunt Violet, Celestia, Janice, Monte, Kathryn, Lynn Anne and Terry at Bryce Canyon

Kathryn, Lynn Anne, Celestia, Terry Janice, Monte, John and Catherine Pearson at the Manti Temple

TWENTY-SEVEN

Women in My Life

Celestia

I would not have my fine body and my wonderful life without my celestial mother, Celestia Marguerita Johnson. Like every child, I am indebted for the pain, sacrifice and love of a great and noble mother.

Mother was raised in a somewhat dysfunctional home (which is the case of everybody to some extent). Her father and her mother loved each other but were often at disagreeable odds, having some contention. Living the Word of Wisdom had not taken deep root in their lives, and while active and faithful latter-day Saints in many respects, the gospel did not sink deeply into the lives of some of their children. Alcoholism has its demonic influence in the genetic strains of our family. The coffee can was up on the shelf and its fragrant familiar aroma filtered through Grandma Johnson's kitchen. Grandma Johnson used tea as her favorite beverage. Despite their parent's weaknesses, Celestia and her siblings were steadfastly loyal unyielding defenders of their parents. They adored their father and loved their mother. Celestia's beautiful and talented sisters with the exception of Zula who died at an early age, went separate ways in their commitment to following the strict and strait pathway of the Lord. But somehow, my mother and their only brother Kent, were different in their choices and they chose to follow the gospel path.

After a fairly lengthy courtship, Celestia succumbed to the persistent pursuit of my father Lynn Dixon Taylor. They married at the right time, in the right place, in the right way, in the Salt Lake Temple on August 17, 1927.

Her remarkable life is touched upon in her personal history, "Through a Lifetime," but it doesn't convey "the hundredth part" of her memorable motherhood to me. I gathered up many of her personal papers, photographs and documents along with those of my father Lynn and contributed them to the BYU Library Special Collections under the Clarence Dixon Taylor family papers.

My Mother Celestia

Being the last child in our family, Mother and I had a special relationship. She was always present, big as life, in our home on the hill, and in the Canyon. I remember in our Brickerhaven retreat, sleeping late into the morning, jumping in her bed, having her sing her songs and reading to me. How often she would invite friends and relatives to the Canyon, fix a delicious breakfast of pancakes or waffles, eggs, bacon, fruit, juice and other delicacies. These regular events, known to all of us as, "breakfast on the bridge," were part of my family tradition. In the Canyon, she would sit on the patio or deck and read. She would take us on walks in the woods. Later in her advanced life, she would turn on her light and read long into the night or early morning hours from the Book of Mormon.

She was known to her friends as "Cess," and all of the cousins and other kids on the hill as "Aunt Cess." She was a very social person outwardly. She fostered and accumulated many prominent friends from the university, the church and the community. Some of these included the Romney's, Lloyd's, Allen's, Ballif's, Millett's, Wilkinson's, Redd's, Saul's, Jacob's, Gunns, Calder's and others. Their social group, they called, "The Lovely Lovelies." They would gather each New Year's Day, year after year, at our home for a sumptuous breakfast, lunch and banquet dinner. They would play board and card games of all kinds. In later years, some of the men would watch the football games after we finally got a larger TV, and everybody would eat popcorn, fudge, nuts, chocolate and rich divinity candy in between meals. I didn't enjoy those days, because I was all alone with a lot of "old people!" Thanks goodness for my dog, "Rusty."

Mother was always loyal, faithful and loving to my father. Sometimes they had disagreements, but I can't recall her ever losing her temper. Mother was a very strong woman. They seldom quarreled but on very rare occasions when

there was a disagreement, she would cry a little, and acquiesce to the strong will of my father. She was respectful and obedient to him because she stated that he was always "right" in the end.

Dad was frugal and careful of his expenses as was mother. After Dad's death Mom accumulated a sizable savings and invested wisely over many years. With her earnings at the University, she encouraged and insisted that she and Dad go on their European vacation trip to pick me up in England after my mission and tour some of Europe. Dad was reluctant to go at first. This was a wonderful experience for all of us because just one year later, my father suffered a massive heart attack and passed away. I was now alone in our home on the hill with mother. I know it was a lonely and difficult time of adjustment for her, but she faced it positively with faith and determination.

From the time of Dad's death in 1967, until my marriage in 1971, I lived with my mother in our home on the hill. We grew close together, she always supporting me in my fears and frustrations. She continued her teaching in the English Department at the University and I continued my BYU education. Each morning, she would arise and fix us a breakfast and we would drive off to school together. Cousins Stephen and Tony tell of the times we would all laugh and laugh together. She was always positive and fun about life, even when facing lonely times.

Each of her family have loved and admired her over the years. Her music, art, and her literary training all had such an influence on me and my brother and sisters. But most, and above all, was her solid commitment to the Church and her obedience to the gospel. In her later years, she worked faithfully in the early morning hours as a temple ordinance worker. She traveled all over the world as a member of the General Board of the Relief Society, teaching and testifying of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I remember her waving to us goodbye as we departed for three years to our mission in Las Vegas, now being left further alone. I remember her deep rich resonant fervent voice often giving her testimony of the church and of its leaders and of the Lord. She gave such a testimony to our members and missionaries while visiting us in the

Celestia Johnson Taylor

mission field. She was always generous and giving to her family.

After our marriage and raising our children, we often went to mother's condominium at the Taylor Terraces for a family home evenings. Mother would prepare a meal, usually of soup and sandwiches. My young children came to love Grandma Taylor and her *gummy bears.*

My Celestial Mother

One evening, we went to a movie together. During the film, mother was acting strangely and we knew she was having a stroke. The paramedics came and rushed her to the hospital. She was quite incapacitated. With my Brother's loving support, she was moved into a recovery or rehabilitation center in Orem. John set such an example of support and kindness, visiting her each day. After a time, mother was moved into our home where Debra and I took care of her until she suffered her final debilitating stroke. I spent three solid days at her bedside singing to her the hymns and repeatedly telling her how much we loved and appreciated her and her magnificent life. As she was expiring, she looked up into my face and with a smile passed away. She is one of those great unusual celestial souls who have walked the path into eternal life!

My Sisters

I was blessed with three wonderful older sisters, Janice, Lynn Anne, and Kathryn Dee. My early memories of them is limited. As they grew older, they lived full active lives, dating, working and studying. They were kind and good to me and were such examples of young womanhood. Each of my sisters have been such examples to me and have a huge impact on my life.

My Three Sisters and a Friend in the Canyon

Janice

My oldest sister Janice is a loving, gracious, forgiving soul. She has always been a solid committed follower of the Lord, rooted and grounded in her

testimony, commitment to the gospel and in her service to her family and the Church. She is a marvelous mother of five children, my nieces and nephews. Her youngest son Michael, with Downs Syndrome is a celestial angel, one whom Janice and Monte loved and cherished from the beginning. As a small boy, I visited her in her home in Solana Beach, California and I was a rascal! I was rude and selfish, but she was kind and patient with me. Over her lifetime, she has served faithfully and loyally to her husband Monte, and each of her children. She worked faithfully as a temple worker in the San Diego Temple. She organized a weekly personal writing group and found much satisfaction in writing. She compiled the history of our father, Lynn Dixon Taylor. [1] She is a loving affectionate sister whom I will admire forever!

Lynn Anne

Lynn Anne was talented and gifted in her social life and in her drama activities. In high school and college, she set me up to help her practice her dramatic lines. I remember her practicing the lines. I recall some of her many boy friends who would travel the long road up to our home on the hill bringing flowers or chocolates. I liked getting an occasional chocolate! She developed her dramatic talents by public speaking and performing in many plays. She created her successful puppet company, "Strings and Things," and pursued a BYU master's degree in drama, specializing on puppeteering. Lynn Anne collected many interesting and varied puppets. She was also a collector of many wall and standing wooden clocks. She and Bryan raised eight wonderful children, again my nieces and nephews. She had a long life of formal Church service, supporting her husband Bryan as bishop, stake president, England Manchester mission president, Utah Bountiful temple president, member of the Quorum of the Seventy, a director in the Missionary Department and as stake patriarch. She is always so positive and gracious to all.

Lynn Anne Taylor

Lynn Anne and Janice Growing Up

Kathryn

Kathryn Dee and I were two years apart and as children, we sometimes fought like cats! But our relationship soon developed into a warm and interesting friendship. Kathryn's art work was creative, unique, stunning. She was a gifted artist and musician. She would often sit down with me or any of us and say with

Kathryn Dee Taylor

a certain quizzical look, "I have a question!" Then she would launch into a grand philosophical and religious discussion about a pre-earth life and the spirit world or the resurrection. I think in her mind, she lived in another world. Again, I quote her special words from our father Lynn's history included in Chapter One:

> *There are moments in life that seem too exquisite! To reach back and briefly touch the memories of former times, places and people, and to recollect their value and meaning in life can bring a painful ache to the heart. And yet not to think of them is to deny one's self a finite and delicate sense of joy and reality which comes not often; but when it touches the soul, makes one sense—perhaps only briefly—the immense and overwhelming value of life and its wonderful possibilities for the future.*[2]

Kathryn was very sensitive to spiritual realms and feelings. I treasure her sacrament meeting talk, "Be of Good Cheer!" Looking back, she seemed to know or have premonitions of her early departure from this life. She was having a few black-out spells previewing her untimely death, from a fatal automobile accident, leaving Brent her husband and young children alone.

As each of my sisters married and raised their families, my admiration for them has expanded and swelled. As we all are in our advancing years, our regard and respect for each other has swelled and multiplied. How I love and

appreciate my wonderful sisters who have had such a significant and lasting influence on my life.

Kathryn Dee Taylor Brockbank

Catherine Pearson

I was just a young boy when my brother John met Catherine Pearson who was to become my sister-in law. She was from Great Neck, Long Island and graduated from the University of Utah. She taught school in Boston for a time. While passing through Provo on her way to graduate school at UCLA, she met John. Catherine was a beautiful brunette of whom our family was deeply impressed and pleased. Dad, Mother and I thought she was a striking and

Catherine Pearson

wonderful young woman. Her father and mother were very refined, dignified and educated. John and Catherine made their home for many years in Cincinnati, Ohio, where John was employed by the Procter and Gamble Company. I admired their beautiful homes and the meticulous manner in which they cared for their possessions. She was always glamorously dressed and perfectly groomed. She was a tireless worker in caring for her home and gardens. After moving back to Provo, on John's retirement, she and Debra became close as sisters-in-law. I am grateful for her contributions to our family.

Debra Sue

From early childhood, I felt the attractions to my opposite sex. Through grade school, junior high, high school and college, I had feelings for a pleasant female face and presence. I had the normal natural inclinations that come with my male nature. Over all these growing up years, I had infatuations for many different girls, but my reticent and retreating character would not allow me to take ventures or make overtures into the realms of forming any female relationship. My shyness overpowered any temptations to form continuing combination. In my first seminary class in junior high school, I was introduced to an article, I believe called, "The Gift" which was a beautiful romantic story on the virtue of chastity. It had a powerful and impressive effect on my young spirit and the commitment I felt to my future wife. While working at the Grand Canyon Lodge as a 17-year old boy, we watched a movie every Friday night. One of these was "The Naked Jungle" with Charlton Heston and Eleanor Parker. It also made a deep impression on my young manhood. Over the years, I saw and loved many romantic movies and read wonderful romance books. How I longed for the future bride I hoped to have someday. In college, between all classes, I would enter the Library and walk up and down the aisles, tables and carrels looking for a beautiful face. I would plunk myself down hoping that some gorgeous girl would come and sit down nearby, while I made superficial efforts to study. Again, in college and graduate school, I would sit alone on the couch in the darkness of the living room of our home on the hill, overlooking the lights on the valley floor, listening to beautiful music, musing about finding and marrying my wife and forever companion.

I was in the second year of my MBA Program, studying diligently to keep up and survive. I was active in my BYU Student ward and dating girls here and there. It was rare that I ever went with the same girl more than once. Those who seemed interested in me, I was not attracted to and vice versa. Reminds me of Groucho Mark's comment, "I refuse to join any club that would have me as a member!" I felt socially inadequate and was despairing in my ability to ever form a consistent relationship. I decided to give up my efforts and just leave my female relationships in the hands of the Lord. I began regular fasting once a week, on Thursdays. I met Debra on December12, 1970, pinned her with my Bricker pin in January. We were engaged on March 12 and were married on August 12, 1972. I have reviewed our complete courtship and life together in Chapter Twenty.

Debra Sue Wagstaff

Through our many years of marriage, the raising of our six children, the challenges and trials of life, we have had many ups and downs! But Debra has always and ever loved me. She has been the fighter and defender of her children and of the gospel. I am so grateful for her life, her example, her determination and her faithful companionship.

Bonnie Jean

I must share my feelings for Debra's mother, Bonnie Jean Liedtke Wagstaff. Her father was an immigrant from Germany. He was sent from his native land prior to the war as a young lad by his parents, never to see them again. He spoke broken English, experienced unkind discrimination and struggled to find viable work. He married Verda Snyder whose parents strongly discouraged the marriage. But Verda pressed forward and together they had four boys and four girls, raising them in a small home. In this poverty, the father passed away leaving Verda and all of the children destitute. They hand-excavated underneath the house to provide more room, even with a dirt floor for the growing and hard-pressed family. In

spite of this privation, Bonnie grew into a beautiful refined and educated woman. She was meticulous in the order and cleanliness of her home and her person.

After meeting Bonnie and Debra's father, Douglas Stillman Wagstaff, I reported to my mother Celestia, "I have hit the jackpot!" Bonnie was one of the most unselfish and giving women I have known. She worked so hard in her life that I believe her health was impaired. Although limited, I had a special warm relationship with her. She fixed sumptuous Sunday dinners and holiday meals. I was always grateful that she would allow me to rest and take naps in her beautiful homes. I don't think she liked my retreats but never criticized or complained.

On one occasion while we were driving, she divulged to me privately that she had recently been diagnosed with Alzheimer's. I was the first in the family to be informed of her dreadful disease. Her decline and final demise was a tragic end to a magnificent life.

I conclude my chapter by referring briefly to my two beautiful and dutiful daughters, Anna Lise Taylor and Amy Jean Taylor McCall, both of whom served full-time missions for the Lord, Anna in England, and Amy in the Kirtland Visitors' Center. How very different they are and yet, how remarkable are their lives. I also include my admiration for my daughter-in-law, Manya Erin Papin Taylor.

Anna Lise

I loved to sing to Anna in the rocking chair when she was a small girl.

Anna Lise, Anna Lise!
She is such a happy girl;
She is such a snappy girl!
Anna Lise, Anna Lise!
Flip her; flop her, Hold her, stop her! Anna Lise!!

Anna was a beautiful girl with fair blond hair—our sunshine girl! As a teenager, she became extremely allergic to nuts. No one can know the extent of the physical and mental trials Anna has undergone. In the mission field, she developed a brain tumor and had surgery after returning home. She has been at Death's door and peered into the next world more than once. After marrying in the temple, her husband abandoned leaving her alone with an infant son, Thomas. She has been a marvelous mother to him throughout his growing years.

Anna's has a vibrant spirit and enthusiasm when she is feeling well. She strives to be cheerful in spite of enormous opposition which effort is incredible to me! She makes me laugh!

Anna Lise Taylor

Anna has a gifted sense of color and design and of fine things. She, like all of our children knows how to self-sufficient. She was called to serve a full-time mission to the England London South mission. We enjoyed our correspondence and we made a book of our letters back and forth. At the conclusion of her mission, I traveled to England to pick her up and felt a "fullness of joy!" We attended the London temple. We enjoyed visiting many of the famous London tourist attractions, especially climbing to the very tip-top of St. Paul's Cathedral and looking over the great city. She has been a great joy to me throughout her life. Her faith, resilience, determination and endurance has been a shining star in my life.

Amy Jean

Amy is likewise a bright star in my universe! Her focus, discipline and determination to achieve the goals and tasks of her life, is a monumental example of faith and achievement. We had her enter a baby contest, for the most beautiful child.

Amy Jean Taylor

In elementary school, she started writing murder mysteries, as "Detective AJT." Growing up into young womanhood, she became increasingly beautiful, physically and spiritually.

Amy enjoyed athletics and began her running career. She ran distances on the Provo High cross country team and became very competitive. She ran many races over the years, including winning the Big Cottonwood marathon race in Utah. She began her college education at BYU, graduating, like her brother David in civil and structural engineering with her joint bachelor and master's degrees.

After her graduation, she chose to receive a call to serve as a full-time missionary in the Ohio Cleveland Mission and Historic Kirtland Visitors' Center. She was a superb missionary and gained a strong testimony of the gospel and a knowledge of early church history. Debra and I went to Kirtland to pick her up and in the dead of winter, we toured her mission, Niagra Falls, Palmyra, the Sacred Grove, the Hill Cumorah and other historic places.

After her return, she sought employment and began her professional work at Dunn Associates, an engineering company in Salt Lake City.

During the recession, she was laid off from her company so she decided to back to BYU to pursue a PhD in engineering. She worked in the summers for

the U.S. Forest Service She taught some engineering classes at BYU for undergraduate students. Her dissertation was a marvel research study and was greatly commended by her professors. She traveled to China to examine and research some of the enormous new sky-scrapers.

Amy Jean

Amy has a gorgeous singing voice! She picks up any tune and sings melodies constantly. She excelled in her long-distance running, her math and engineering studies, her teaching abilities, her professional pursuits and accomplishment. Her marriage and her splendid motherhood demonstrate the goodness of her life. Her fun-loving sense of humor and warmth give joy to all with whom she associates. She also, is an inspiration to me.

I am grateful for my two daughters and their love and support of their parents.

Manya Erin Papin

Our family was greatly blessed to have Manya Erin Papin marry our son David. Manya and her wonderful parents were converts to the Church in Vacaville, California. David met her while serving at Travis Air Force Base in his first military assignment. She was young and beautiful. She studied art at the local college and graduated with her degree.

Together, she and David bore their daughter Celestia June, named after her two great-grandmothers. Manya then bore their sons, Jack Douglas, Mason

James, Grant, Max, George Arthur, and Samuel. As of this writing, they are expecting their second daughter.

Manya Erin Papin Taylor

Manya has been an inspiration to her husband and to all of my family, particularly her devotion to the Lord and to her motherhood. She has a delightful sense of humor and a remarkable, even unusual, common sense and wisdom, benefiting her husband in numerous important and vital decisions. Her willingness to uproot whenever necessary with her growing family, moving from California, to Oklahoma, to Colorado Springs, to Alabama, to Virginia and Washington D.C., and then back to California is amazing and humbling.

I am grateful for her sterling, sweet and faithful spirit and have been appreciative of the role and contribution she has made to my family.

What is the impact and influence of good women in everyone's life, especially in mine! Again, I am grateful for the wonderful female associations throughout my life.

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[1] *Lynn Dixon Taylor*, Compiled by Janice Taylor, P. 1.
[2] Kathryn Dee Taylor Brockbank, *Letter to Celestia J. Taylor*, February 16, 1967.

TWENTY -EIGHT

My Boys

Douglas Dixon

Oh, our first baby child was a boy, named after his Grandpa Wagstaff, Douglas, and the ancestral family name of "Dixon"—Douglas Dixon Taylor. I was witness to his birth. As I looked upon his infant tiny face, I gazed into his

new-born eyes and had a vision—seeing a full-grown mature spirit within.

Douglas' grandmother Bonnie purchased a baby crib in pure white. We had a little blue, pink and white mobile with little angels hung on the railing above his head. It matched the checked blue and white blanket that Debra made. He was a beautiful little boy, but suffered from the beginning with asthma.

As he grew, Debra, his mother taught him to read and to speak. I remember his first word, as "ball" as he held and played with a little blue ball in Sacrament meeting.

As he grew in school, he participated in writing, art, drama and sports activities. I encouraged him to play sports and he participated in a Youth Basketball program. It saddened me to see that he could not compete as well as others in physical activities. He was mainly just a "sub" on the team.

Douglas Dixon Taylor

He worked hard to achieve in all of his school activities, and he did so. He had a fun sense of humor and wanted to gather many friends. He excelled in art and photography. He took many wonderful photos in nature settings. He drew and painted many pictures.

His large clay ceramic, "Alpha to Omega" won the blue ribbon First Place Award in the state high school competition. It represents man's growth and evolution from child to Godhood. The theme was taken from Lorenzo Snow's famous statement, "As Man is, God once was. As God is, Man may become." He was selected as the Provo High School Sterling Scholar in Art.

His scrapbooks are full of awards, certificates and achievements. He achieved his Eagle Scout award.

I loved to hike with Douglas and his brother David. Together, we surmounted many of the mountain peaks in the area, including Lone Peak, Provo Peak and Timpanogos.

Douglas suffered terribly with his health, both mental and physical. My heart ached for him throughout his life because of his suffering. He began his college at Dixie State College in St. George. He served his mission in the

Texas Fort Worth Mission. It was very difficult for him. After returning home, he was ready to begin to study art and photography at BYU. In 1993, He was not well when he went hiking up Rock Canyon in the vicinity of Buckley's Mine when he fell to his death. The actual cause of his terrible fall remains unknown. Douglas had a testimony and had received his temple blessings. We were all greatly saddened by his passing and I have missed him all of these passing years.

David Lynn

Douglas and David

Our second son was David Lynn Taylor. The name "David" means "Beloved," and he was beloved from the beginning. Born on December 1, 1974, he was our Christmas child. Again, witnessing his birth, I saw a strong and assertive spirit. His middle name "Lynn" was his Grandfather Taylor's first name. David and Douglas were quite different but they enjoyed and played well together. Sometimes, they would go into Mr. Jensen's orchard behind our house and look at the cows or shoot BB guns at each other.

Aspirations of a Boy

David developed a patriotic sense. He loved his country. He aspired to be a defender of our land. Early in his life he dreamed of someday serving as a pilot in the United States Air Force.

David spent his teen-age years in Las Vegas at Chapperal High School. He was diligent in his studies and made many friends in the ward. At eighteen years of age, he was called to serve a mission in the Germany Berlin Mission, the land of his Great-grandfather Paul Liedtke. David worked very hard in a difficult mission, experiencing many trials especially when he learned of his brother Douglas' death.

David Lynn Taylor

After returning home, David enrolled in BYU correspondence classes to complete his high school credential even while he was accepted to enter BYU as a freshman student. I was interested in his early problem-solving inclination. He sat down with the BYU catalogue and schedule and carefully planned out his entire school course from entry to exit at graduation. He chose to pursue his academic studies in civil and structural engineering, moving seamlessly from his bachelor to master degrees. Along the way, he merited a couple of scholarships. He became the president of the student chapter of civil engineers and received other awards and recognition. He joined the AFROTC to help pay for his college expenses, expecting to become an engineer in the Air Force. He became the distinguished BYU cadet graduate. A professor suggested that he might try to be an Air Force pilot. David had initially put it out of his mind, but after considering, he put his name in for a slot and was accepted.

He began his pilot training at Del Rio AFB in Texas. His training was a terribly difficult ordeal, because of his proclivity to air sickness. He chose to continue his training in preparing to fly the larger transport planes, choosing the largest C-5 Galaxy jet.

He began his career at Travis Air Force Base in Vacaville, California where he met his wife, Manya Erin Papin. They began their family, moving from California, to Oklahoma, and then to Colorado Springs and the Air Force Academy. David taught engineering and advanced to become the Executive Officer reporting directly to the Academy General and Superintendent. He was promoted to the rank of Major. He and his growing family moved to Alabama where he attended the War College and earned a second master's degree in military science. Then, traveling on to Alexandria, Virginia and Washington D. C. He increased in rank to Lieutenant Colonel. I will always remember his advancement ceremonies, first at the Academy when he advanced to Major and then advancing to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel held in the National Archive in Washington. In his brief remarks, he stated that he had made three sacred oaths or vows in his life: 1) as a young boy scout to pledge his honor to God, his country and to help others; 2) as a young man who entered into the holy temple and made eternal oaths and promises to God and his family, and 3) as a leader in defense of the Constitution of the United States, against enemies both foreign and domestic.

David has performed many hours of training and service. He has performed innumerable missions and visited several countries, traveling around the world many times to follow orders of his superior officers.

He knows his greatest accomplishments are his children and family. He has created beautiful homes each time he has been called upon to move and he has provided continually for his growing family.

Allen Craig

Our third son was named Allen Craig Taylor, born February 9, 1979. Like Douglas, he suffered with asthma, but also with terrible eczema on his body. He had dreadful allergies. We tried to feed him carrots and goats milk to help alleviate some of his food allergies. He could eat little else. His skin turned orange for a time because of the carrots. His dry and scaly skin itched incessantly. We could find nothing to alleviate it. His lip split and seemed like he had a permanent lip fissure. When he smiled or laughed, he had to avoid extending his smile to avoid further splitting. It was very humorous to watch him grimace when he had to laugh. We all tried to not make him laugh, but he did anyway. Allen experienced pain and anguish throughout his childhood.

Allen was fun loving with a great sense of humor. He excelled in school and wanted to make many friends.

Allen Craig Taylor

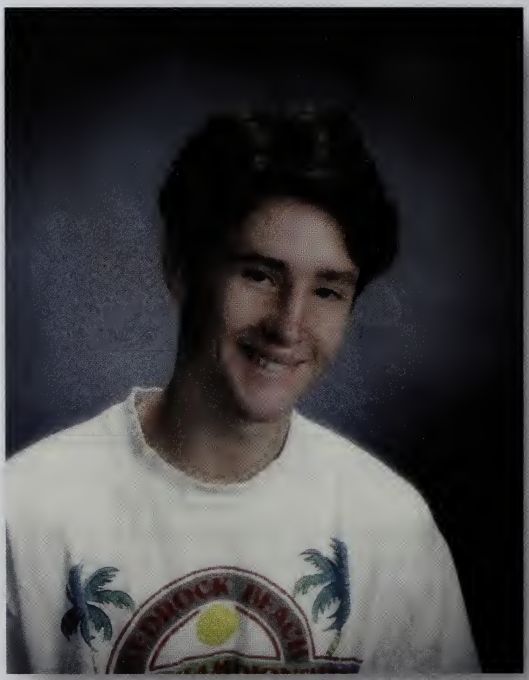
While in Las Vegas, he entered a sixth grade center where he was bussed across town to a gang area. There were over a thousand six-graders in the Center and he knew hardly anyone.

In the first week of school, there was a shooting in one of the local high schools. Allen experienced several traumatic incidents, disruptive for a young boy, one of which was in our own ward.

After returning to Provo, he developed and excelled in art and poetry. He organized a musical rock bank, with some friends which he called "Felix." While he did not play a musical instrument, he wrote the lyrics of their music and they performed a few local concerts. He was a very good basketball player and his Junior Jazz team won the city championship. I was their coach! But, all I did, was say to the boys, "OK, you go in, and you come out!"

As Allen entered and matured in his adolescent years, he fell further and deeper into depression. He had a few close friends who loved and supported him in his darkness. He came very near to taking his own life on a couple of incidents. Debra did all possible to help and support him medically and clinically. After graduating from Provo High School, he enrolled in BYU

and was accepted into their art program, based on his excellent portfolio. He gained a part-time job at the art framing department in the BYU Bookstore. He received the Melchizedek Priesthood and was ordained an elder. He loved our little dog Fluffy and he loved little children. He was a gifted and intelligent young man and a dear son.



My Son, Allen

George Terry

Our fourth and youngest son, was named George Terry Taylor II after his dad. He also experienced the family affliction of eczema and asthma. We believe there is a strong connection between the two maladies.

George Terry Taylor II

We called him "T" from the beginning. He was in torment and would cry incessantly throughout the night with exasperating itching. He could not

Terry's Baptism with Brother David

Mission Accomplished

sleep in the crib and so we brought him into our own bed where his mother would hold, caress, sing and try to comfort him night after night. We put him in his full-bodied pajamas covering completely his ankles and feet which he would try to scratch incessantly into the skin causing bleeding.

We put socks on his hands and taped them up to avoid his agonizing scratching. Yet, he was so sweet and good in spite of his suffering. Eventually, we found that he could sleep in the bathtub where the cool cast iron and enamel relived some of his discomfort.

While in Las Vegas, I would arise early in the morning and do my walking and running. Occasionally, Terry would accompany me by riding his little bicycle. We had him enroll in a T-ball team. He learned and loved to swim and enjoyed our swimming pool in Las Vegas. He would jump on our trampoline with his brothers and sometimes the office missionaries would romp and play with him. He was greatly loved by his family and all who knew him.

After returning to Provo he started his elementary school. Early on, reading and study were difficult, but like his brothers, he loved art and gravitated towards drawing, painting and sculpture. He joined a Junior Jazz basketball team and I became the coach. Our team didn't do very well but we had fun.

From his beginning, he excelled in all of his scouting activities. I encouraged and supported him in his merit badge powwows and summer scout camps, attending several with him. Early on, "T" achieved his Cub Scout Arrow of Light Award, Mile Swim, Order of the Arrow, Fifty-Mile Hiking and the National Camping Award. He obtained numerous scouting patches and his Eagle Scout Award, the highest rank in scouting. In addition, he gained five Eagle Palm awards. His merit badge sash was loaded with all of his achievements. At one court of honor, someone asked him, "'T', how did you achieve so much in scouting?" He replied, "Well, I don't really like scouting that much. I just like camping!" He went on every camp, every outing, took advantage of every opportunity. He just kept "showing up" whenever there was an activity.

Terry loved the other younger boys, and they and the leaders loved him. Around every campfire, he was the organizer of the games and stories.

The younger boys especially were drawn to him and they admired him for his humor and fun personality.

Graduating from Provo High School, he attended briefly Utah Valley University, then enrolled in BYU Idaho. He accepted a missionary call to the Oregon Portland Mission. He struggled and endured his missionary work faithfully. It was very difficult. His weekly letters home formed the basis of his extensive missionary journal, which I helped him print and bind. His regular writing was a source of great strength and endurance for him during his mission. He was fortunate and blessed to have a mission president who supported and encouraged him.

After returning from his mission in Oregon, he continued his education at BYU-Idaho in Rexburg, gaining his associate degree. After completion, he transferred to BYU, majoring in Engineering Technology Education, which included industrial arts. He also completed minors in art and psychology, and his teaching certificates. He finished most of this education while Debra and I were in the Philippines. For having always struggled in educational pursuits, I was astounded in his academic achievements. Each of his professors wrote letters of sterling commendation.

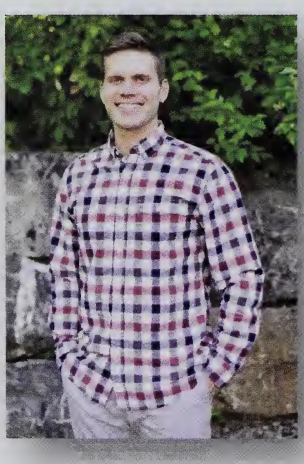
The Student, the Missionary and the Teacher

He completed his student teaching in a junior high school and high school in the Alpine School District. He was recruited by the Tooele School District before he had even graduated. The next year, he transferred to the Jordan School district teaching Career Education Technology (CTE) on the junior high school level. He was well liked and respected by the

students and the administration. He is an example to me of one who persists and endures through trials, afflictions and enormous obstacles.

Steven Andrew McCall

One day, a young teacher came into my office at the MTC and said "hello." He said that he had met my daughter Amy and they were friends. Sometime later, I learned that they were more than friends. Steven McCall, an outstanding MTC teacher had served his mission in the Canada Toronto mission, just across the river and Niagra Falls from the Ohio Cleveland Mission where Amy had served.



Steve had seen Amy several years earlier at a wedding and was smitten! One of Steve's close companions was Elder Madsen, the brother of Sister Madsen, one of Amy's companions, and grandchildren of Truman G. Madsen. Steve's older sister worked as a lifeguard with Amy at the BYU summer outdoor swimming pool.

Steve and Amy were in love and married in the Salt Lake Temple. He was handsome, strong and intelligent. He was a high school state tennis star and swimming champion. He loved basketball and football and was very competitive in all sports. After graduation from BYU, he worked for a budding computer software company in the burgeoning health care industry. He was very busy working and traveling but did all he could to support his wife Amy in her professional pursuits.

Steve blended right in with our family and seemed to enjoy being with us. Steve's parents are wonderful, his father serving as bishop and stake president in Shoreline, Washington just north of Seattle. His mother, a vibrant and beautiful personality became a great friend to all of our family. Steve's sisters and brother are magnificent people. Steve's sense of humor and

positive spirit have been a great boon and stabilizing influence in our family. Steve is a wonderful son and brother to our family. .

My boys and my girls are very precious to me. I love, respect and admire each of them for all that they are, were and will be. I believe and anticipate that we will all be together forever.

TWENTY-NINE

Death

I never remembered the lives or deaths of my grandparents except for Grandma Johnson. I attended the funeral of my Aunt Rhoda Johnson Reichart. I remember her as a beautiful and kind woman. She passed away at an early age, from cancer. Her son, and only child, Cousin Charlie, struggled throughout his life with social challenges and some mental illness. Her loss was a great source of sorrow to Grandma Johnson; I recall that she grieved for years. I don't remember my mother, Celestia, Rhoda's older sister ever saying much about her illness and passing. This was the first encounter with death I can remember.

I remember when we were all shocked by the sudden and tragic automobile accident of my Uncle Byron Nelson, Aunt Wyla's husband. The challenging effect and negative results of his early death on Wyla and her sons, Byron Kent and Nash, continued for years after.

I also remember the passing of Grandma Johnson and her funeral. I know my Mother was sorrowful but I don't remember her having any anguish or lingering grief in Grandma's demise. Mother was very positive about life and adjusted to situations quickly.

In the summer of 1969, I, my father Lynn, Uncle Elton, Cousin Ken Kartchner and others were helping Aunt Ethelyn move into her new home in the tree streets near BYU. Dad was stung by a hornet, which might have had some effect. After our exertions in the move, we went up to our cabin in Brickerhaven with mother. During the night, Dad was experiencing heart pains. Mother and I drove him down to the hospital, where he was admitted to intensive care. We thought and hoped that he would soon recover. Two days later, he had a strong recurrence of heart failure and died. I drove Mother home and we were now alone together in the house. Two days later, Aunt Alta Taylor also passed away. One by one, each of my wonderful aunts and uncles passed on from this life. Mother seemed to take all things in her stride forward and in meeting life's new challenges.

In February 1985, we were shocked when our beloved sister Kathryn Dee Taylor Brockbank was "surgically removed from life" as my brother John termed it. Her young son, David, in the car, was unscathed. Kathryn went through a stop sign and another vehicle hit her side-on. Allen was on a mission in South America. The other kids were home. Prior to this, Debra and I noticed that Kathryn was occasionally having some dizzy or black-out fainting spells from

time to time. Kathryn didn't say much about them and probably didn't do much either. At the time, I missed her funeral being on assignment in the England MTC. After the funeral, Debra and Mother traveled to join me in England for a brief vacation. It was a chance to be away from the tragedy and comfort Mother and each other. After Kathryn's untimely death, Brent continued on admirably raising his family.

My eldest son, Douglas Dixon Taylor struggled with his physical health. His infancy was racked with physical discomfort. With severe asthma and exema he cried incessantly as an infant during the night. He was hospitalized more than once for respiratory medical assistance to save his little and fragile life. Growing up, he had to use an inhaler and ventilator for adequately breathing. At times he had to use strong medication (prednisone) to assist him. I believe the drug negatively affected his mental and emotional health. He compensated for his frailty by his active physical life—hiking and scouting activities. My heart ached for him throughout his ordeals during childhood, teenage years, and young adulthood. I could tell he was having mental health issues in high school, college and on his mission. He attended Dixie College for one year before his mission to Texas. I am grateful to my wife's parents, Douglas and Bonnie Wagstaff who cared for and watched over him while we were serving in the Nevada Las Vegas Mission.

Douglas returned home early from his mission in Texas for health reasons. Because of medications and illness, he had periods of greatly slurred speech and weakness of movement. He was briefly staying with Celestia in Provo and was enrolled to enter BYU. Near his birthday in May, he went on a hike up Rock Canyon. We learned he was missing for two days. We began praying for his well-being. We went to the Nevada Las Vegas Temple and I had a sweet feeling of comfort and peace roll over and envelop me. Debra returned to Provo to engage in a search to find him, along with her parents and my brother John. I remained in the mission with our family and the missionaries. Apparently, he had climbed up through Buckley's Mine to the "Diving Board" area. As far as we know, he fell to his death. Debra was not allowed to see his broken disfigured body. The tragedy engulfed us with anguish. A sword pierced through our hearts. But the great Comforter was with us throughout the ordeal and continued. Being with the missionaries, interviewing them, and feeling their sympathy and the kindness of the members, I was comforted. The members held a special memorial service for us in Las Vegas. We were allowed to return to Provo, briefly for 2 days, for his funeral and burial. We then returned to Las Vegas for another month to complete our mission calling. Douglas had a testimony and had received his temple blessings. We were all greatly saddened by his passing and I have greatly missed him these passing years.

Following Douglas' death, four years later, we felt the sword of death strike us again. Our dear son Allen, followed the genetic pattern of his older brother Douglas. He repeated the physical agony, fear and turmoil of allergies. His agonizing itching, scratching, repeatedly throwing up his food, and his difficult asthmatic episodes were constant challenges. As a child, Allen could not keep his food down. We tried to help with his allergies by feeding him baby food carrots and goat's milk. We will always remember Allen having to smile, but hurting because of his split lip. He had a delightful and humorous, even hilarious personality. We loved him so much as we did all of our children!

Allen had had some early devastating experiences in Las Vegas. As he approached his teenage years, he was engulfed by depression and self-doubt. He could not reconcile some of the challenges he faced. He received medical intervention to help with severe depression. Our little dog Fluffy, was a comfort to him. He loved to hold and love small infants. He had been ordained an elder, had entered his first year at BYU and was planning to major in art. One day, in desperation, he went alone to the hospital to receive help for his despair but he was turned away. The next afternoon, he drove his car up Provo Canyon and drove off the cliff to his death. His tragic death was broadcast on the TV evening news and was featured in all of the newspapers. We received great comfort from the condolences we received from family, friends, neighbors, BYU and the Church. We received a personal telephone call from Elder Dallin H. Oaks who spoke comforting words to us regarding the salvation of those who have taken their own lives in death.

One year later, I entered the Timpanogos Temple to perform the saving ordinances for Allen. While there in the temple, I received much assurance and hope for the losses of our boys. I could see in my mind, my sons and their work in the world beyond.

Debra and I and some of our kids attended a movie one evening accompanied by Mother Celestia. During the movie, Mom was acting very strangely. We realized that she was having a severe stroke. An ambulance was dispatched along with a large fire engine. We had to remove her during the movie and transport her to the hospital. She remained in a recovery facility for several weeks. I and Debra were touched by my Brother John's constant daily visits and solicitation for Mother.

After several weeks in the care center, we had mother come and live in our home. She was confined to a wheel chair and had lost many of her faculties. She could not speak or otherwise communicate. We had daily home health care attend her as well as a physical therapist who would work with her 2 or 3 times a week. John's financial and emotional support to us and to mother during this time

was deeply appreciated. Debra's constant kindness and assistance to mother in her declining years and in her deteriorating condition was appreciated by all of my family.

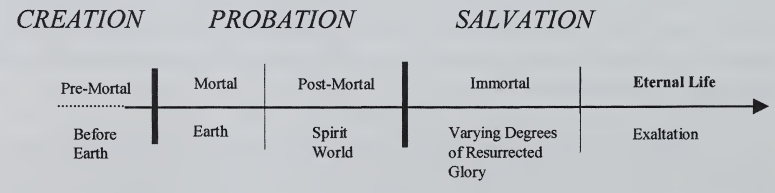
Debra had been very close to mother ever since our courtship, engagement and marriage. Mom had one more major stroke and was placed in the Utah Valley Medical Center. I spent a solid 3 days at her bedside, holding her hand and speaking and singing to her, as she was approaching death. When all of her children gathered, she turned her head, looked up into my face and smiled. Then her spirit passed from her body.

One day, I was driving with my mother-in-law Bonnie Jean Liedtke Wagstaff somewhere. She confided in me that she had been diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease; I was the first she had informed. Like all with this debilitating disease, she went through an agonizing experience in losing her cognizance and memory. She passed away two weeks after Debra and I arrived in the Philippines MTC. It was a tender time for us especially in missing her passing and her funeral.

There will come into my life and into the lives of all my loved ones, the terrible and terrifying events of death. I will lose my dear wife and eternal companion, whether in my death or hers. Which will come first? Either way, it will become exquisitely and excruciatingly painful and difficult. I love her and all of our children. We must all face the inevitable crucible and challenge of death in our mortal lives!

The processes of creation, of probation and of salvation are important portals and gates separating my pre-mortal, mortal, post-mortal, immortal and eternal life. Seeing the eternal plan of God and understanding the transitions, the purposes, and the results of my decisions is vital to eternal happiness.

Stages of Life in the Eternal Plan

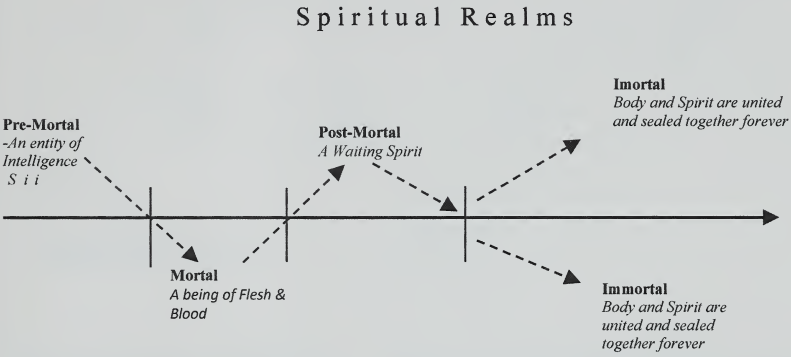


Each threshold is both an exit and an entrance--from a former state into a new. Each gate is a doorway to increased power and freedom. The illustrations below show the progression I make in both temporal and spiritual realms, moving

from my pre-mortal to mortal; then to my post-mortal spiritual world and then beyond to the resurrection and immortality of my soul:

Each gateway--birth, death, resurrection--in my progressing path is a transition between spiritual and temporal planes of preparation. Each threshold between the two planes requires a transformation and increases my power and understanding.[1]

Spiritual and Temporal Experience in the Eternal Plan



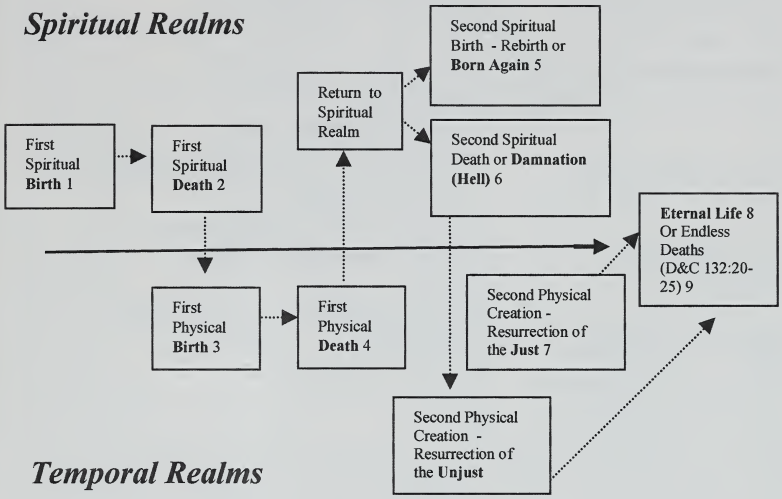
I don't think anybody really understands death until they pass through it. The word "mortality" means "death." Somebody said that "this is a pretty risky world; nobody gets out of it alive!" Death is the final conclusion and climax to a life in mortality. There is usually great suffering to experience before one meets that inevitable threshold. I believe that for those who have lived goodly lives, death becomes a sweet relief from pain, sorrow, and earthly suffering. I have a hope in a future happy world where life and relationships continue. Death is another doorway, a new portal to enter, leaving behind the past and entering into a new exciting adventure into eternity. I believe that death is a sweet and fulfilling experience for the person experiencing it, a threshold enabling a renewal of everlasting opportunity for further growth and happiness. Perhaps the greatest suffering is for those who are left behind and who love so deeply for the loved one. This is the real test and source of sorrow.

I have another little chart I created which I included in my personal life's manual, *Goals for Eternal Life*.[2] It further illustrates the transitions a soul makes

between spiritual and physical realms in their eternal journey. Each transition becomes both a death and a birth. Initially, a physical birth requires a spiritual death. And a spiritual rebirth, requires a physical death. If I could really see the great value of my physical death in my long-term spiritual development, perhaps I would not fear it so much.

Each gateway--birth, death, resurrection--in my progressing path is a transition between spiritual and temporal planes of preparation. Each threshold between the two planes requires a transformation and increases my power and understanding.[3]

Birth and Death Transitions



Birth and Death Transitions	**Topical Guide Scriptural References:**
1. First Spiritual Birth:	"Spirit, Creation"; "Creation"; "Man, Ante mortal Existence"
2. First Spiritual Death:	"Death, Spiritual, First"; "Fall of Man"
3. First Physical Birth:	"Man, Physical Creation of"
4. First Physical Death:	"Death"; "Grave"; "Mortality"
5. Second Spiritual Birth:	"Born Again"; "Baptism"; "Conversion"; "Paradise"
6. Second Spiritual Death:	"Death Spiritual, Second"; "Hell"
7. Second Physical Creation:	"Resurrection"; "Immortality"
8. Eternal Life:	"Everlasting"; "Exaltation"; "Family, Eternal"
9. Endless Deaths:	"Death, Spiritual First"; "Death Spiritual Second

I have a hope in Christ, that one day, I and my dear ones will be raised up to immortality in the glorious resurrection of the Just. I have learned and have created another chart which illustrates the great gifts and warnings the Lord has provided through His mortal and immortal sacrifice:[4]

THE RESURRECTION Provided to All by the Lord JESUS the CHRIST			
The First Resurrection Revelations 20:5-6; Mosiah 15:21-24; Alma 40:16 **The Resurrection of the JUST** Luke 14:14; Acts 24:15; D&C 76:17 **The Resurrection of Life** John 5:28-29; 3 Nephi 26:4-5 **The Day of the Lord** D&C 88:102		**The Second Resurrection** Mosiah 15:26-28 **The Resurrection of the UNJUST** Acts 24:15; D&C 76:17 **The final** or "last" **resurrection of the damned** John 5:28-29; 3 Nephi 26:4-5 **The Vengeance of Eternal Fire** D&C 19:10-12, 16-20; 76:105	
Morning (Midnight--Morning--The 11th hour)	**Evening** (Noon-tide---Afternoon---Evening)	**Beginning**	**End**
The First Coming of Jesus Christ	*The Second Coming of Jesus Christ*	*Christ has finished His work.*	*Those who remain, remain "filthy still"*
Jesus' obscure birth came silently in the darkened midnight hours of the world. John 1:5-12; D&C 45:7-8.	Jesus' triumphant 2nd Coming as the promised Messiah in the brilliance of His glory comes at the brightest hour of the world's history	The glorified Lord returns to His Father the fulfillment of all of His pre-mortal promises. He holds out hope and love to those who must suffer for their own sins. (1 Corinthians 15:24-28; Alma 40:26)	Every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess and acknowledge the Lord's love and his gift of resurrection. A few deny and reject even these gifts.
Jesus Christ provides the resurrection for all mankind and is the "first-fruits."	The righteous saints are changed and resurrected without tasting of death at His	The work of the telestial resurrection begins as each soul must suffer and	The ending comes for those who are lost, refuse or are unable to receive the

Many of the ancient saints arise from the grave. (Matthew 27:50-53; 3 Nephi 23:9-11; Acts 26:23; 1Corinthians 15:20-23)	Coming. (D&C 76:63; 88:97-99). The terrestrial resurrection begins as missionary work continues during the Millennium (D&C 45:54)	"work out their own salvation" until they receive the Lord's gift of immortality. (D&C 76:98-101).	gifts of Christ's resurrection. (D&C 88:35)
The Great Apostasy following the Savior's ministry continues the long night of darkness as the world rejects the risen Lord.	The great Millennium, a thousand years of light continues from noon-time into the final evening period where a short period of darkness descends before the end of the Day of the Lord. (D&C 45:28-33; 88:110-114; Revelations 20:6-7)	The earth is cleansed and sanctified and exalted into a celestial sphere inhabited by the resurrected Saints. Those who have rejected the gospel but finally accept Christ's gift are resurrected to other telestial spheres. The wicked continue in Hell until the appropriate time of their resurrection.	Those who are lost return to "their own place, to enjoy that which they are willing to receive, because they were not willing to enjoy that which they might have received." (D&C 88:32)
The Restoration of the Gospel beginning in 1820 dawns to bring a new light to the darkened	The Fullness of the Gospel is preached to every nation, kindred, tongue and people.		

world. (D&C 45:28, 36)	(Revelations 14:6-7)		
The Dispensation of the Meridian of Times begins and ends. The Times of the Gentiles Begins. In the 11th hour, the final Dispensation of the Fullness of Times begins. (D&C 33:3; 110:16)	The Dispensation of the Fullness of Times continues until fulfilled. The Times of the Gentiles Ends. Missionary work continues until all who will hear may hear.		
Description of the Sequencing, Qualifications, Criteria and Condition of Resurrected Beings			
Resurrected Celestial bodies D&C 76:50-70, 92-96; 88:22, 24, 28-29	**Resurrected Terrestrial bodies** (some celestial) D&C 76:71-80, 91, 97; 88:23, 24, 30	**Resurrected Telestial bodies** D&C 43:18; 76:81-90, 98-107, 109-112; 88:24, 31, 100-102	**Perdition** (lost) Alma 11:41; D&C 76:30-39, 44-49,; 88:24, 32-35

In losing my two wonderful sons, Douglas and Allen, and other members of my family, I have thought much and studied much from the Lord's revealed doctrine of the Resurrection—a resurrection of the Just and of the Unjust. His words of assurance of a resurrection from death is provided as a gift to all mankind. I have every confidence, every hope and every assurance that death is not an end but a wonderful beginning. It is a time to look forward to with faith and love, and that all will be well, and that God's love will overcome all suffering and sorrows. They shall "flee away" and "that joy shall come in the morning."[5]

UPB

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[1] *Goals for Eternal Life*, George T. Taylor, 2009, 93-94.
[2] Ibid. 54.
[3] *Goals for Eternal Life*, George T. Taylor, 2009, 93-94.
[4] Ibid. 187.
[5] Isaiah 35:10; Psalm 30:5.

THIRTY

Last Words

I have written many words in this personal review of my joyful life. Words are little things; words can sometimes be powerful things. I have formed my words in this small memoir hoping that they will be of some value to my family. I desire that my words display a few of the fun, reasoned, rational (or irrational) and spiritual feelings gleaned over the years of my life.

It is fascinating that such personal experience and knowledge can be recorded simply by combining a few alphabet symbols, written down on paper, formed by pen or pencil in sentences, paragraphs, chapters and into volumes. Those dear folks in the Book of Mormon pleaded with the Lord to retain their bright and warning words to be brought forth in a much later day. The Book of Mormon planted in the earth is now springing forth flourishing fruitfully with the words of life.

I was in the BYU Library examining the periodical sections, an entire wing of the gigantic academic library tomes. Thousands of books with scholarly articles containing millions upon millions of words conveying the assembled researched knowledge of the sages. Amazing that so many accumulated words provide the experience and wisdom of the ages.

Hopefully, my words in this treatise will be of benefit for my future family. By forming my thoughts into words and by writing down my ideas and desires, I begin the process of planting seeds into my heart and perhaps those who read them. My heart is the fertile soil and seed-bed of my soul. When I deliberately plant good idea-seeds into my heart or other's hearts, these precious seeds of desire begin to swell, sprout and begin to grow.

I have written a summary on the relationship of one's words with one's heart and mind.[1] I believe the following words of the Lord relate to my words:

> *"...for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things: and an evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil things. But I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."* (Matthew 12:34-37).

One's words display what is in one's heart. Jesus, who said not a word to Pilate in the midst of the most tortuous torment, tribulation and trial, demonstrated perfect restraint and control over his words. He teaches that power and influence cannot be maintained except by persuasion, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, love, kindness and pure knowledge (Doctrine and Covenants 121:41-42).

My Grandmother Maria Dixon Taylor left important words for all of her children, grandchildren and posterity as quoted in Chapter One. Hopefully, her desires expressed in the words of her fervent testimony will reverberate in the hearts of her family forever.

My youthful home was filled with beautiful words—words of comfort, kindness and confidence; words of delight. The walls of every room were filled with books of knowledge and pleasure. I studied much English literature in college and came to appreciate several poetic authors. My father was not a man of many words, but his words were filled with strength and truth. My mother became a teacher of English and inspired many of her students with the love of good words. As a member of the General Board of the Relief Society, she spoke many good words of truth and testimony. Her resonant resolute contralto voice issued warmth, love, truth and testimony. She instructed in all of the forms of grammar, literature, including poetry. Her favorite author was Robert Browning. She did her master's thesis on Jane Austen and her family. Mother wrote many poems, and was acknowledged for her poetry among several prominent Utah poets. I am compiling a collection of her poems from her hand-written drafts. Here are a few of her wonderful words:

MAY YOU

May you have love to bind your
Hearts together.
May you have trust to keep it
Strong and true.
May you have faith to keep
Your covenants new.
May you be kind when trouble
Comes to you.
May you be just when judgment
You must give.
May you be wise when problems
Need your solving.
May you be strong when you
Need strength to live.

Celestia Johnson Taylor

Mother, in the last words of her autobiography, after recounting several near-death experiences and sojourns in a beautiful spiritual world said, "I love life and I want to stay here as long as I can, but I can say in all honesty as I have heard Lynn say, not once but several times, 'If I should die tomorrow I will have had far more of happiness in this life than I deserve.'"[2]

Mother's last words in her history are:

> *I know that whatever good has come into my life has come from the gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I know that it is the strongest force in my life and that it has influenced my decisions and motivated my course of action throughout my life. I have a deep and an abiding faith in the truthfulness of the gospel and in the belief that Joseph Smith and the men who have followed him in the presidency of the Church have been true prophets of the Lord.*[3]

All of these words gathered and gleaned from wise and good people from ages past, from parents, my fore-bearers, from sages and prophets and from the Lord, have given me inspiration and testimony of truth.

A personal testimony expresses the words of a true personal witness from real experience. When this testimony comes by the witness of the Holy Ghost,

the truth of God's word is burned into a person's heart and mind, forged into one's soul. This testimony is part of my soul.

For any or all who read my words, let it be known that I love the Lord; I know that He lives; I know the truth of His Prophet Joseph and those who have followed him; I know the revelations received through them are words of truth and light; I know the priesthood and ordinances of Heaven will enable me to return to that beautiful promised world of happiness.

I don't remember what my first spoken words were. But, I hope that my last words will be, ***"Oh, God, I thank thee...!"***

[1] George T. Taylor, "From Earth to Heaven; Goals for Eternal Life," Chapter 7, "Roots of Belief and Value," pages 71-76. 2nd Edition, pages 85-94.
[2] Celestia J. Taylor, "Through A Lifetime," page 118.
[3] Ibid., page 131.